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# ROBERT MERRY'S MUSEUM.

EDITED BY  
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VOLUME XVII



NEW YORK:  
PUBLISHED BY D. MACDONALD & CO., 149 NASSAU STREET;  
AND SOLD BY  
JAMES E. HICKMAN, 11½ SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.

1849.





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Look on this picture, Reader! — mark the flowers,  
 Bright as the bloom in summer's sunny hours ;  
 And see, around the room, each comfort still —  
 Though out of doors 'tis winter — stern and chill.  
 Thus busy art may banish cloud and storm,  
 And keep the fireside tranquil, bright, and warm ;  
 And thus the heart exposed to passion's blight,  
 Kept safe from sin, may shine with cheerful light :  
 And while, without, the tempest holds control,  
 Blossom and fragrance yet may fill the soul.



# Merry's Museum.

## A New Year's Salutation.



ET us begin at the beginning. It is New Year's Day, and this is the commencement of a new volume of the MUSEUM. We enter upon our task with a cheerful hope that, in case our life be spared, we may continue to hold communion with our friends as heretofore; and that we may be able to tell them some pleasant stories, crack a few pretty good jokes, let off some fireworks of fancy, distribute some original and some borrowed bouquets of poetic flowers, impart now and then a useful hint, and occasionally bestow a little useful knowledge.

These are our hopes; nay, thus much we promise. And in return, Boys and Girls, let Robert Merry indulge the fancy, that he has not worn out the welcome with which he has been honored for so many years. I have had my share of sorrows and disappointments; but one good thing has been left — the favor of the young Black eyes and Blue. Now I can buffet the storms of adversity, if I may have the cheers and smiles of Boydom and Girdom. Let others strive to be favored in war, or poetry, or other proud achievements: I shall be content, if I may indulge the hope of doing good to the rising generation, and go down to an humble grave with the following inscription upon a rough stone, placed upon the spot: —

ROBERT MERRY,  
A LOVER OF CHILDREN,  
AND BELOVED BY THEM,  
Sleeps Here.

But it is New Year's Day — and these are solemn thoughts for such an occasion. Yet so it is in this world, — the shadow will ever come with the shine; day and night chase each other in eternal succession; there is no sunshine without its cloud. And it is best it should be so. We are not made either to have or to enjoy a perpetual flow of mere pleasures. A little sober and serious thought seasons even our spor-

five hours, just as spices give relish to food. We should find a meal insipid, were it to consist altogether of cake, honey, or sugar; and so Bob Merry's Museum would be poor enough, if it had nothing but laughter and frolic in its pages.

Yet perhaps you will say, "This is New Year's Day — a season usually devoted to mirth and amusement. Why, then, Mr. Merry, do you make it an occasion for preaching and prosing?" — My answer is, I mean no such thing: I expect you to have a good time. I desire you to be gay, joyous, happy. And therefore it is that I am going to open the door and let you out. There, I have done talking, for the present! Now you are free: go, and have your fill of fun and frolic! And when you are tired of play, why, you may thumb over this number, and see what amusement or instruction it affords.

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### Fakirs of Hindostan.

**I**N Hindostan there are many singular customs of a religious nature. The people have sacred shrines, in different parts of the country, which are frequented by pilgrims, who imagine that they derive great religious benefit from visiting to such places. These are established in the loveliest spots of the green earth; they are generally situated near the sea, the sources and junctions of fine rivers, the tops of the hills, the recesses of dim grottos, by the side of bright waterfalls, or any other place of natural delight and difficult access. Amid these spots, more sacred and inviolable than

any other, the *Fakirs*, or Eastern monks, answering to the friars, anchorites, and solitaries, of Europe, take up their abiding stations. Here they are to be found in numbers, dependent upon the bounty and beneficence of the charitable pilgrims and wealthy devotees.

Every Hindoo is at liberty to adopt this mode of life, except the *Chandalah*. Of the numerous class of which they consist, none are so much respected as the *Saniaseys* and *Yogeys*. These quit their relations, and every concern of this life, and wander about the country, unfixed in their abode.

Between these two sects, the *Yogey* and the *Saniasey*, the precise distinction is not known. The former, in Sanscrit, signifies a divine person; the latter, one who has forsaken the world.

The fakir, or holy mendicant, is named a *Purum Hungse*. Residing under the rich shade of the palm or bannian, he is insensible to the calls of nature in any way; he scarcely either eats or drinks; the position which he has taken he would remain in for a thousand years, were his life but so prolonged. He is represented as absorbed in pure and holy contemplation; his mind is fixed, and insensible to external things: he is called a *Purum Hungse* — that is, a *first or perfect being*.

The inferior sects are very many. The most numerous, perhaps, are those who deliver themselves up to severe penances and excruciating corporeal mortifications; and the torments to which they submit themselves would be unbelievable, had we not the highest and most credible authorities as vouchers. A few of their penances we shall attempt to enumerate.



Some, at the grand festivals, may be seen sitting between immense bonfires, sufficient to roast an ox, while they stand on one leg, gazing at the scorching beams of the sun, and, thus exposed to sun and fires, spend the whole day. Some, having made a vow to keep their arms constantly extended over their heads, with their



*A Fakir under a Banyan Tree.*

hands clasped together, so continue till they become withered and immovable. Others gaze on the broad orb of the blazing sun till their eyeballs are blasted with excess of light. Some make vows to keep their arms crossed over their breasts for the rest of their days; others to keep their hands forever shut. Some pierce themselves with iron spikes, or mangle their flesh with iron thongs, and sharp, lacerating, metal scourges. Contracted limbs, and members shrunk up, are every where to be seen. Not to move, indeed, is the general distinguishing feature of these self-inflictions, both in regard to the positions of the persons, as well as the place they occupy. Not long ago, one of these fakirs fin-



ished measuring the distance between Benares and Juggernaut with his body, by alternately stretching himself upon the ground and rising!

To what an impudent extent the system of religious begging is carried on in India, one instance, adduced by Bishop Heber, will serve to show. "Mean-time," says he, "we were besieged with beggars. The most characteristic, however, of these applicants, was a tall, well-made, but raw-boned man, in the most fantastic array of rags and wretchedness, and who might have answered admirably to Shakspeare's Edgar. He had a very filthy turban round his head, with a cock's feather in it; two satchels slung over his broad shoulders, — the remains of a cummerbund, which had been scarlet — a large fan of the palmetto leaf in one hand, and over the other wrist an enormous chaplet of wooden beads. He came up to our boatmen with a familiar air; made them salaam with great cordiality; but, in a voice as deep as a curfew, asked their benevolence. *He was a religious mendicant.* Their bounty was small, and he could not extract a single pice either from Serang or boatmen. They gave him, however, a little rice, which he received in a very bright and clean pot, and then strode away, singing, 'Allah, Illahu!'"

The fakirs are always out in the open air, except at the season the rains begin, when they retire to their houses. Bishop Heber thus describes the appearances of these eastern monks at the holy city, Benares: —

"Fakirs' houses," he observes, "as they are called, occur at every town,

adorned with idols, and sending forth an uneasy tinkling and strumming of vinas, byyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, with their pitiful exclamations as we passed, '*Agha Sahib, Topee Sahib,*' — the usual names in Hindostan for a European, — '*Khana he waste kooch cheex do,*' (give me something to eat,) soon drew from me the few pence I had."

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### Nelly's Trials.

"**D**EAR mamma, when will you buy me a pony?" cried Nelly Edwards, one day, as she saw two of her friends ride by the house on two small Shetland ponies, not much taller than a large dog. She had been for a long time coveting one of these little creatures, and had been promised that she should have one as soon as she had conquered several troublesome habits.

Nelly's great fault was *heedlessness*. Every thing she said and did betrayed a great want of thought. She was beside very *careless*, and these two habits were more troublesome to her than my readers can possibly imagine. She was often very unhappy on this account, and had a great many times determined to correct herself. If, however, any of my young friends have ever tried to overcome some habitual fault, they will recollect how many times their resolutions have faltered, and how much perseverance is needed in such a case. Just so with Nelly. She required great patience to enable her to carry out her good resolutions for the

future ; and now let us see how she succeeded.

The morning of her eighth birthday, she arose early, and, having dressed herself, proceeded to arrange her little room. This was more of a task than she expected, and her patience nearly gave way when she opened the bureau drawers and saw the state of confusion in which every thing lay. Many articles of dress were thrown upon the lighter ones, and crumbs of gingerbread and handkerchiefs, pieces of candy and collars, nutshells and gloves, were to be seen strewn round the drawers in great confusion.

Her good resolutions were, however, as yet strong within her ; she persevered, and she had just finished her work as the bell for breakfast rang. She ran down and kissed her father and mother, and sat down to the table in great spirits. Her mother presented her with a very handsomely bound blank book, for a journal, and her father gave her a nice writing-desk. In her journal she was to note down every time she was careless, or thoughtless.

She now told her parents how determined she was to correct herself, and how sure she was that she should have very little to write against herself. She was, however, somewhat humbled when her mother bade her enter in her account of the day, "Notwithstanding all my hopes and determinations, came down to breakfast without my tire, and in consequence soiled my dress. No shoe-strings in my shoes, and reproved for going round the house with them slipping off at every other step."

For two days after this, no one could have been more careful than Nelly, and

she was delighted when she looked at the two white pages in her journal. She was continually speaking of this, and was eager to tell every body how thoughtful she was becoming. But, in the midst of her boastings, she was sometimes disturbed by the quiet, incredulous smile upon her mother's face, who, although she hoped and longed for her little daughter's improvement, could not expect her to be an entire convert, so suddenly.

A few days after her birthday, Nelly went out to ride with her father, and, in getting her gloves, scarf, and handkerchief in great haste, tumbled her things as badly as ever. She, however, consoled herself with the thought that she would arrange them the first thing she did on her return. When, however, she came back, she found her two friends with their ponies at the door, and, hastily throwing her bonnet and shawl on the hall table, ran out to meet them. The little girls staid some time ; and, after they went away, forgetting her bonnet and shawl, Nelly ran to arrange her drawers. She played some time on the way with her little sister Annie, and, when she did finally arrive at her room, found her drawers open, and her journal upon the bureau, in which were written these words : "Fourth day of my resolutions. Left my drawers open in striking disorder, much to my mother's disapprobation and to little Annie's delight, who amused herself with dressing her doll in my collars, ribbons, &c." Poor Nelly ! She could hardly go down to tea from very shame.

She went, after tea, to put away her things left in the hall, but found only her bonnet. She, however, was so thoughtless

that she forgot her shawl, nor did she think of it until the next day.

The following morning, when she was getting ready for school, no shawl was to be found. She looked for it every where, but, not finding it, went to school in her best one. She had lost so much time in searching after the other, that she arrived at school too late for the first recitation, and in consequence lost her place, and found, written by her master, on her weekly report, the good scholar's dread—a black mark. This was the first she had had.

Meantime her shawl had been found—and where? After she left it on the table, Dash, the dog, a fine fellow, but always full of mischief, much to Nelly's great annoyance,—for she left her things all round the house at Dash's disposal,—entered the hall, and, spying the shawl, seized his—as he thought—lawful prize, and made off with it, after several attempts to get at the bonnet, which was too far on the table for him to reach it.

After dragging it all round the yard, and swimming in the little pond with it, he left it a while, and amused himself with chasing the chickens. He, however, returned in a short time, and, finding the shawl nice and warm, as it had been laying in the sun all this while, dragged it into his kennel, upon which—thanks to Nelly's carelessness—he slept very comfortably all night; so comfortably that, when he was called for his breakfast, he could not make up his mind to leave it, and dragged his treasure after him, to recline on it,—after the manner of the Orientals,—while eating. The housemaid, however, saw it, and, after some snarling and scolding

from Master Dash, succeeded in rescuing the poor dabbled shawl.

Nelly felt very badly about it, and more so still when she saw with what grave faces her parents heard the story of the missed recitation and the black mark. The journal, that evening, had a page filled with a long account of poor Nelly's broken resolutions and careless behavior.

Mrs. Edwards could not procure a shawl for her daughter in the little village where they resided during the summer, and Nelly was obliged to wear her best one to school and to church. Long ere the summer was over, the once handsome shawl was very much worn, and it caused her a good deal of pain to see the other children so nicely dressed, while she had so shabby a shawl.

Nelly now began again in good earnest to correct herself, and day by day her parents could see some little improvement. Sometimes her journal would be without any thing written against her for two days; and then, again, a slight fault would cloud its fair pages. She, however, persevered. Now she studied hard, and endeavored to get no bad marks at school, and twice, within two months, brought home a perfect report. She kept on steadily, improving hourly, encouraged by the pleasure she found in pleasing her parents. She felt, too, a great deal happier for this; and now one might open her drawers, or enter her room, at any moment, and find all in perfect order. Her bonnet and shawl,—for her mother had now given her a new one—were always in their proper places, and she had learned to practise the saying, “A place for every thing, and

every thing in its place." She had made up her mind to do well—not to gain a pony, but to please her parents, and you see how she succeeded, after a time.

One bright May morning, about ten months after her eighth birthday, she got ready for school, and was running off, when she heard her father call her. She now was never in a hurry, and had plenty of time to wait a moment without missing her class.

She ran to the front of the house, where she had heard her father's voice. She soon saw her father and mother coming from the stable in a little open carriage, drawn by two of the cunningest ponies ever seen. The sprightly little fellows came galloping up to Nelly as if they knew she was to be their mistress. Her father and mother now got out. Nelly was almost in ecstasies, and, thanking them for their kindness, said she hoped she should improve a great deal more than she had done, as yet. She entered the carriage and drove round the little circle. In the carriage she found a nice whip. The latter, however, was merely for looks' sake, as a cherup was all that was needed for her lively little animals.

Just as she was thinking she must go to school, she saw all the scholars come to rejoice with her, and the master to inform her and Mrs. Edwards that their daughter had gained the prize for order and industry. Nelly drove round the circle to hide her glistening eyes, and then all the little girls took turns in driving. Mr. Edwards had begged for a holiday, and a large table was discovered set out in the arbor. Never was there such a merry dinner company, and never was Nelly happier

or more attentive to her friends. The children agreed that they had rarely, if ever, enjoyed themselves so much, and left delighted with all they had done and seen.

Nelly's improvement was now so rapid that for three months before her ninth birthday, not a word against her was written in her journal.

She often drives by where I live; and I have ridden with her several times, and in the easy little carriage, with its smart ponies and pretty, skilful driver,—I enjoy myself more than I should to ride in a chariot of gold, for I remember with great pleasure how it was obtained. MEENA.

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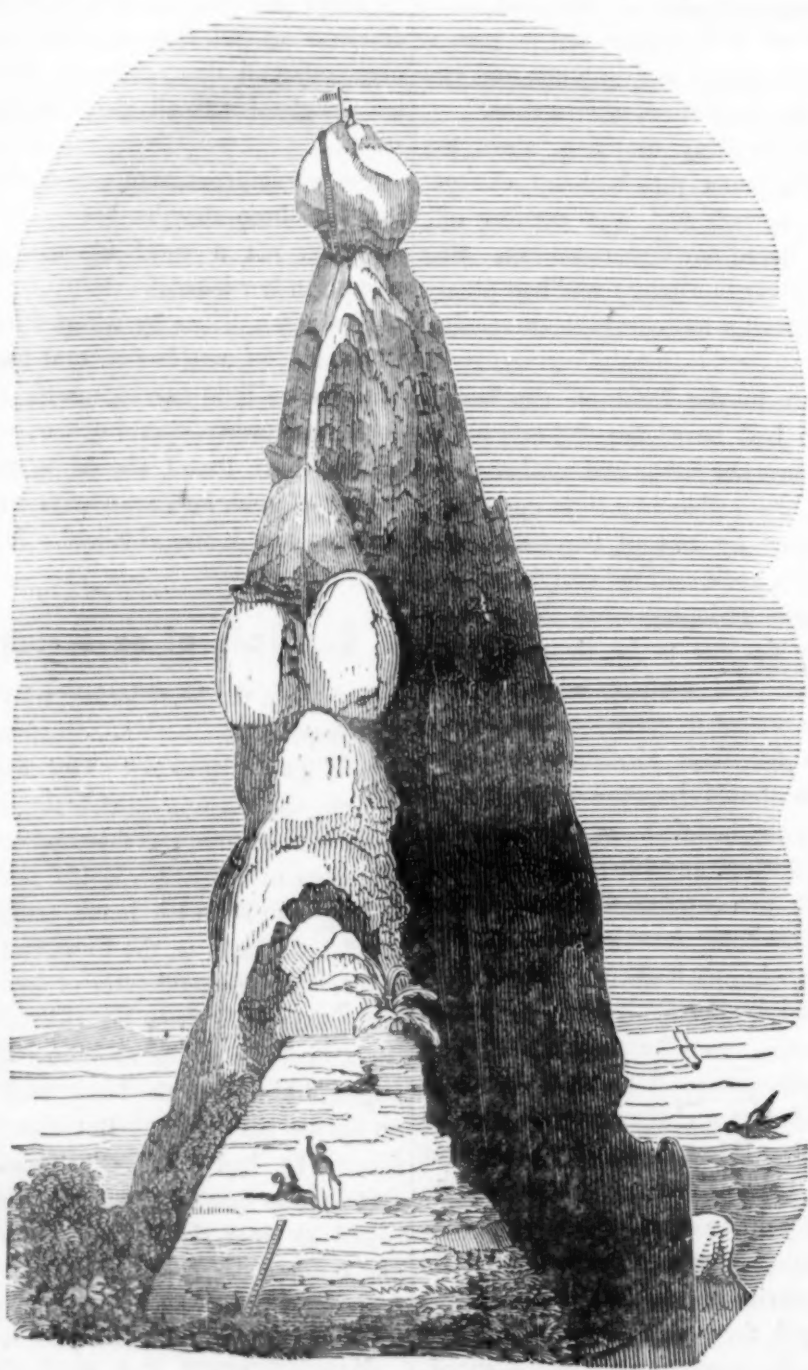
### Gratitude of an Emperor.

**B**ASILICUS, the Macedonian, who became emperor of Constantinople, took great delight in hunting. One day, while engaged in this sport, a stag ran furiously against him, and fastened one of the branches of his horns in his girdle, and, pulling him from his horse, dragged him a good distance, to the imminent danger of his life. A gentleman of his retinue, perceiving this, drew his sword, and cut the emperor's girdle asunder, which disengaged him from the beast, with little or no hurt to his person. But observe what reward he had for his pains—he was sentenced to lose his head for putting his sword so near the body of the emperor, and suffered death accordingly.

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MASSACHUSETTS is a good state; no man is hanged here for minding his own business.





PETER BOTTE'S MOUNTAIN.

### Peter Botte's Mountain.

**T**O the east of Africa, and near the great Island of Madagascar, is a small island called *Mauritius*. It formerly belonged to the French, but it now belongs to the English.

On this island is one of the greatest curiosities in the world. This is a mountain, which rises, in the form of a pyramid, to the height of eighteen hundred feet. It derived its name from *Peter Botte*, a Frenchman, who was said to have ascended to the top, and then to have fallen down headlong, being of course dashed in pieces.

This story is not, however, well authenticated. It is generally believed that no man ever reached the top of the mountain, till, in the year 1832, a party of Englishmen ascended it, under the direction of Captain Lloyd. The adventure was attended with great difficulty and danger, but the party were rewarded by the most sublime spectacle the fancy can conceive. Immediately around lay the beautiful and fertile island, while the boundless ocean stretched out on all sides beyond.

The adventurers spent a night on the mountain, and sent up rockets in token of their triumph and success. The account they gave of the achievement is full of interest, but the danger to which they were exposed makes it almost painful.

### Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

**M**ANY of these are centuries old. "A man of words, and not of deeds," is found in MS. of the seventeenth century in the British Museum; dif-

fering, indeed, from the version now used, but still sufficiently similar to leave no question as to the identity. The following has been traced to the time of Henry VI., a singular doggerel, the joke of which consists in saying it so quickly that it cannot be told whether it is English or gibberish:—

"In fir tar is,  
In oak none is,  
In mud eel is,  
In clay none is;  
Goat eat ivy,  
Mare eat oats."

"Multiplication is vexation,"—a painful reality to school boys,—was found, a few years ago, in MS., dated 1570; and the memorable lines, "Thirty days hath September," occur in the *Return from Parnassus*, an old play printed in 1606. The old song of the "Carrion Crow sat on an Oak," was discovered in MS., by Sloane, 1489, of the time of Charles I., but under a different form:—

"Hic hoc, the carrion crow,  
For I have shot something too low;  
I have quite missed my mark,  
And shot the poor sow to the heart;  
Wife, bring treacle in a spoon,  
Or else the poor sow's heart will down."

"Sing a song of sixpence" is quoted by Beaumont and Fletcher. "Buzz, quoth the blue fly," which is printed in the nursery halfpenny books, belongs to Ben Jonson's *Masque of Oberon*. "Tailor of Bicester" was originally sung in the game called "Leap candle," mentioned by Aubrey; and the old ditty of "Three blind mice" is found in the curious music book entitled *Deuteromelta*, or the

second part of Musicke's Melodie, 1606. And so on of others, fragments of old catches and popular songs being constantly traced in the apparently unmeaning rhymes of the nursery. We have recently seen, at an auction sale, an old copy of the nursery rhymes of "Jack Horner," in its original state; not a mere fragment, but a long, metrical history, entitled the Pleasant History of Jack Horner, containing his witty tricks and pranks which he played from his youth to his riper years; not having, as far as we could see, any connection with the tale. — *Newspaper.*

### A Mother's Advice.

**H**ow simply and beautifully has Abdel-Kadir, of Ghilon, impressed us with the love of truth in a story of his childhood! After stating the vision which made him entreat of his mother to go to Bagdad, and devote himself to God, he then proceeds:—

"I informed her of what I had seen, and she wept. Then, taking out eighty dinars, she told me I had a brother; half of that only was my inheritance. She made me promise, when she gave it to me, never to tell a lie, and afterwards bade me farewell, exclaiming, 'Go, my son, I consign you to God; we shall not meet until the day of judgment.'

"I went on until I came near Hamand-nai, when our Kafilah was plundered by sixty horsemen. One fellow asked me what I had got. 'Forty dinars,' said I, 'are sewed under my garments.' The fellow laughed, thinking, no doubt, I was

joking with him. 'What have you got?' said another. I gave him the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, I was called to an eminence where the chief was standing.

"What property have you got, my little fellow?' said he.

"I have told your people already,' I replied; 'I have forty dinars sewed in my garments.'

"And how came you,' said he, in surprise, 'to declare so openly what had been so carefully concealed?'

"Because,' I replied, 'I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised I never will tell a lie.'

"Child,' said the robber, 'hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother at thy years, and I am insensible at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me thy hand, innocent boy,' he continued, 'that I may swear repentance upon it.'

"He did so. His followers were all alike struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt,' said they to their chief; 'be the same in the path to virtue.' And they instantly, at his order, made restitution of their spoil, and vowed repentance on his hand."

### Repentance.

**R**EPENTANCE is the change of the heart, from that of an evil to a good disposition; it is that disposition of mind by which "the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness, and doth that which is lawful and right;" and when this change is made, the repentance is complete. — *Johnson.*



**Billy Bump in Boston.**

[Continued from Vol. XVI. p. 140.]

*Letter from William Bump to his Mother.*

BOSTON, April, 18—.

**M**Y DEAREST MOTHER: When I sit down to write to you, I have so many things to say, that at first I can say nothing. My head is full of thoughts, all trying to get out at once—and so none of them get out. I think my mind is like a garret full of rats, with only one hole by which they can escape: when the rats are frightened, they all rush for the hole, and try to get out together; but pushing, shoving, and squealing, they get stuck fast, and don't get out at all. It is just so with my ideas—they are so eager to escape, that they get wedged into a heap, and there they stay. Now, if I could see you—and if I could see you looking at me—I should get along very well, even without words.

But, after all, pen, ink, and paper are good things, when one is fifteen hundred miles away from home and friends; and in spite of my awkwardness in using them, I would not, for the world, give up the privilege of writing to you.

Since my last letter, nothing of great importance has occurred in Boston, though many things have taken place interesting to me. I go regularly to school, and hope I am improving. I am studying geography, grammar, history, and arithmetic, beside reading, spelling, and writing. I love geography very much; it is like travelling all over the world, and seeing different countries and nations. I like to think of being in Europe, and seeing London and Paris, and all the great cities

and the splendid buildings. And I like to think of being in Africa, where the negroes hunt lions and elephants. But it seems to me that Asia is the most wonderful part of the world. It is there where Adam and Eve lived, and it is there where Christ also made his appearance. O, how I should like to go to Jerusalem, and see where he used to walk—where he preached his Sermon on the Mount; where he turned the money-changers out of the Temple, and where he was crucified!

And then the strange people of Asia—the Tartars, who are such splendid horsemen; the Arabs, who travel over the deserts upon camels and at night stop and tell stories to each other; and the Hindoos, who burn their widows and drown their children, thinking these things are pleasing to God; and the Chinese, who eat puppies and rats, and furnish all the world with tea; and the Turks, with their big turbans: what a wonderful thing it is, that in one little book we may learn all about these queer people.

Perhaps I like geography the more for this reason: uncle Ben has a great many pictures of different countries, with the people who live there; and when I am studying about a country, I look over these pictures. Lucy studies with me, and we learn a great deal by talking together about our studies. I don't know what the reason is, but I find that I remember a thing we have talked about much better than if I have only read about it. And, then, Lucy has a great knack at drawing pictures with a pencil, and she has taught me to draw. I find I can imitate her very well, even when I

could not imitate a book-drawing. We have just been studying about the 'Turks, and I send you, enclosed, a sketch of a Turk's head and turban, which Lucy

has drawn. It is very neatly done, and no doubt gives a good idea of the appearance of a bearded and turbaned Turk.

I do not like grammar so well as geog-



raphy. I hardly see the use of it yet. It seems to me almost absurd to be giving names to all the little words — as Adam did to the elephants, and lions, and tigers, just after the creation. There is a monstrous deal of fuss about *a*, and *the*, and *but*, and *if*, and *to*, and *for*. Now, it seems to me that a word means the same, whether you call it a verb, or a noun, or an adjective; and the object of words is to tell our meaning. Lucy says that there is something more in the use of words, and that precision, accuracy, and elegance, are desirable in the use of language; and that the study of grammar teaches these things. It may be so: I

do not despise grammar — but it is a kind of mystery to me. I really do not get hold of it. The ideas are always like squirrels, half hid behind the branches and leaves; I can't get a fair sight at them; and in study, as in hunting, it is bad not to have a plain mark.

I have heard a funny story about a boy who seems to have had the same difficulty in grammar as myself. He read in the book, "A noun is the name of a thing; as, *horse*, *hair*, *justice*." Now, he took it wrong, and read, "A noun is the name of a thing; as, *horschair justice*!" "Well," said he to himself — "what on airth is *horschair justice*!"

He thought, and pondered, and studied, and considered, but all to no purpose. The more he tried to puzzle it out, the deeper he got in the mire. He was like a boy in the woods of Sundown—that you have heard of—one Bill Bump—who sometimes got lost—and always found, in such circumstances, that when he worried himself, he was only the more sure to miss his way.

Well, the boy at last said to himself, "Here I am, in the bogs and fogs of grammar; and the more I study the more am I bewildered." So he gave it up as a bad job; and from nouns he went on to verbs. Now, it chanced that the boy's father was a justice of the peace; and one day, when the youth went home, the old gentleman was holding a justice's court. There he sat, straight as a mullein-stalk, *on the family settee*, the people being all around. Now, this settee had come down for many generations, and was *cushioned with horsehair*. As soon as the boy looked at his father, a new light flashed upon him. "I've got it!" said he. "My father there—the old gentleman on the settee—is a *horsehair justice*, and therefore a noun!" Wasn't that droll?

Well, dear mother, I want to tell you about history, for I like that very much; and I want to tell you about arithmetic, for I like that very much. But I must wait till another letter. I hope you are not tired of my long stories. If you are, pray tell me so in my next. I promised to speak of the Boston Museum; but it is so full of curious things, I must take a whole letter for it. The keeper of the Museum is a very queer man, and has a wonder-

ful way of getting up interesting sights. They say he is going to have a representation of Noah entering the ark, with all sorts of animals, birds, reptiles, insects, and fourfooted beasts. I guess he has creatures enough in his Museum to make it all out. I suppose he can hire Shem, Ham, and Japhet, for the occasion. I don't know whether he is to have fishes in his possession; but when I see him, I shall ask him whether the fishes were drowned in the great deluge, or whether Noah kept a supply on board. If he can't tell, I don't know who can.

Pray give my love to father. It is now coming spring. Dear me! how I should like to be at Sundown for a week! However, that cannot be, and so I must rest content.

Good-by, and God bless you,

I am your dutiful son,

WILLIAM BUMP.

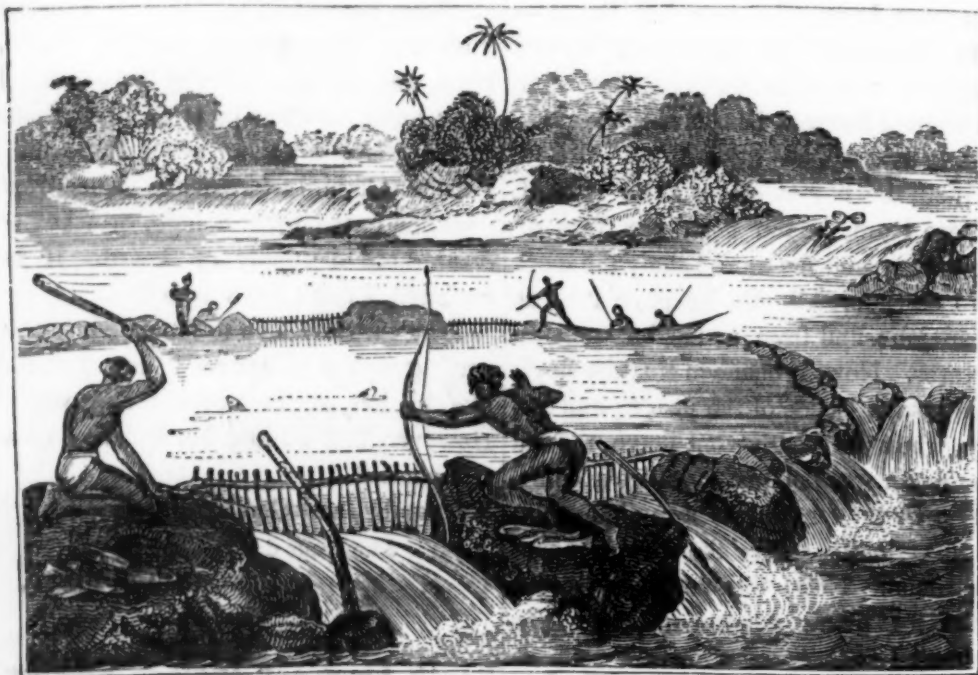
### South American Indians, Fishing.

A TRAVELLER, who ascended one of the great rivers in the north-eastern portion of South America, describes the manner in which the Indians catch a fine species of fish, called *pacou*, as follows:—

The third day's journey brought the party to the Fall of Tepayco, at which, being an excellent fishing and hunting station, they halted for half the next day. Here they bought, of a party of Accaway Indians, several bundles of *hai-arry*, a kind of vine, with blue, clustering blossoms, and pods with small, gray beans. The full-grown root is three inches in diameter, and contains a white,

gummy milk, which is a most powerful narcotic, and is commonly used by the Indians in *poisoning the water to take fish*. They beat it with heavy sticks till it is in shreds, like coarse hemp; they

then put it into a vessel of water, which immediately becomes of a milky whiteness, and, when fully saturated, they take the vessel to the spot they have selected, and throwing over the infusion, in about



twenty minutes every fish within its influence rises to the surface, and is either taken by the hand or shot with arrows. *A solid cubic foot of the root will poison an acre of water, even in the falls where the current is so strong.* The fish are not deteriorated in quality, nor do they taint more rapidly when thus killed, than by being netted, or otherwise taken.

The *pacou* fish is generally taken with the *hai-arry*, in the following manner: The Indians select a part of the falls of the river where the *weya* (an aquatic vegetable, eaten by the *pacou*, and other fish) is plentiful, and where traces are visible of the *pacou*, which is gregarious, having lately fed. They then enclose

this place with a wall of loose stones, a foot above the surface of the water, leaving spaces for the fish to enter. For these spaces they prepare *parrys*, or wooden hurdles; and about two hours before daybreak they proceed silently to stop the openings with them. The fish are thus enclosed in a temporary pond, which is inspected at daybreak; and if they are found to be in sufficient number to pay for the *hai-arry*, they commence beating it. In this way, Mr. Hilhouse saw taken, in less than an hour, two hundred and seven *pacou*, averaging seven pounds weight, with one hundred weight of other fish. The fish thus taken were split, salted, and dried on the rocks.



## Tough and Rough ;

OR,

THE FRENCHMAN AT HIS ENGLISH LESSONS.

**F**RENCHMAN. Ha, my good friend, I have met with one difficulty — one very strange word. How do you call h-o-u-g-h ?

TUTOR. *Huff*.

FRENCHMAN. Très bien, *huff*; and *snuff* you spell s-n-o-u-g-h — ha ?

TUTOR. O, no, no; *snuff* is s-n-u-double-f. The fact is, words in *ough* are a little irregular.

FRENCHMAN. Ah, very good. 'Tis beau'ful language. H-o-u-g-h is *huff*. I will remember; and c-o-u-g-h is *cuff*. I have one bad *cuff* — ha ?

TUTOR. No, that is wrong. We say *kauf*, not *cuff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Kauf*? Eh, bien. *Huff* and *kauf*; and, pardonnez moi, how you call d-o-u-g-h — *duff* — ha ?

TUTOR. No, not *duff*.

FRENCHMAN. Not *duff*? Ah! oui; I understand; it is *dauf* — hey ?

TUTOR. No, d-o-u-g-h spells *doe*.

FRENCHMAN. *Doe*! It is very fine — wonderful language! It is *doe*; and t-o-u-g-h is *toe*, certainement. My beef-steak was very *toe*.

TUTOR. O, no, no; you should say *tuff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Tuff*? Le diable! and the thing the farmer uses — how you call him — p-l-o-u-g-h? *pluff* — ha? You smile. I see I am wrong. It is *plauf*? No! ah, then it is *ploe*, like *doe*. It is beau'ful language, ver' fine — *ploe*.

TUTOR. You are still wrong, my friend. It is *plow*.

FRENCHMAN. *Plow*! Wonderful language. I shall understand ver' soon. *Plow*, *doe*, *kauf*; and one more — r-o-u-g-h — what you call General Taylor — *rauf* and ready? No? certainement, it is *row* and ready?

TUTOR. No! R-o-u-g-h spells *ruff*.

FRENCHMAN. *Ruff* — ha! Let me not forget. R-o-u-g-h is *ruff*, and b-o-u-g-h is *buff* — ha?

TUTOR. No, *bow*.

FRENCHMAN. Ah! 'tis ver' simple — wonderful language; but I have had what you call e-n-o-u-g-h! ha! what you call him?

## The Bible.

**I**T is said that in 1804, according to the best estimate that can be obtained, there were in existence only about 4,000,000 copies of the Bible. Now, there are more than 30,000,000. In 1804, the Bible had been published in only 48 or 49 languages; in 1848, it existed in 136. In 1804, it was accessible in languages spoken by about 20,000,000 of men; in 1847, it existed in tongues spoken by 600,000,000. During the last year, 1,419,388 copies were issued by the British and Foreign Bible Societies alone; 400,000 more than in any year before, except 1845.

## Curiosity.

CURIOSITY is one of the permanent and certain characteristics of a vigorous intellect. Every advance into knowledge opens new prospects, and produces new incitements to further progress.



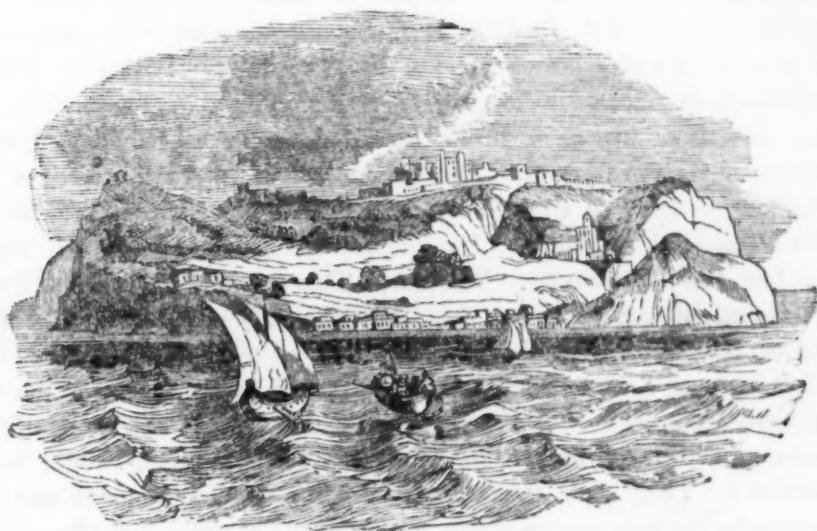
### The Young Italian.

BLACKED boy of Italy,  
 Stay and let us question thee !  
 Thy hat, it seems, is old and torn ;  
 Thy feet are bare ; thy garments worn.  
 Thou art alone — a wanderer here ;  
 Yet on thy cheek we trace no tear ;  
 Nay, pleasant fancies seem to rise  
 From thy blest bosom to thine eyes ;  
 And on thy lip and brow they rest,  
 Like sunbeams on a river's breast.  
 Why is it thus ? Say, can we get  
 The secret from thy flageolet ?  
 Or is it that the skies so fair,  
 The lovely landscape and the air,

So balmy in a clime like this,  
 Fill to the brim thy heart with bliss ?  
 Nay, 'tis not these ; thy font of joy  
 Lies in thy youth, Italian boy.  
 'Tis youth that turns all things to pleasure,  
 And gives to life its joyous measure ;  
 'Tis this which makes us love the light ;  
 'Tis this which makes us love the night ;  
 'Tis this which makes the bounding boy —  
 Whate'er his clime — a thing of joy.  
 Old age sees nought but cloud and care ;  
 A youth sees sunshine every where.  
 The scenes which cause the old to weep,  
 Make Ben and Bill with frolic leap.

Wind, tempest, rain, hail, frost, and snow,  
 All, all alike, are full of woe  
 To grumbling age ; while boyhood sees  
 In each a thousand things to please.

Such, gentle reader, is the truth :  
 Then keep around thee joyous youth ;  
 And let them, with their mirth and play,  
 Strew flowers along thy weary way !



### Patmos.

**I**N the first chapter of "Revelation," and the ninth verse, we read, —

"I John, who also am your brother, and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ," &c.

Now this island of Patmos is still in existence, and is nearly the same as it was in the time of St. John the evangelist. It was, at that period, used as a place of banishment by the Roman governors, who held dominion over the greater part of the known world.

John was a favorite of our Savior, and was the only one of the twelve apostles

who witnessed his death. To him Jesus Christ assigned the care of his mother, as he was about to leave the world.

After Christ's ascension, John preached the gospel, with zeal and success, in Judea, and afterwards planted several churches in Asia Minor, at Symrna, Pergamos, and other places. His chief residence was at Ephesus. At this time, about sixty years after the birth of Christ, Domitian was emperor of Rome. It is supposed that St. John's activity in spreading the gospel was the cause of his being arrested and imprisoned at Patmos ; but this is not certainly known.

There is a tradition that John went to Rome, where he was thrown into a cal-



dron of boiling oil, but, by divine aid, came out unhurt. This story, however, is not well authenticated.

It seems that after the death of Domitian, John was released, and went to Ephesus, where he spent the remainder of his days. His death occurred A. D. 100.

Patmos is a small rocky island in the Grecian Archipelago. It is, for the most part, barren, but there are some fertile spots, which produce fine grapes. The men are chiefly devoted to commerce, while all the women knit stockings. The chief town has 4000 inhabitants. The cut at the head of this article shows the appearance of this town from the sea. Near this place there is a mountain, in which is a cave. Here is a chapel, built by the monks. In this they live, and hold religious services. They show the cave and declare it to be the very spot in which St. John wrote the book of Revelation; and they show crevices in the rocks, through which, they say, the word of the Lord came to the apostle. Travellers tell us, however, that the cave is quite too small for even a hermit to live in. The story of the monks is, therefore, only a trick to excite veneration, and get credit, power, and money from the people.

### Dexterity of the Hand in Manufactures.

**T**HE facility with which certain things are done, by force of habit and practice, is quite wonderful.

The "body" of a beaver hat is generally made of one part of "red" wool, three parts Saxony, and eight parts rabbits' fur. The mixing or working up

of these materials is an operation which depends very much on the dexterity of the workman; and years of practice are required to render a man proficient. The wool and fur are laid on a bench, first separately and then together. The workman takes a machine somewhat like a large violin bow; this is suspended from the ceiling by the middle, a few inches above the bench. The workman, by means of a small piece of wood, causes the end of his "bow" to vibrate quickly against the particles of wool and fur. This operation, continued for some time, effectually opens the clotted masses, and lays open all the fibres: these, flying upwards by the action of the string, are, by the manual and wonderful dexterity of the workman, caught in their descent in a peculiar manner, and laid in a soft layer of equable thickness. This operation, apparently so simple and easy to be effected, is in reality very difficult, and only to be learned by constant practice.

In type-founding, when the melted metal has been poured into the mould, the workman, by a peculiar turn of his hand, or rather jerk, causes the metal to be shaken into all the minute interstices of the mould.

In manufacturing imitative pearls, the glass bead forming the pearl has two holes in its exterior: the liquid, made from a pearl-like powder, is inserted into the hollow of the bead by a tube, and, by a peculiar twist of the hand, the single drop introduced is caused to spread itself over the whole surface of the interior, without superfluity or deficiency being occasioned.

In waxing the corks of blacking bottles, much cleverness is displayed. The wax is melted in an open dish, and without brush, ladle, or other appliance, the workman waxes each cork neatly and expeditiously, simply by turning the bottle upside down, and dipping the cork into the melted wax. Practice has enabled the men to do this so neatly, that scarcely any wax is allowed to touch the bottle. Again, to turn the bottle to its proper position, without spilling any of the wax, is apparently an exceedingly simple matter; but it is only by a peculiar movement of the wrist and hand, impossible to describe, and difficult to imitate, that it is properly effected. One man can seal one hundred in an hour.

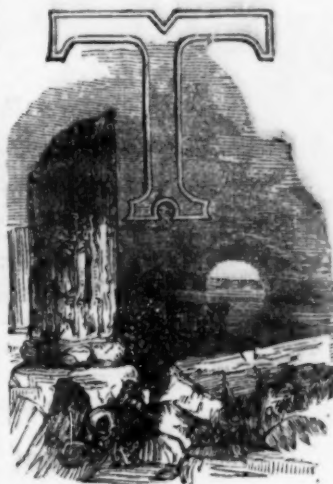
In pasting and affixing the labels on the blacking bottles, much dexterity is also displayed. As one man can paste as many labels as two can affix, groups of three are employed in this department. In pasting, the dexterity is shown by the final touch of the brush, which jerks the label off the heap, and which is caught in the left hand of the workman, and thrown aside. This is done so rapidly, that the threefold operation of pasting, jerking, and laying aside, is repeated no less than two thousand times in an hour. The affixing of the labels is a very neat and dexterous operation; to the watchful spectator, the bottle is scarcely taken up in the hand, ere it is set down labelled. In packing the bottles into casks, much neatness is displayed.

The heads of certain kinds of pins are formed by a coil or two of fine wire placed at one end. This is cut off from a long coil fixed in a lathe; the workman cuts

off one or two turns of the coil, guided entirely by his eye; and such is the manual dexterity displayed in the operation, that a workman will cut off twenty thousand to thirty thousand heads without making a single mistake as to the number of turns in each. An expert workman can fasten on from ten thousand to fifteen thousand of these heads in a day.

The pointing of pins and needles is done solely by hand. The workman holds thirty or forty pin lengths in his hand, spread open like a fan; and wonderful dexterity is shown in bringing each part to the stone, and presenting every point of its circumference to its grinding action. In finally "papering" needles for sale, the females employed can count and paper three thousand in an hour!

### Selah!



HE translators of the Bible have left the Hebrew word *Selah*, which occurs so often in the Psalms of David, as they found it, and of course the English reader often

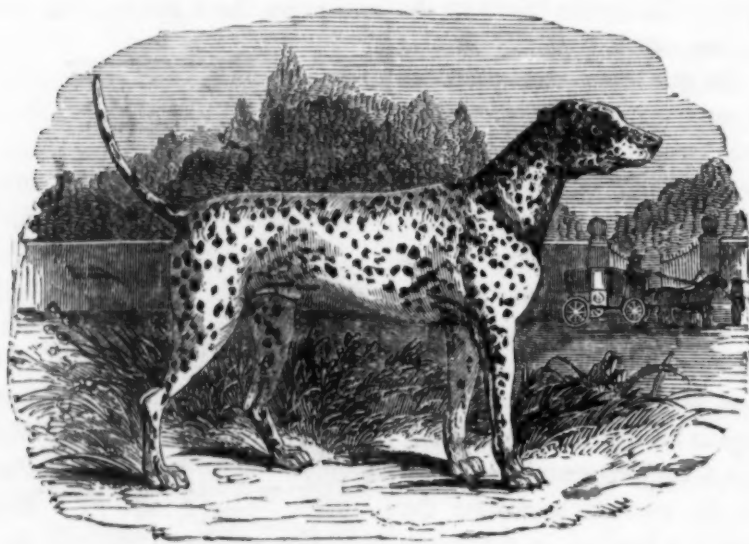
asks his minister, or some learned friend, what it means. And the minister, or learned friend, has very often been obliged to confess ignorance, because

it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have, by no means, been of one mind.

The Targums and most of the Jewish commentators give to the word the meaning *eternally, forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical note, equivalent, perhaps, to the word *repeat*. According to Luther and others, it means *silence*! Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum, corda*—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the

seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah." They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or, if not in the imperative, "Hear, Jehovah! or awake, Jehovah!" and the like, still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, &c.

The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of trumpets by the priests. Selah itself he thinks an abridged expression used, for *Higgaion Selah*; *Higgaion* indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.—*Bibliotheca Sacra*.



*The Coach Dog.*

### About Dogs.

**T**o us, simple sort of people, profound questions of philosophy are of no very great interest. We like dogs; their liveliness, their sagacity, their faithfulness, their attachment to home and friends, commend them to our love and favor. But who were the first dogs—the Adam and Eve of the canine family?

Whether one was a wolf and the other a jackal, as some naturalists pretend, are questions that do not trouble us, in any great degree.

The differences in dogs, however, are matter of very curious interest. They not only differ in size and form, but in disposition, genius, taste and turn of mind. An old book, published in 1498, gives the following description of the proper marks of a greyhound :—

“Headed like a snake—  
Necked like a drake—  
Footed like a cat—  
Tailed like a rat—  
Sided like a team—  
Chined like a beam.”

How very different is this slender, fleet creature from the bluff, rough, tough bull dog! And how different are they both from the little silken-haired lap dog—gentle, tender, and timid as a child! How different is the shepherd's dog—a busy hard-working, anxious creature—from the *Dalmatian* dog, who seems a mere fop, only valued for the beauty of his skin and the grace of his form, and seldom used except as an appendage to a coach.

It is this diversity in the character and genius of dogs that makes them fit to be used for so many purposes. Horses, cows, asses, sheep, and pigs, are very useful; but each species is employed for a few purposes only. Dogs, on the contrary, are made to hunt various kinds of animals: some are taught to draw and some to carry burdens; some are trained to guard houses at night; some are made to fetch game from the water; some are taught to defend children; some are made to assist shepherds in keeping and

gathering the flock; some are used as companions in walking; and some are pets in the parlor.

## The Song of Steam.

THE following lines strongly represent the wonderful works which steam is made to perform by the art of man :—

Harness me down with your iron bands;  
Be sure of your curb and rein;  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.  
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight,  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boast of human might,  
And the pride of human power!

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting a wayward breeze;—  
When I marked the peasant faintly reel  
With the toil which he faintly bore,  
As he turned at the tardy wheel,  
Or tugged at the weary oar;—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the carrier dove,  
As they bore a law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love;—  
I could not but think how the world would feel  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! They found me at last;  
They invited me forth at length;  
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder-blast,  
And laughed in my iron strength!  
O, then ye saw a wondrous change  
On the earth and ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery armies range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.



Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er  
 The mountains steep decline;  
 Time, space have yielded to my power;  
 The world—the world is mine!—  
 The giant streams of the queenly West,  
 And the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales, where'er I sweep,  
 To hear my strength rejoice,  
 And the monsters of the briny deep  
 Cower trembling at my voice.  
 I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,  
 The thoughts of the godlike mind;  
 The wind lags after my going forth,  
 The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine  
 My tireless arm doth play,  
 Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,  
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.  
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
 From the hidden caves below,  
 And I make the fountain's granite cup  
 With a crystal gush o'erflow!

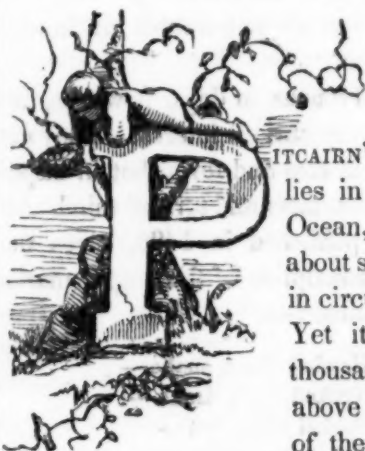
I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
 In all the shops of trade;  
 I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,  
 Where my arms of strength are made.  
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint;  
 I carry, I spin, I weave;  
 And all my doings I put in print,  
 On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,  
 No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"  
 And soon I intend you may "go and play,"  
 While I manage the world myself.  
 But harness me down with your iron bands,  
 Be sure of your curb and rein;  
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands;  
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

Geo. W. Cutter.

THINK nought a trifle, though it small appear,  
 Small sands make mountains, moments make  
 the year.

## An Interesting Island.



ITCAIRN'S ISLAND  
 lies in the Pacific  
 Ocean, and is only  
 about seven miles  
 in circumference.  
 Yet it rises one  
 thousand feet  
 above the level  
 of the sea. It is

famous as being the refuge of some  
 British sailors, who went off with a ship,  
 and finally settled here, taking with them  
 some native women for wives.

This interesting spot, now for half a  
 century the quiet, peaceful, well-ordered,  
 and singularly happy residence of those  
 mutineers and their descendants, has  
 recently been visited by the British ship  
 Calypso, Captain Worth. Recent English  
 newspapers contain a letter of Captain  
 Worth, giving an account of his visit,  
 from which we make the extract be-  
 low.

"We arrived here on the 9th March,  
 [1848,] from Calino; but, the weather  
 being very bad, stormy, and squally, and,  
 as you know, there is no landing, except  
 in a small nook called Bounty Bay, and  
 very frequently not even there,—indeed,  
 never in ships' boats, from the violence  
 of the surf,—I did not communicate with  
 the shore till the next day, when, having  
 landed safely all the presents I brought  
 for the inhabitants from Valparaiso, I  
 landed myself, with half the officers and

youngsters, the ship standing off and on, there being no anchorage.

"I made the officers divide the day between them, one half on shore, the other on board; so they were gratified with visiting these interesting people. I never was so gratified by such a visit, and would rather have gone there than to any part of the world. I would write you a very long letter about them, but time presses; \* \* \* and I will only now say they are the most interesting, contented, moral, and happy people that can be conceived.

"Their delight at our arrival was beyond any thing; the comfort, peace, strict morality, industry, and excessive cleanliness and neatness that were apparent about every thing around them, was really such as I was not prepared to witness; their learning and attainments in general education and information were really astonishing; all dressed in English style; the men a fine race, and the women and children very pretty, and their manner really of a superior order, ever smiling and joyous. But one mind and one wish seems to actuate them all. Crime appears to be unknown, and if there is really true happiness on earth, it surely is theirs. The island is romantic and beautiful; the soil of the richest description, yielding almost every tropical fruit and vegetable: in short, it is a little paradise.

"I examined their laws, added a few to them, assembled them all in the church, and addressed them, saying how gratified I was to find them in the happy state they were, advising them to follow in the steps of virtue and rectitude as they had hitherto done, and they would never want the

sympathies of their countrymen, the English, who were most interested about them. I added such advice as I thought useful, and such suggestions as would of course be to their advantage.

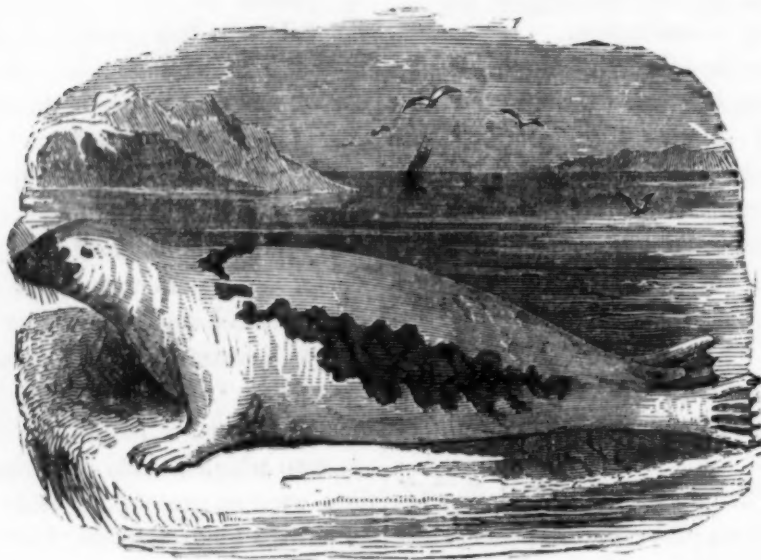
"It was really affecting to see these primitive and excellent people, both old and young, one hundred and forty in the whole, looking up to me, and almost devouring all I said, with eager attention, and with scarcely a dry eye amongst them; and, 'albeit unused to the melting mood,' I found a moisture collecting in my own which I could scarcely restrain, they were so grateful, so truly thankful, for all the kindnesses that had from time to time been shown them, and the interest in their welfare shown by us and our countrymen.

"I had all the men and most all the women on board; but there was such a sea on, that the poor girls were dreadfully seasick. I fired some guns, and set off some rockets, on the night of our departure, and they returned the compliment by firing an old honey-combed gun belonging to the *Bounty*. I set them completely up—gave them a hundred pounds of powder, ensign and union jack, casks of salt beef and pork, implements of agriculture of all kinds, clothes, books, &c.; and sailed, on the evening of the 11th, for Tahiti."

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### Moderation.

It was one of the maxims of the Spartans not to press upon a flying army; and therefore their enemies were always ready to quit the field, because they knew the danger was only in opposing.



### The Seal.

**T**HE seal is of various sizes, and there are many species. But the ordinary length of the seal is from five to six feet; the head is large and round, and the neck short and thick; on each side of the mouth are several long and stiff whiskers, each hair being marked, throughout its whole length, by numerous alternate dilatations and contractions; there are also a few stiff hairs over each eye; the tongue is cleft at the tip; the legs are so short, as to be scarcely perceptible; the hinder ones are so placed, as to be of use to the animal in swimming, but of very little service when walking, being situated at the extremity of the body, and close to each other. All the feet are strongly webbed, but the hind ones much more widely and conspicuously than the fore, having considerably the appearance of fins; each foot is furnished with strong and sharp claws; the tail is very short. The hair of the seal is short and very

thick set, varying, in color, from brown, blackish-brown, gray, and sometimes pied, with fawn color and white.

The seal has a very offensive, fishy smell; and when collected in numbers on the shore, their odor can be perceived at a considerable distance.

This animal spends a great part of its time in the water, although it can live perfectly well on land. In summer, they are frequently to be seen, on some sand-bank, which has been left dry by the reflux of the tide; or on some shelving rocks, basking in the sunbeams. It is in these situations that the seal is killed by the hunters. They never enjoy a long state of repose, being very watchful, probably from having no external ears to catch the sound; so that every minute or two they raise their heads, and look round. When they observe an enemy approaching, they suddenly precipitate themselves into the water. The seal swims with



great swiftness, dives rapidly, and may be seen rising at a distance of forty or fifty yards, in the course of a few seconds. The food of the seal consists of fish, and various sea-weeds.

The female produces, in the winter, seldom more than two at a birth, which she is said to suckle on the spot for a fortnight only. When the young are fatigued with swimming, the parent carries them on her back.

The voice of a full-grown seal resembles the hoarse barking of a dog, and that of the young is like the mewling of a kitten.

Seals, when taken young, are capable of being completely domesticated; will answer to their name, and follow their master from place to place.

The skins of seals form a very important article of commerce, on which account they are eagerly sought for in many places. They are also valuable for producing oil. The time of hunting them is in October and November. It is generally done by lighting torches, and going into caverns on the sea-shore, where these animals repose during the night; the creatures, being thus surprised, endeavor to retreat in all directions, which the hunters prevent, by knocking them on the head with bludgeons.

Hunting the seal forms an important occupation of the native Esquimaux and Greenlanders. They feed upon its flesh, make oil of its fat, and clothing of its skin; and even barter the latter, to a considerable extent, with vessels which annually go to those places for the purpose.

In Finland, this is also a favorite and profitable occupation. When the ice begins to break up, a few men go to sea

in a small boat, and, in their hazardous pursuit, brave all the horrors of the northern seas, floating amid broken fields of ice, which every instant threaten the annihilation of their slender bark. The seals, in these situations, are frequently reposing on shoals of ice, on which some of the party land, and, creeping on their hands and feet, cautiously steal upon them, and kill the animals while they sleep.

About thirty years ago, a party of Finlanders, in pursuit of seals, having discovered some on a floating field of ice, they fastened their boat to a point of this little island, and having all left it, they crept towards the seals. While they were busy in their work of destruction, a sudden gust of wind separated the boat from the place where it was attached. They saw it drift amid the numerous shoals, and in a few minutes it was squeezed to pieces, and disappeared. In this deplorable situation, every ray of hope vanished; and they remained, floating to and fro, on this little island, at the mercy of the elements, the sheet of ice every hour diminishing, from the heat of the sun. Fourteen days did they suffer all the miseries of famine and despair, when they determined on ending their unhappy fate by drowning. With this intention, they embraced each other for the last time, and were summoning up their resolution of changing from time to eternity, when they discovered a sail; on which one of them took off his shirt, and holding it on the point of his gun, it attracted the attention of some one on board the whale ship, when a boat was immediately manned, and sent to their relief.

Some years ago, a seal was so completely domesticated, in England, that a gentleman kept it at a little distance from the sea. This animal seemed to know all the inmates of his family; it was frequently allowed to immerse itself in a barrel of sea-water, which it would do several times during the day. It was perfectly acquainted with its name, and would come to its master when he called on it. It was usually kept in a stable, but was sometimes permitted to enter the kitchen, where it seemed to take great delight in reposing before the fire. It was taken to the sea almost every day, and allowed to fish for itself, in which it was very dextrous; but when unsuccessful, fish was brought for it. When tired of swimming, it came to the boat, holding up its head to be taken in.

In January, 1819, a gentleman, in the neighborhood of Burntisland, county of Fife, in Scotland, completely succeeded in taming a seal. Its singularities attracted the curiosity of strangers daily. It appeared to possess all the sagacity of a dog, lived in its master's house, and ate from his hand. In his fishing excursions, this gentleman generally took it with him, when it afforded no small entertainment. If thrown into the water, it would follow for miles the track of the boat; and although thrust back by the oars, it never relinquished its purpose. Indeed, it struggled so hard to regain its seat, that one would imagine its fondness for its master had entirely overcome the natural predilection for its native element.

Seals have a very delicate sense of hearing, and are said to be much delighted with music. The fact was not unknown

to the ancient poets, and is thus alluded to by Sir Walter Scott:—

"Rude Heiskar's seals, through surges dark,  
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark."

Mr. John Laing, in his account of a voyage to Spitzbergen, mentions that the son of the master of the vessel in which he sailed, who was fond of playing on the violin, never failed to have a numerous auditory, when in the seas frequented by seals; and Mr. Laing has seen them follow the ship for miles when any person was playing on deck.

It is a common practice, in Cornwall, when persons are in pursuit of seals, as soon as the animal has elevated its head above water, to holla to it, till they can approach within gunshot, as they will listen to the sound for several minutes. This method is also pursued by the fishermen at Newhaven, England.

A farmer, at Aberdour, Fifeshire, in looking for crabs and lobsters among the rocks, caught a young seal, about two feet and a half long, and carried it home. He gave it some pottage and milk, which it took with avidity. He kept it for three days, always feeding it on this meal, when, his wife being tired of it, he took it away, to restore it to its native element. He was accompanied by some of his neighbors. On reaching the shore, it was thrown into the sea; but, in place of making its escape, as one would have expected, it returned to the men. The tallest of them waded to a considerable distance into the sea; and after throwing it as far from him as he was able, speedily got behind a rock, and concealed himself; but the affectionate animal soon discovered his hiding-place, and crept

close up to his feet. The farmer, moved by its attachment, took it home again. He kept it for some time, when, growing tired of it, he had it killed, for the sake of its skin.

### Utility of Toads!

**T**HESE animals are very useful in gardens. They live on insects, which they devour without much regard to the species—the selections being made, by toads of different sizes, according to the bulk they are able to swallow. While the toad is small, he is only able to feed on gnats, small flies, the smallest beetles, &c., but when full grown will swallow almost all insects that infest the garden or field, whether in the larva or perfect state. The number of insects

which they are capable of devouring is surprising to one unacquainted with their habits.

Several years since, the writer of this ascertained that a large toad, which he kept confined for the purpose of experiments, would devour from eight to twelve grubs, the larva of the May-bug, or cockchafer, (*melalontha vulgaris*,) per day. There is another advantage which they have over fowls, in gardens—they will do no injury to any plants, their mode of taking the insects being such that the plant is scarcely touched in the act. A few boards should be laid round the garden, raised about an inch from the surface, under which the toads will take shelter during the day, as they only feed during the night. — *Southern Planter*.

### Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

THE first letter that presents itself this month, is as follows, and merits our thanks:—

MR. MERRY:

Will you accept the following, and insert it in your Museum, if it pleases you?

#### RHYMING ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

- A.** ..... The Antelope, for gracefulness and speed so far renowned,  
**ANTELOPE.** ... Was hunted oft, in olden times, with falcon and with hound,  
 While lords and ladies gay joined chase, to the merry bugle's sound.
- B.** ..... The Bisons roam our western plains in herds of numbers vast;  
**BISON.** ..... Their shaggy robes protect us well from winter's chilling blast.
- C.** ..... The patient Camel, aptly named the Arab's "Desert Ship,"  
**CAMEL.** ..... In travelling o'er the burning sands, can fleetest horse outstrip.
- D.** ..... The faithful Dog, in danger's hour, his master will defend,  
**DOG.** ..... But oft gets paid in blows. How wrong, to abuse so good a friend!
- E.** ..... The Elephant of Eastern lands, so wonderful to see,  
**ELEPHANT.** ... Bows down, with all his ponderous strength, to man's supremacy.
- F.** ..... The Fox so sly, with noiseless step, prowls nightly forth for prey;  
**FOX.** ..... Ill fares it then with goose or duck that chances in his way.
- G.** ..... The stately, timid, mild Giraffe, roams Afric's forests green,  
**GIRAFFE.** ... The wonder of a curious world, — nor often to be seen.
- H.** ..... The noble, handsome Horse, — when first he yielded to man's sway,  
**HORSE.** ..... The pride of man waxed very strong, the old traditions say.

- I.** ..... The Ibex, or wild Alpine Goat, bounds boldly from the steeps,  
**IBEX.** ..... And falling on his long, strong horns, himself from injury keeps.
- J.** ..... Jerboa, little jumping mouse, in grain fields oft is spied;  
**JERBOA.** ..... Approach him, and away he hops, in cosy nest to hide.
- K.** ..... The Knu, a kind of antelope, called sometimes the "Horned Horse,"  
**KNU.** ..... With maned and arching neck does o'er Caffrarian mountains course.
- L.** ..... The Lion, terrible and strong in Afric's deserts drear,  
**LION.** ..... Reigns "King of Beasts," from whose loud roar all others fly in fear.
- M.** ..... The ungainly Moose, that erst did in our northern woods abound,  
**MOOSE.** ..... The monarch of the Cervus race, is now but rarely found.
- N.** ..... The Nylghan, yet another of the antelope's fleet race,  
**NYLGHAN.** ..... To Persia's sovereigns oft affords an object of the chase.
- O.** ..... The swarthy Hottentot, on a useful Ox astride,  
**OX.** ..... For business or amusement abroad does often ride.
- P.** ..... From their numerous enemies, the harmless Porcupines  
**PORCUPINE.** ..... Have no other means of safety, than their thickly-bristling spines.
- Q.** ..... The Quagga, like the zebra, is to the horse allied,  
**QUAGGA.** ..... And, disdaining whip or bridle, roams through Afric's realms so wide.
- R.** ..... The huge, uncouth Rhinoceros, in Eastern lands we see,  
**RHINOCEROS.** ..... Armed with his long and powerful horn, a dangerous enemy.
- S.** ..... The pretty, sprightly Squirrel toils through Autumn, night and morn.  
**SQUIRREL.** ..... To lay up, for the winter, his supply of nuts and corn.
- T.** ..... The Royal Tiger of Bengal, most bloodthirsty of brutes,  
**TIGER.** ..... With the monarch lion, well the palm of sovereignty disputes.
- U.** ..... Of the fierce and powerful Urus, whence comes all our tame Ox race,  
**URUS.** ..... In its native German forests now scarce exists a trace.
- V.** ..... Vicuna, of the llama kind, o'er Andes' heights sublime,  
**VICUNA.** ..... Rich with their glittering treasures, seems fitted well to climb.
- W.** ..... The Walrus of the northern seas, "Sea Elephant," they name,  
**WALRUS.** ..... Its ivory tusks, and huge, odd form, the title seem to claim.
- X.** ..... The haughty, warlike Xerxes, o'er Persia's realms held sway,  
**XERXES.** ..... And, in all his pride of power, would have made the *sea* obey.
- Y.** ..... The sturdy, honest Yeoman, drives the plough with brawny hand,  
**YEOMAN.** ..... And in this happy country is the glory of his land.
- Z.** ..... The beauteous, striped Zebra, wild, fleet, and free as wind,  
**ZEBRA.** ..... In that land of living wonders, Central Africa, we find.

The next letter we insert, though it will be perceived the answers to the puzzles have been previously given.

MR. MERRY:

Enclosed are the answers to the two puzzles in your November, number one of which is in rhyme; the other is, I believe, "*Augustus Octavianus Cæsar*." I also send you a puzzle, upon which I would like to have some of your black-eyed or blue-eyed correspondents try their skill, if you think it worthy inserting. By so doing, you would oblige one who enjoys the Museum very much. A new subscriber,  
 November, 1848.

U. H. J.

#### PUZZLE.

That *rye's* a kind of grain we know,  
 And *hay* in barns the farmers stow;  
 When minstrel songsters cease their *lay*,  
 And autumn's *ashes* strew the way,  
 Within, *Canary's* notes are heard,  
 Without, the *Hen*, our barn-yard bird;  
 O'er waters clear doth bend the *ash*,  
 Where listening *shad* doth sprightly  
*dash*;  
 And in the distance roll the *car*,  
 All laded from a *land* afar;  
 Then I will take my pen in *hand*,  
 While sister *Clara* doth attend,



And think how in their *folly*, strange,  
Men love so well the *cash* "on change."  
And now our answer — is it no or *yes*? —  
For "*Henry Clay, of Ashland*," is our guess.

## PUZZLE.

I am composed of fifteen letters.  
My 1, 13, and 10, is a vegetable substance.  
My 2, 10, 14, 4, 8, is an industrious insect.  
My 3, 13, 10, 15, is a disagreeable sensation.  
My 4, 6, 11, is what Eve did when tempted.  
My 5, 13, 14, is often used in preference to the pure Cochituate.

My 7, 9, 11, left his native city in obedience to a command from God.

My 8, 6, 7, 2, children love to hear.

My 9, 11, 8, 4, 5, is an animal that preys upon fish.

My 10, 6, 1, 1, 9, 11, is a small grub.

My 11, 13, 14, 15, 7, 4, 5, we find on every table.

My 12, 13, 10, 15, 13, 1, belongs to the bug race.

My 13, 3, 15, 6, 5, housebreakers know how to do.

My 14, 2, 7, 9, 3, is a fine summer fruit.

My 15, 6, 7, 7, 9, 9, and 3, is a conveyance which every body knows of, but which is scarce ever patronized.

My whole is a distinguished general.

The following is from one of my rosy-cheeked, black-eyed neighbors — a boy hardly ten years old. He gave it to me himself — his face glowing like a Baldwin apple, as he placed it in my hands. He, no doubt, will excuse us for the change made in the puzzle.

Roxbury, Nov. 18.

MESSRS. MERRY AND PARLEY:

Dear Sirs, —

I take your Magazine, and I like it very much. I like the Billy Bump stories very much, though I doubt if there is such a place as *Sundown* in the world. I have found out one of the enigmas; it is *William O. Butler*. I also send a puzzle; if you think it worthy, I should like to have you print it.

## PUZZLE.

I am composed of thirteen letters.

My 1, 9, 3, and 12, are a liquor which Deacon Grant preaches against with all his might.

My 8, 2, and 7, are a boy's nickname.

My 3, 5, 9, and 6, are a hideous being of the imagination.

My 6, 11, and 12, are the first name of ducks and chickens, and a thing admired by skunks and weasels.

My 8, 9, 10, and 5, are a species of vessel.

My 13, 3, 9, and 2, are what makes little boys and girls cry.

My 1, 2, 6, 13, and 6, are much in vogue about thanksgiving time; and it is said they once saved a famous city from destruction.

My whole are a man much talked about, much praised and much blamed, but who has more friends than enemies.

J. C. F.

The following is from the writer of the preceding: —

## THE STORY OF A LOOKING-GLASS.

I hung for two years facing the wall of a large store, during which time a spider wove a curious web over my face; and I spent my time in reflection. One day I was suddenly removed from my situation, and, after passing through an alarming operation, I was placed in a frame handsomely carved.

I was then laid in a trunk, where I felt very flat, and sent to Boston. I here found that I was to decorate the parlor of a young couple who had not been long married. My master never failed to shave his beard before me, and my mistress to pin her scarf.

But in six years the furniture was sold at auction, and I was knocked down for half price, and sent to a bachelor's hall. My new master, after examining me, carried me to the workman's and I was refitted in a plain veneered frame. My master never failed to adjust his wig before me.

In five years my master died, and bequeathed his house to a gentleman and lady with three children, who soon occupied it.



One day the youngest boy was swinging a piece of ivory in a string, when it slipped, and struck me in my cheek, and injured my appearance so that I was no longer considered an ornament, and removed to another room.

The following came in a neat envelope, and was written on gilt-edged paper, and at the head of the page was a colored drawing of a very pretty flower. I like this note, for it shows good taste, and a love of neatness, on the part of the writer. I should like very much to see Georgiana, when she comes my way.

MR. MERRY: *Boston, Oct. 13, 1848.*

Dear Sir,—

I am not used to writing to great men like yourself, so that I suppose this letter will not be worth much in your eyes, as it will not be a very good one. I hope you will accept the enigma below, as it is my first attempt. I have taken the Playmate ever since it began, and liked it very much before Merry's Museum was joined to it; but I like it still better now. I like the story of Billy Bump in Boston, very much indeed.

Your friend,  
GEORGINA.

#### PUZZLE.

I am composed of twelve letters.

My 2, 5, 10, 10, 7, is a name sometimes given to a horse.

My 8, 5, 5, 1, is a covering for the foot.

My 4, 9, 1, is what if you do, you won't miss.

My 10, 9, 11, 6, is what people often have to pay.

My 9, 6, 11, is what people are when they are not well.

My 8, 12, 11, 11, is an instrument of sound.

My 4, 5, 11, 3, is what every body dislikes to see.

My whole is the most precious thing in the world.

The author of a pleasing story, in a former number, sends us the following:—

#### HOW PUDDING LANE OBTAINED ITS NAME.

There once resided, at the upper end of the town of Pebleton, a woman, who, on account of the improper use she made of her tongue, was, by universal consent, called Mistress Screechowl. She rendered herself very troublesome to the neighbors by meddling with their affairs, and tattling from house to house, which practice involved her in many sad perplexities, and subjected her to numerous practical jokes.

One day, as she was lifting an enormous apple pudding from the scalding liquid, the cry of fire was heard in the street, followed by the rattling of the engine.

Mistress Screechowl could stand this no longer. Grasping the pudding in her ponderous fist, she flew to the front gate, crying out, at the top of her voice,—

"Where's the fire? where's the fire? O, where's the fire?"

One of the fun-loving firemen, snatching from her the pudding, suspended it from the top of the engine, and went dashing through the town amidst the shouts of the people, leaving Mistress Screechowl to make the best of her puddingless dinner.

Having exhausted their fun, they hung the pudding upon the street lamp, crying, "Three cheers for Mistress Screechowl." The boys, who are never backward on such occasions, waived their hats, and rent the air with—"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

From that time the narrow street has been dignified by the name of Pudding Lane.

ALMIRA.

We have many other letters on hand—one from J. A. K.—one from H. P. K.—one from S. W. A.—one from J. B. T.—and several from nameless friends and correspondents. We can, however, only acknowledge the receipt of these favors.

N. B. *We cannot insert puzzles, unless the solutions are sent with them.*



## Pleasures.

PLEASURES are like summer birds, —  
 Light they come and light they fly;  
 Pleasures are like whispered words —  
 Passing softly, swiftly by.

Pleasures are like flowers, — bright  
 To-day, yet gone to-morrow;  
 Pleasures are like strips of light, —  
 Fading soon in shades of sorrow.

Pleasures are like summer beams,  
 A moment on the water playing;

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Pleasures are like summer streams,  
 Always going — never staying.

Pleasures are like insects bright, —  
 A moment here — then passed forever;  
 Pleasures are like bubbles light, —  
 Now they gleam, and now they sever.

Yes, — pleasures all are frail and fleeting, —  
 Light they come, and light they stray;  
 But let us give them gentle greeting,  
 Lest we scare them all away!

### Another Letter from New York.

**M**Y DEAR MR. MERRY: As the holidays approach, our city assumes a gayer appearance, and the shops have of late been so attractive, that my young cousins are undecided whether they most need an increase of spending money, or the virtue of self-denial. Miss Susy, whose ideas of debt and credit are not exactly business-like, thought she had devised a way of dispensing with both money and self-denial. She has often accompanied me to the family grocery, and never seeing me pay for any thing, one day asked if they *gave* me all I wanted. I answered, without further explanation, that every thing was charged. A few days after, I saw her bustle out with a look of confidence and mystery. Presently she returned very downcast. I found she went to a confectioner's, where she was an entire stranger, and got an extravagant quantity of burnt almonds, cordial drops, and bonbons, which she deposited in her satchel, and, turning towards the door, said, with an air of great magnificence, "You may charge these, sir." The shopman was, of course, much amazed, but told her he never dealt upon the credit system; and poor Susy, not having provided herself with the "needful," was obliged to surrender her sweet treasures.

We have been much pleased with a visit to the nursery upon Randall's Island, about eight miles from this city; and perhaps some of your little friends would like to hear about the institution.

We improved one of those genial days with which this December has favored

us, warm enough to tempt the birds from their southern homes, and the citizens from winter quarters into the open country. We left the City Hall at twelve o'clock, and after a few minutes' ride in the cars, were landed at Haerlem. Here a walk of about a mile afforded us a delightful episode from paving-stones to green grass. Blithely did Ned and Susy plant their feet upon the soft bosom of mother earth; and between skipping, running, and hopping, we were not long in reaching the small row boat that was to carry us across the East River. Ned was allowed an oar, and when we arrived, he thought the row all too short. Randall's Island is owned by the corporation of the city of New York, and devoted to the benevolent purpose of a nursery for all outcast children, whether homeless through misfortune or crime. They do not ask their parentage or place of birth. All that is necessary is to prove their need, and the naked are clothed, the hungry fed, the sick healed. This island being devoted to these purposes, there is a fine of fifty dollars if any one lands upon it without a pass. We were accompanied by one of the resident physicians, to whose kind invitation we were indebted for the excursion; and we found our "Good Samaritan" a sufficient permit to land unquestioned. The scene of interest dawned upon us gradually as we found ourselves in a swarm of young humanity just emerged from school. The spacious buildings and ample arrangements declared it indeed a wholesale establishment for a commodity no less precious than *children* of every age and size, from two years to sixteen, and num-

bering *eleven hundred* or more! The first building we entered was devoted to that most important class of unfortunates, the idiots. One poor blind one, with a humped back, stood outside, leaning listlessly against the house; and there they told us he always stands, day after day, benighted, bodily and mentally, with scarce enough of the intellectual spark to entitle him to the name of humanity. Within were about thirty, showing various degrees of stupidity, but all occupied with vacancy. One of the saddest circumstances about the whole is, that the good woman who has for years attended upon them, is herself gradually becoming idiotic, either from the force of imitation or association. The next apartment we entered, in one of the large buildings, presented quite a different spectacle. Here were sixty or a hundred little *three year olds*, under the superintendence of one matron. Each little boy had a miniature *arm* chair, and each little girl a tiny *rocking* chair. It was a funny sight, and very pleasant to watch them; for no two behaved alike. Some looked up and smiled, some looked down and blushed, some pouted, some rocked very hard, some looked curious, some turned their backs. One, when I looked at her, shut her black eyes so tight I thought they would never appear again; and another, in her embarrassment, fell over, and began to cry.

Ned and Susy would have lingered here the rest of the afternoon, and Peggy Betsey herself was reluctant to leave the happy "birdlings;" but our conductor had more in store for us, and we adjourned to the dining-hall, where another matron had collected those under her charge to sing

for us. Here were between three and four hundred girls, arranged in lines with their respective monitors, and singing with surprising correctness. As they sang, I reviewed them with my eye, and found every variety of the "human face divine," from actual deformity to uncommon beauty. Now and then a curly head looked roguish in spite of the close pinafore, and several heads seemed to promise poetical developments. The reigning expression was neatness. The multitude of little pink hands, that hung in long rows, were all clean, and no unwashed face or uncombed hair displeased even an old maid's precision. They sang a great variety of songs, comic, sentimental, and devotional, with evident enjoyment.

But we were hurried from this to another scene, the play-ground, where six hundred boys were in the full tide of sport. They had a leader, whose directions they seemed to follow with remarkable docility. I should think he was a man of fifty; but I noticed his face was as radiant with pleasure as any of the boys'. I was told he has the charge of this young army out of school hours, and possesses the perfect love and reverence of every member. He receives a salary of a thousand dollars, and spends the whole of it in amusements. The evening before, he had given them a grand treat of fireworks. While we were looking on, he reviewed them after the manner of the cadets at West Point, and they went through the manœuvres very handsomely. After this, they seemed preparing for something further; and presently a young aid-de-camp, about twelve years old, came up and inquired if the visitors would be



pleased to listen to an oration about to be delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of their play-house. We gladly consented, and, arrived at the spot, the young orator mounted his temporary stage, and with a flushed face, but self-possessed manner, delivered a very appropriate speech. He pointed to New York, and said, "Though by death and other causes we are deprived of the care and protection of our parents, thanks to the benevolence of yonder city, we are not forsaken and forlorn. We have not only food and clothing, hospitals for our sick, schools for our minds, and ministers for our souls, but we have this our beloved play-ground, wide and spacious; and as if all this were not enough, we to-day lay the corner-stone of a building which shall shelter us in our hours of exercise and recreation, whenever storm or cold drives us from our play-ground." As he concluded, all waved their caps, and sent up three cheers, that made the air above quiver. After they dispersed, we visited the hospitals, where the arrangements for warming, ventilation, and bathing, are truly admirable. The Croton water was conveyed to this island through pipes sunk deep in the East River, at an expense of forty thousand dollars. Since its admission, the decrease of disease has been very great. In the first apartment we entered, were convalescent children, some sitting, some reclining, and all forming a most interesting group, with their transparent skins and long eyelashes. The doctor asked one little lisping urchin what had been the matter with him. "*Rubiola*, *pertussis*, and *cephalalgia*," said he,—the scientific names for measles, whooping

cough, and headache. In the fever rooms we found the restless ones receiving every alleviation possible. One bed we noticed stripped of its covering, and were told the occupant had just died, and would to-morrow be taken to Potter's Field.

Ned and Susy looked startled to find that death had been so near them. From the hospitals we went to the dormitories, where the iron bedsteads, with their white drapery, exceeded in comfort and neatness those of many respectable boarding-schools. Upon a table at one end of these rooms was an interesting collection, that made Susy's eyes brighten—neither more nor less than some scores of dolls, dressed after the taste of the different owners, and presenting a variety in uniformity, quite pleasing. The school-room, kitchens, and bake-houses, were perfect in their way. But I will not describe them. Sunset was now upon us, and we paused to look, for it was such a one as the city never sees. "The western waves of ebbing day" dyed clouds, islands, and river, with rosy red, and as we watched the deepening hues, we could not tell which his lingering beams most beautified—sky, earth, or water. Within a few minutes four stately steamboats rode by. To complete the picture, a fleet of sloops were becalmed, and, with their white sails reflected in the water, seemed to "float double," like "swan and shadow." A kind of lame steamboat, which plies for the accommodation of this and Blackwell's Island, conveyed us back to the city; and in reviewing the various humane arrangements we had witnessed, we concluded hereafter it will not do to say that "corporations have no souls."



My letter is longer than I intended, and I will only add Ned's and Susy's sincere wishes for a happy new year to Mr. Merri and Mr. Parley, in which unites your friend,  
 PEGGY BETSEY.

### A Fancy.

**T**HIS is from a very young correspondent, and we cheerfully give it a place:—

It was May. The sun shone joyfully down upon the silver lakes, when Gertrude Leslie, a fair flaxen-haired, blue-eyed girl, wandered among the flowers of spring, which grew tall and beautiful in her little garden. Gertrude was an orphan left alone, exposed to the pitiless hatred of those who loved her not. Her guardians, indeed, treated her harshly, and joyfully did her little heart beat, when she escaped from them to spend a few moments in her cherished garden—the only thing she had to love.

One day, when her work was over, she went, as usual, to her garden; and with what pleasure did she water and weed her loved flowers! She remained, thinking of many things, and at last she stooped to cull a lily of the valley, when suddenly, from one of the little silver bells, a fairy appeared, and thus addressed Gertrude:—

"Fair maiden, I know thee well. Thine is indeed a hard lot, and I will grant thee whatever thou mayst ask!"

To this Gertrude replied, "Thanks—many thanks—kind fay; and as thou art so good, I will tell to thee what has long been the earnest desire of my heart.

Thou knowest that my parents have long lain in the cold grave; O fay! take me to them, show me heaven in all its beauty and holiness, and give me a crown of joy, that I may praise my Creator through eternity!"

The fairy smiled a celestial smile upon her, took her in her arms, and bore her lightly away through the air. A long while did they traverse the ethereal regions; but at length Gertrude found herself at the entrance of a beautiful city, whose gates were made of pearls. Here her guide left her, saying, "Look upward." Gertrude did so, and saw written on the gate, in letters of gold, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." Upon this she gently lifted the knocker of gold, and as gently let it fall, when the door was immediately opened, and she entered; and there she beheld her beloved parents, sitting on the right hand of God, singing to his praise. She took her seat by them, and was about to join their song, when suddenly she heard a voice, crying, harshly,— "Gertrude! Gertrude! why do you stay there idling away your time?" She started, and she awoke, and found it all a dream!

### I see a Man.

I SEE a man.

I do not see his shabby dress,  
 I see him in his manliness;  
 I see his axe; I see his spade;  
 I see the man that God has made.  
 If such a man before you stand,  
 Give him your heart—give him your hand,  
 And praise your Maker for such men:  
 They make this old earth young again.



### It's mine! You shan't have it.

**L**ook, reader, at this simple cut, and tell us if there be not a meaning and a moral in it. The child is said to be father of the man; that is, the child shows the dispositions, the passions, the feelings, which go to make the character of the grown-up person. In this picture we see a child, with an apple in his hand, and by his look and actions we read his thoughts and feelings, — *"This is mine, and you shan't have it, not a bit of it!"*

Now, this seems very natural; and when we see such things in a child, we smile, and say, "It is very cunning!" But let us consider the thing a little further: let us consider this disposition to grow with the growth and strengthen with

the strength of the child. Let us go forward, into his after life, and at the end of some threescore years, we find, in place of the child cherishing an apple, an aged man, rich, greedy, grasping, selfish, and saying, in his look and manner, to all who come near, "This cash, these lands, these houses, these goods, are mine — and you shan't have them!"

All this, again, seems very natural, and certainly is very common. But is it not revolting? Is not such selfishness, such greediness, wicked and erroneous? Should a man love himself, exclusively? Does not the golden rule tell us to love our neighbor? Is not a man who thinks only of himself, who thinks only of in-

creasing his money and his property, very foolish, inasmuch as he loses the greatest joy of life — that of loving and being loved?

Certainly this is quite true — it is both wicked and foolish to be thus selfish, thus exclusive, and therefore it is that I commend it to all persons, young and old, to think of the pleasure and happiness of others, as well as of themselves. I do not mean to scold the boy in the engraving at the head of this article; he is selfish, certainly; he thinks, "This apple is mine, and you shan't have a bit of it!" and this is not very amiable. But it is very likely he has seen his elder brothers and sisters act in the same way; and possibly Pa and Ma have set him examples of this kind; and it is quite likely that aunt Betsey and cousin Katharine, when they have seen these displays of greediness in their pet, have said, "How cunning!" and thus made the child feel as if it was commendable, nay, heroic, to be selfish, greedy, exclusive.

Therefore it is, that I speak gently of the little fellow whom we have introduced to the reader. Nevertheless, we say to all, boys and girls, men and women, instead of making this child your model, remember that the best way to enjoy the bounties of Providence, is to share them with others.

### Aspersión.

WHOEVER keeps an open ear  
For tattlers, will be sure to hear  
The trumpet of contention.  
Aspersión is the babbler's trade;  
To listen, is to lend him aid,  
And rush into dissension.

### Mercury.

THE following article is from a youthful correspondent, already known to the readers of the Museum: —

This deity, according to the mythology of ancient Greece, was the son of Jupiter and Maia, (one of the Pleiades, and the most luminous of the seven sisters,) and was born, according to the more generally received opinion, in Arcadia, on Mount Cyllene. In his infancy, he was intrusted to the care of the Seasons. According to Cicero, there were no less than five Mercuries; some even assert that there were six; but to the son of Jupiter, as being the most famous and the best known, are probably attributed the actions of all the others.

Mercury's office, in the council of Olympus, was that of messenger of the gods, but more exclusively that of Jupiter, his father. He was also the patron of travellers and of shepherds.

He presided not only over orators, merchants, and declaimers, but was also the god of thieves, pickpockets, and all dishonest persons. He seems to have been exceedingly fond of thieving himself, and gave early proofs of his craftiness in that line. The second day after his birth, he stole the oxen of Admetus, which Apollo tended; he stole also the quiver and arrows of the divine shepherd, and increased his fame by robbing Neptune of his trident, Venus of her famous girdle, and Mars of his sword. He also annoyed Vulcan by running off with several of his mechanical instruments.

He was represented not only as one of the celestial, but also as one of the infernal

deities. We, in consequence, find that to his charge were committed the souls of the dead, which he conveyed to the infernal regions, and which, according to the ancient doctrine of transmigration, he brought back to revisit the cheerful beams of the sun, after having resided, for the space of a thousand years, in the nether or lower world.

Imboldened by the amusement his larcenies seemed to afford Jupiter, Mercury ventured too far, and robbed him of his sceptre. Here he was unfortunate; for the stolen article burnt the mischievous god's fingers, and, as a punishment, he was banished from heaven, and obliged to take refuge upon the earth.

These specimens of his art attracted the attention of the gods, and Jupiter finally appointed him cup-bearer and interpreter of the assembly of the gods. The former office he fulfilled until the promotion of Ganymede.

He was presented, by the king of heaven, with a winged cap, called *Petagus*, and with wings for his feet, called *Talaria*. He had, also, a short sword, called *Herpe*. With these he was enabled to go wherever he pleased, with the greatest celerity. Besides this, he could make himself invisible, or assume any shape he desired. He was the confidant of all Jupiter's secrets.

To him is ascribed the invention of the lyre, with seven strings, which he gave Apollo in exchange for the celebrated *Caduceus*, with which the god of poetry used to drive the flocks of King Admetus.

In the wars of the giants against the gods, Mercury showed himself brave, spirited, and active. He delivered Mars

from the confinement in which he was held by the superior power of the Aloides. He tied Ixion to his wheel in the infernal regions, and carried the infant Bacchus to the nymphs of Nysa.

Mercury has many surnames and epithets, and was worshipped in many different ways. He is sometimes represented as standing upon a monument, with a cloak wound round his arm, or tied under his chin. He is sometimes represented as sitting upon a crayfish, holding in one hand his caduceus, and in the other the claws of a fish. At other times, we find him, under the figure of a young man, holding in one hand a purse, as being the tutelary god of merchants, with a cock upon his wrist, as an emblem of vigilance, and at his feet a goat, a scorpion, and a fly. Again we find him standing erect, with one foot upon a tortoise.

Offerings were made to him of milk and honey, because he was the god of eloquence, which is sweet and persuasive. The Greeks and Romans offered to him tongues, as he was the patron of speaking, of which the tongue is the organ.

He is said to be the inventor of letters, and his Greek name, *Hermes*, is derived from a word, in that language, which signifies to interpret or explain. John Horne Tooke, in his "Diversions of Purley," has considered the wings which the god annexes to his feet, as emblematical of the wings which language gives to the eloquence of men.

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A CARGO of live hogs was lately on its way from New York to Liverpool. A wag called them *emigrants*.





### Hindoo Jugglers.

**T**HE dexterity of the Hindoos, in tumbling, rope-dancing, and legerdemain, is so much superior to that of Europeans, that the statements of travelers on the subject were much doubted, until they were brought to exhibit their singular feats in this quarter of the globe.

Nothing is more common in India than to see young girls walking on their heads, with their heels in the air, turning round like a wheel, or walking on their hands and feet with the body bent backwards. Another girl will bend backwards, plunge her head into a hole about eighteen inches deep, full of water and dirt, and bring up between her lips a ring that was buried in the mud. Two women may frequently be seen dancing together on a rope stretched over tressels; the one playing on the *vina*, or Hindoo guitar, the other

holding two vessels brimful of water, and capering about without spilling a drop.

A plank is sometimes fixed to the top of a pole twenty-five feet high, which is set upright; a man then climbs up it, springs backward, and seats himself upon the plank. Another mountebank balances himself by the middle of the body on a bamboo pole, fifteen or eighteen feet high. He first sets the pole upright, then climbs up it with his legs and arms, as if it were a firmly-rooted tree. On reaching the top, he clings to it with his feet and hands, after fixing the centre of the pole in the middle of his sash, and dances, moving in all directions to the sound of music, without the pole ever losing its equilibrium. He then descends, takes a boy on his shoulders, climbs up the pole



again, and stands on the top on one leg.

Sometimes a boy lies across the extremity of the bamboo, and holds himself quite stiff for a considerable time. A man lifts up the pole and the boy in that state, and moves him about in all directions without losing the balance.

A still more extraordinary feat is performed by the Hindoo women. One of them will sometimes balance herself in a horizontal position, with her arms extended like a person swimming, on the top of a bamboo pole ninety feet high, fixed in the ground. In a short time, she seems to have lost her balance, and falls, to the no small terror of the spectators; but this is only one of her customary movements; she catches by one foot in a rope fastened to her, which crosses the middle of the pole, and remains suspended with her head downwards.

Broughton, mentioning the exhibition of a set of jugglers, tells us, that he was particularly astonished by the feats of a woman, who rested on her head and feet with her back towards the earth; two swords, with their blades inwards, were crossed upon her chin, and two others, their blades also inwards, under her neck. She then traversed round in the circle with great rapidity, keeping her head always fixed in the centre, and leaping over the points of the swords whenever her breast chanced to be downward.

A man will balance a sword having a broad blade, with the point resting on his chin. He will then set a straw upright on his nose, or on a small piece of stick, which he holds and keep moving about with his lips; lastly, he will lay a piece

of thin tile on his nose, and throw up a small stone, which, falling on the tile, breaks it to pieces.

The Hindoos balance themselves on the slack rope with uncommon skill, by means of a long stick placed on the end of the nose. Sometimes at the top of this stick is set a large tray, from which walnut shells are suspended by threads. In each of these shells is a stick which reaches the juggler's upper lip. By the mere motion of his lips, he throws up the shells, one after another, upon the tray, without deranging any thing, and continuing to balance himself all the time. During this operation, he strings pearls upon a horse-hair by means of his tongue and lips alone, and without any assistance from his hands.

There are three feats in particular which these jugglers perform. The first is playing on the ground with cups and balls. His posture, which seems less favorable for his tricks than that of people of his profession in Europe, is no drawback to his complete success in the deceptions which he practises upon the astonished spectators.

The trick of swallowing a sword too feet long, or rather of thrusting it down his throat into the stomach up to the hilt, has become familiar to us by the public exhibitions of Ramo Samee and his companions, natives of India. Before the arrival in Europe of these jugglers, whose speculation, it is said, was most profitable, attempts had been made, but unsuccessfully, to induce other professors of the art to go to England for the purpose of exhibition.

The Hindoos are not only extremely

dexterous themselves, but they have found means to communicate their dexterity to the very brutes. They train bullocks, or buffaloes, to the performance of a very difficult task. A Hindoo lies down upon the ground on his back, and places on the lower part of his stomach a piece of wood, cut in a peculiar shape. A buffalo, at the command of his master, sets first one foot, and then the other, on this piece of wood, and then his two hinder feet in succession, and balances himself upon it. But this is not all: the master places a second pedestal by the side of the first; the animal steps upon it in like manner, and when he has placed all four feet on this movable column, he balances himself upon it with wonderful dexterity. Goats are also taught to perform the trick, in which we know not whether most to admire the patience or the docility of the animal.

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### Stanzas.

WHEN first the dove, afar and wide,  
Skimmed the dark waters o'er,  
To seek beyond the heaving tide  
A green and peaceful shore, —

No leafy boughs, nor life-like thing,  
Rose 'mid the swelling main;  
The lone bird sought, with faltering wing,  
That hallowed ark again.

And ever thus man's heart hath traced  
A lone and weary round,  
But never yet 'mid earth's dark waste  
A resting-place hath found.

The peace for which his spirit yearns  
Is ever sought in vain,  
Till, like the dove, it homeward turns,  
And finds its God again.

### Never Despair.

WHEN storms arise,  
And whirlwinds sweep,  
And darkness shrou  
The rolling deep,  
Then, tempest-tost, we seek afar  
The heaven's steady glare,  
With rapture hail the welcome star,  
While hope succeeds despair.

Thus, when dark clouds  
Hang on our life,  
And long we wage  
Unequal strife,  
O, never yield, but onward press:  
Still boldly do and dare:  
It never makes our troubles less  
By yielding to despair.

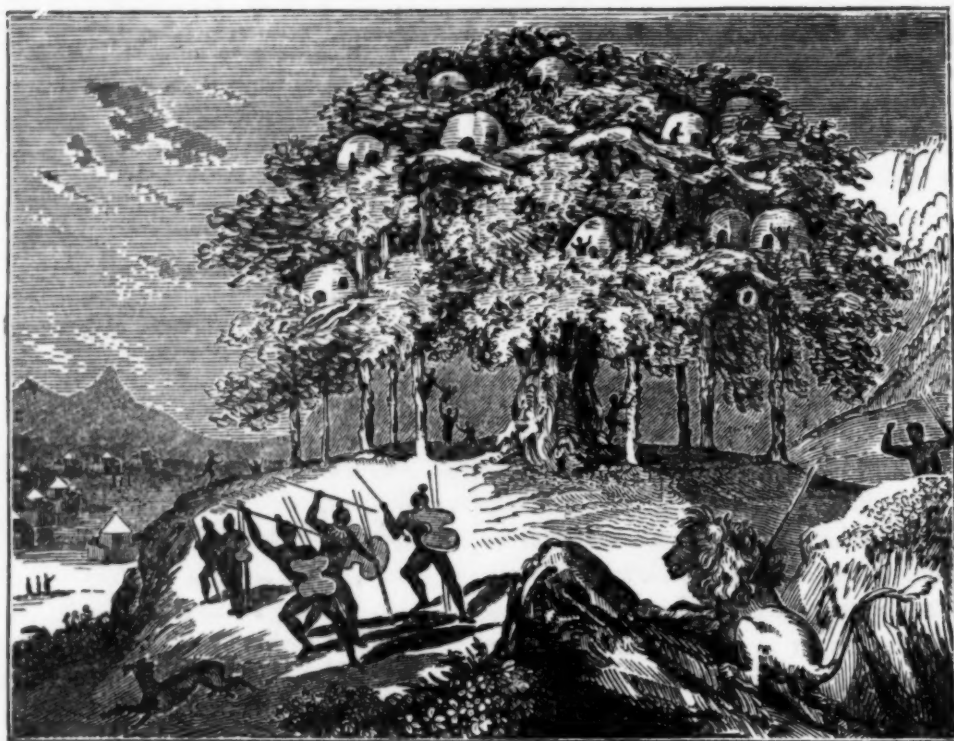
What if our first  
Strong efforts fail?  
One trial more  
May e'en prevail;  
Remember Bruce and Tamerlane,  
And still misfortune bear;  
And failing once, why, try again —  
But never more despair.

Hard is the fate  
Of those who find  
No sympathy  
Among mankind;  
Time brings no solace for their grief,  
Life seems no longer fair;  
But even those find no relief  
Whenever they despair.

Strive to do right,  
And never cease,  
And hope and joy  
Will find increase;  
Perchance thy sorrows may be healed,  
Banished afar each care;  
Strive with thy fate — but never yield  
Before the demon of despair.

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He that sleeps late, let him borrow the  
pillow of the debtor.



### Curiosity in Caffraria.

**I**N this portion of Africa, there is an "Inhabited Tree," which travellers thus describe: "It stands at the base of a range of mountains, due east from Kurrichaine, in a place called '*Ongorutcie Fountain*.' Its gigantic limbs contain seventeen conical huts. These are used as dwellings, being beyond the reach of the lions, which, since the incursion of the Mantates from the adjoining country, when so many thousands of persons were massacred, have become very numerous in the neighborhood, and destructive to human life.

"The branches of the tree are supported by forked sticks, or poles, and there are three tiers, or platforms, on which the huts are constructed. The lowest is nine

feet from the ground, and holds ten huts; the second, about eight feet high, has three huts; and the upper story, if it may be so called, contains four. The ascent to these is made by notches cut in the supporting poles; and the huts are built with twigs, thatched with straw, and will contain ten persons, conveniently."

Other villages have been seen by travellers, built similarly to the above; but these were erected on stakes, instead of trees, about eight feet above the ground, about forty feet square, (larger in some places,) and containing about seventy or eighty huts. The inhabitants sit under the shade of these platforms during the day, and retire at night to the huts above.

### A Sabbath among the Onondagas.

**M**ost of our readers, doubtless, know that in the western part of the state of New York there are still some bands of Indians, which are remnants of the great tribes that once inhabited that country. Among them are a small company of Onondagas. The editor of a paper at Syracuse, in company with a friend, lately paid a visit to these people, and was there on Sunday. He says, "We attended their religious services in their new and commodious house of worship. There were about one hundred natives present, the men being seated on the right and the women on the left side of the church. It was an interesting sight to observe the neat and orderly appearance of both sexes, all being in their Sunday costume. On one side were seen the snow-white blankets, drawn so closely over and around the head as scarce to disclose the face; and on the other, the very black hair which invariably crowns an Indian's head. As we entered, they were singing a hymn in the Mohawk language. The music was sweet and simple. It was the composition of an Indian, and most sweetly did they harmonize their voices, as the air, tenor, and bass rolled up from each part of the room, preponderance of vowels making the Indian language adapted to singing.

"In the absence of the interpreter, the usual services gave way to conference meeting, in which several of the Indians took part, by making short speeches, and by offering prayer. All were attentive and devotional in appearance, and frequently responding with the Indian's amen.

"Though their words were unintelligible, there was a glow of expression from the countenance, and in the tone of voice, which addressed all most solemnly. We were in the temple of worship built for the use of the remnant of a people once powerful, but now weak; yet in their weakness they are acquiring great strength—the power that religion and learning give.

"At the close of the exercises, several prayer meetings were announced; and all dispersed, apparently grateful and happy for the privilege of another Sunday."

### A Russian Wedding.

**T**HE marriage ceremony, however solemn it may be accounted, as one of the offices of the church, is so cloaked with theatrical effect as to lose much of its spiritual sanctity. It would seem that the external senses, rather than the feelings of the heart or mind, were to be wrought upon; or perhaps it is considered that the feelings are only impressed by the agency of the senses. Be this as it may, marriage is a drawing-room scene, under priestly auspices; lay frivolities are intermingled with ecclesiastical pageantry, and the theatrical effect is enhanced by its being an evening performance. The exterior of the church is illuminated; but the brilliancy outside is eclipsed by the blaze of the interior, which, studded with chandeliers, looks more like a saloon of pleasure than a temple of worship.

The guests and friends, invited to be present, appear in full dress, and are marshalled to the respective sides of the build-



ing appropriated to them, by a master of ceremonies for the occasion; the friends of each of the contracting parties being grouped together on each side, leaving the centre free; for there are neither pews nor seats of any kind in the Russian churches. The entrance of the bridegroom is welcomed by a chant from the choristers, who take a leading part in the ceremony, no instrumental music being allowed in the Greek churches; and a bridesman immediately hurries to the residence of the bride, to notify her that her intended is awaiting her. This is often intimated, gracefully and silently, by the presentation of a bouquet of flowers. On the bride's arrival, the choristers again chant a welcome, and she takes her place among her friends.

The dress of the bride is as sumptuous as jewels and the most costly articles can make it, if the means of her family admit of such a display. She is ushered into the assembly by a kind of procession, headed by one of her own family, bearing before him the richly ornamented picture of her saint, which is destined to occupy a corner of her future apartment, and which, during the ceremony, is placed on the high altar. A small, temporary altar, or reading desk, covered with rose-colored silk, and ornamented with silver fringe and lace, is placed in the centre of the parquette, at which the priest officiates. The service is long, and consists in reading the lives of Abraham and Sarah, an exhortation to the new couple, and much singing. The rings are exchanged at the betrothal, and therefore that symbol forms no part of the service.

The pair, bearing lighted tapers in their

hands, and having large gilt crowns held over their heads, walk thrice round the altar, grasping the priest's robes; and, during the exhortation, they stand on a large piece of rich silk, which becomes the perquisite of the priest. This portion of the ceremony being concluded, the sacrament is administered, and the new-married couple proceed to the grand altar, where they prostrate themselves, with forehead to the ground, before the various pictures of the saints, and kiss them, with many crossings and genuflections. The congratulations of the friends now follow; the line of demarcation is broken through, and all parties assembled, both men and women, kiss each other.

A brilliant supper awaits the whole party, at the house, generally, of the parents of the bride; dancing is kept up to a late hour, and not unfrequently the pleasures of the table degenerate into excesses. Superstition permits only of certain days for the performance of the marriage ceremony, care being taken to avoid the eve of any feast or particular prayer day. Previous to the marriage, the betrothed parties are naturally subject to the quizzings and sly jokes of their friends, including one singular custom, to which they are expected to conform. At the dinner table, if any one, in filling his glass, cries, "Garkoe, garkoe," (bitter, bitter,) the bridegroom elect is considered bound to remedy the alleged evil by kissing his intended. — *Thompson's Life in Russia.*

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Is your man trusty? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel — putting one away?  
*Shakespeare.*





Hens.

**T**HE following advice, in regard to the treatment of hens, is given in the papers : —

“ As soon as the weather becomes cool, hens should be provided with some warm and comfortable place in which to roost. If they be incarcerated constantly, from the first cold snap till the opening of the ground the following spring, so much the better, provided always that they have comfortable quarters, and a sufficiency of those alimentary matters which they require and obtain when at large. The better hens are kept, the more will they concentrate in the weight of their owner's purse ; and if proper care be exercised in fitting up their quarters, supplying them with food, drink, &c., &c., they will continue to lay during a good part of the winter, and be rarely assailed by disease of any kind.

“ If practicable, keep meat constantly by them ; also, lime, ashes, pounded bone, and brick. Vegetables, uncooked, such as potatoes, cabbages, turnips, carrots, and parsnips, are all much liked by the hen,

especially when confined. By following this plan, you will find your hens a source of profit, instead of an expense.”

### Practical Value of Science.

**M**ANY ignorant despisers of science reproach learned men with wasting their time in watching or describing the metamorphosis and general economy of insects, and contend that it is only from what they call *practical* men, — that is to say, farmers and gardeners, — that effective means of destroying noxious species — one of the main objects of entomology, taken in its widest scope — can be looked for.

Such objectors should be referred to a paper read by M. Guerin Meneville to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, in January, 1847, from which it appeared that the cultivators of the olive in the south of France, who, in two years out of three, lost oil to the amount of 6,000,000 francs annually, by the attacks, on their olives, of the grub of a little fly, (*dacus oleæ*,) were utterly unable, with all their practical skill, to help themselves in any shape. M. Guerin Meneville, though no cultivator, applying his entomological knowledge of the genus and species of the insect, and of its peculiar economy, to the case, advised that the olives should be gathered and crushed much earlier than usual, and before the grubs had time to eat the greater part of the pulp of the fruit ; and by their adoption of this simple plan, the proprietors of olives, in the years they are attacked by the *dacus*, can now obtain an increased annual produce of

oil, equal in value to 120,000 dollars, which was formerly lost in consequence of their allowing the grubs to go on eating the olives till they dropped from the tree. — *Mr. Spence's Address, January, 1848.*

### The Well of Wisdom.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN Suabia there stood, of old, a town of honest fame;  
A sparkling fountain in the midst had gained a wondrous name;  
For in its virtues lay a power to make the foolish wise;  
The Well of Wisdom it was called, a rare and welcome prize!

Free access to that stream was had, by all within the town;  
No matter what their thirst might be, — unchecked they drank it down;  
But strangers, ere they dared to taste, must first permission gain  
Of the mayor and his counsellors, of such an honor vain.

A horseman once passed through the town, and saw the fountain play,  
And stopped, to let his thirsty steed drink of it by the way.  
Meanwhile the rider gazed around on many a structure fair,  
Turret and spire of olden times, that pierced the quiet air.

Such boldness soon attracted round the gaze of passers by;  
The mayor ran in robes of state; so quick was rumor's cry,  
That man and horse were at the well, the latter drinking down  
The precious gifts of Wisdom's Well, unsanctioned by the town.

Now swelled the mayor's wrath! now loud his tones, as thus he spoke:

"What's this I see? Who's this that hath our civic mandate broke?

What wickedness mine eyes behold! That wisdom wasted so

Upon a brute! As punishment for this, you shall not go, —

"But stop, a prisoner, until our council's mind we hear."

The rider stared; but, wiser grown, his steed pricked up his ear,

And, turning round, he left the town, more quickly than he came,

While watch and ward were gone to guard his exit from the same.

Forgetting what the horse had drank, they all had gone, in state,

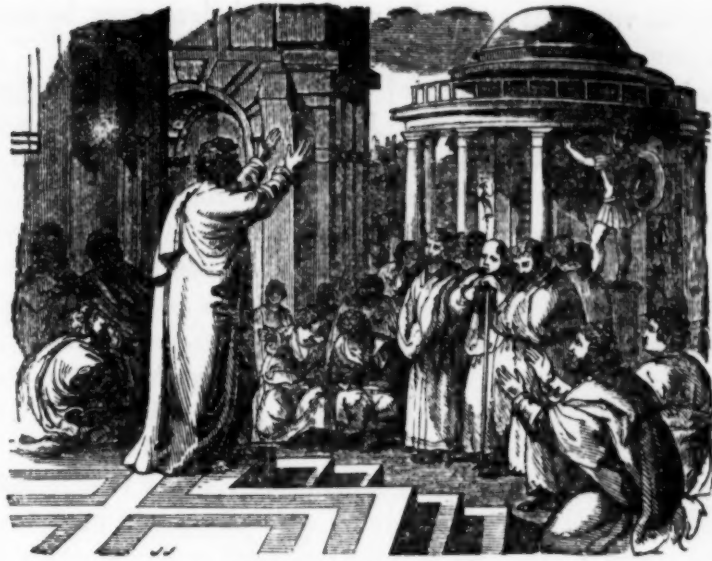
To keep their prisoners secure, by guarding the wrong gate.

Henceforward 'twas a law, declared by solemn wig and gown,

No rider, with a thirsty horse, should e'er pass through the town!

### Wild Hogs.

IT appears, by the accounts that we receive, that some of the western prairies are swarming with wild hogs. So fast do they multiply, that it often is a matter of difficulty to decide to which farmer such a lot of hogs belongs, or such a grunting porker owes allegiance. In the woods on the margin of the large rivers, in many instances, droves of these hogs may be found, almost in a state of nature, and so wild that it is absolutely dangerous to attack them in their own dominions. It is often found necessary to shoot down the wildest of these creatures before it is possible to resubject the herd to man's use.

*Paul preaching at Athens.*

### Paul the Apostle.

**T**HE apostle Paul was certainly one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He was of the tribe of Benjamin, a native of Tarsus in Cilicia, and originally of the sect of Pharisees. His parents sent him to Jerusalem, where he studied under a famous Jewish doctor called Gamaliel. He was an apt scholar, and became very strict in the observance of the Mosaic law, with its rites and ceremonies. He was of a rigid and zealous temper, and could not bear the Christians, who had now begun to exercise their religion. When Stephen was stoned to death, Paul stood by and took care of the clothes of those who performed the execution. In the persecutions which followed, he took a leading part, and, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter, went from city to city, stirring up the people and magistrates against the Christians. These he caused to be beaten, seized, and imprisoned. Some he compelled even to blaspheme the name of Jesus, which he hated and despised.

But, as he was going to the city of Damascus to fulfil his schemes of vengeance, he was miraculously converted to Christianity, and subsequently became the most distinguished of all the apostles in disseminating the religion of Jesus. His character seemed totally changed; his harshness and cruelty of disposition were replaced by piety, meekness, patience, and every Christian virtue. The fiery persecutor thus became the humble, devoted, patient minister of the gospel.

All the other apostles were men quite destitute of education, and appear to have possessed no extraordinary talent. Paul was a learned scholar, and was of a high order of genius. In person he was small and stooping; his appearance was

not imposing, and his voice was weak. In old age, he was gray and bald. His eyes are said to have been weak, and his nose aquiline. Yet, with all his defects and infirmities, such were the force of his mind and the power of his eloquence, that he made a deep impression upon the age in which he lived, and has ever since been placed at the head of those men commissioned by our Savior to preach his doctrine.

After his conversion, Paul devoted himself earnestly to the spreading of the gospel. He visited various places in Judea, Syria, and Asia Minor, meeting with extraordinary adventures. He was exposed to dangers, hardships, and sufferings, which no missionary of the present day would feel himself competent to endure. He suffered hunger and thirst, cold and nakedness, fastings, watchings, and fatigue from long journeys on foot. He was often near death, either from the assaults of enemies, or the attacks of thieves, or accidents upon the land, or exposures in deserts. He was twice flogged with rods by the Romans; five times received thirty-nine lashes from the Jews; and was three times shipwrecked upon the sea. In one instance he was a whole day and night struggling and swimming in the waves.

It is quite wonderful to follow the travels of Paul, and to observe his activity, his diligence, and his devotion. Wherever he went, he preached the gospel, and made many converts. In one instance, he was at Athens, then filled with the most learned philosophers in the world. He disputed with them, and being arrested and brought before a high

court, called *Areopagus*, he made a most eloquent defence.

Paul was at length charged by the Jews with misconduct, and was sent to Rome to be tried. He sailed in a ship, upon the Mediterranean, but being wrecked at Malta, he staid there three months. He then went on to Rome. He was allowed to go about the city, but he had a soldier chained to him, for the purpose of keeping him from making his escape. After a time, he was set at liberty. He preached the gospel in various parts of Italy, and it is supposed in Spain also. He afterwards went to Asia, and then returned to Rome, where he is said to have been put to death, under the emperor Nero, A. D. 65.

The writings of Paul were numerous, and those which are preserved in the New Testament constitute a remarkable portion of the sacred writings.

### A Yard of Pork.

**I**N a neighboring town, in which they were building a railroad, a party of Irishmen, who were employed there, went to the store of a real live Yankee, and thinking they would show a specimen of Irish wit, one asked for "a yard of pork;" whereupon the Yankee deliberately cut off *three pigs' feet*, and handed them to the Irishman. Pat not at first understanding the joke, asked, "And sure, and is that what you would be after calling a *yard of pork*?" "Why," says the Yankee, "yes — *three feet make a yard*!"

SWEET are the uses of adversity;  
Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head!

*Shakspeare.*



### Definition of Nothing.

**A**T the Donegal assizes, in Ireland, the following humorous cross-examination of a witness is said to have caused much merriment in the court:—

Mr. Doherty. "What business do you follow?"

"I am a schoolmaster."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions."

(Laughter.)

"Are you a great favorite with your pupils?"

"Ay! troth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public."

"Where were you, sir, this night?"

"This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man for you. *This* night is not come yet. I suppose you mean *that* night."

(Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.)

"I presume the schoolmaster was abroad that night, doing nothing?" inquired the attorney.

"Define 'nothing,'" said the witness.

Mr. Doherty did not comply.

"Well," said the *learned* schoolmaster, "I will define it. It is a footless stocking without a leg."

(Roars of laughter, in which the judge joined.)

"You may go down, sir."

"Faith, I well believe you're tired enough of me; but it is my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask, I will answer them."

### Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 15.]

*Letter from William Bump to his Mother.*

Boston, May, 18—.

**D**EAR MOTHER: It is not a great while since I wrote to you; yet I now send another letter, because I have a good opportunity to send it. A man by the name of Smith is going to Oregon, and he says he shall take Sundown in his way. He will deliver the letter himself, and you will see him, and he will tell you about me. I hope he will have nothing bad to say.

By the way, this Mr. Smith is a very remarkable man. He has been all over the world, and yet he was a poor boy from Vermont. He spent an evening at uncle Ben's, not long since, and told a heap of stories. It was very queer how he got his education. His father died when he was young, and he was put out to work, with a farmer. During nine months of the year, he never went to school; the other three months he went to a school on Saturday forenoons, kept by a woman named Betty Blaze. According to his account, she was as fiery as her name.

However, here he learnt his letters. He had no book but the New England Primer. During the day, he had no time to read; at night, he studied his lessons by the light of the fire, for the people never heard of a lamp, and only allowed candles when company came.

When he got to be seventeen years old, he ran away, for the farmer was very hard with him. He went to Burlington, but was afraid to show himself, lest the



farmer should be able to trace him out. He got employ on board a lumber boat for a time ; then he landed on the west side of Lake Champlain, and determined to make his way to New York. In passing the Peru Mountains, he had a terrible adventure. It was evening, and he saw, trotting along by the path, a creature like a large kitten. He ran after it, and caught it. It mewed lustily ; and immediately a huge beast, as big as seven or eight cats, came down, bang ! from the tall trees right over his head. The monster seemed to have, at least, a dozen legs — all standing out straight — with eyes of fire — and a tail as big round as a quart mug. Mr. Smith made a funny story of the scene. He threw the young creature, which was a catamount, at its mother, and ran away with all his might. The old one came bounding after him for a dozen rods, but at last she left him, and went back to take care of her child.

Smith pursued his journey. He reached New York, became a sailor, then captain of a ship, and finally got to be a rich man. He is going to settle in Oregon, which, he says, will be a great country, some time or other.

Now, isn't this a very curious story ? But uncle Ben says that it is not uncommon. He declares that his own education was so bad, that, when he was full seventeen years old, he thought the earth was stationary, and the sun, moon, and stars, moved round it every day. He said, that when a fellow told him the earth turned round, he laughed at him, and said, " Nonsense ! If the earth revolved, as you say, all the wells would be

turned bottom up, and the water would run out."

Uncle Ben told another story, to show how men of poor education get along in the world. He said that, many years ago, he knew a captain from Marblehead, who was sent to Europe with a ship. It was at a time when there was some trouble there. The owner of the ship got a letter from this captain, which had the following passage : "*Oin tu the blockhead, the wig was spilt ;*" by which the writer meant to say, *Owing to the blockade, the voyage was spoiled.*

I must tell you another of uncle Ben's anecdotes, about poor education. A rich man, who had a ship going to India, and who wrote a bad hand, among other things, ordered the captain to bring home *two* monkeys. Now he wrote the word *two* thus — *too* ; and as the captain was no great scholar, he read it 100 monkeys. Well, after a year, the ship came back, and the owner of the vessel went down the harbor, greatly rejoiced to see his ship again. But what was his amazement, as he stepped upon the deck, to see a whole regiment of apes, of every size and shape, jumping, frisking, and frolicking, along the planks, ropes, and rigging of the vessel ! He scolded the captain severely for his blunder ; but when he saw his own instructions, he perceived that he was not to blame ; so he pretended that the monkeys were brought on speculation ; and uncle Ben says that they sold well, and paid a good profit.

I could tell you many other stories of this kind ; but as I have promised to describe the *Boston Museum*, I may as well set about it. The building is very large,

and one immense room, with a gallery running all round, is filled with curiosities. These are of various kinds — stuffed birds, and beasts, and creeping things; gigantic bones; dresses and weapons of savages; portraits of famous men, and pictures of many strange and wonderful things.

It is a very queer place, altogether, and what makes it very interesting, is, that the birds and beasts are so prepared as to seem really alive. And beside, they are arranged in separate apartments, those of a kind being generally together. For instance, in one place, there is a congregation of owls, of all kinds, little and big, handsome and ugly. These creatures differ very much from each other, yet they have a droll family likeness. After looking at this group for a time, I could not help laughing, they all looked so solemn, and stiff, and starch. It seemed as if they were dressed up for a great occasion, and thought it proper to look as wise as possible.

In one place there were wild swans, and wild geese, and wild ducks; in another, there were pigeons and doves; in another, partridges, quails, &c. There was a collection of gay parrots; toucans, which seemed at least half bill; birds, shining like gems, hardly bigger than the thumb; cranes, with necks as long as a hoe handle; birds of paradise, which seemed to glory chiefly in their tails; vultures, which looked as if they could swallow red-hot poker; and ostriches, as tall as old Bottle Nose, eagle feathers and all.

Beside the birds, there were foxes, and wolves, and woodchucks, and panthers, and lions, and tigers, and other four-

footed beasts, quite too numerous to mention. Some of these, especially the opossums, and woodchucks, and coons, seemed to me like old acquaintances. When I looked at them, I was very strongly reminded of home, for I have had many adventures with these creatures in Sundown. I believe that, while I was gazing at these fellows, I looked sad; for Lucy, who was with me, said, "Why, cousin Will, what is the matter?"

"O, nothing, nothing of consequence," said I.

"But really, tell me what ails you. I insist upon knowing," said she.

"Well," said I, "to speak the truth, these coons and 'possums make me think of mother!" Lucy is a real witch, and she laughed so as to make all the people in the Museum look straight at us. I really felt as hot as if I had been simmering in a tea-kettle.

Well, we saw a lot of other things — enormous crocodiles, which really looked like cast-iron; and they had an expression about the mouth that injured their beauty very much. There are specimens of sharks which made me shiver to look at; and serpents which made the flesh creep even to think of, and tortoises, whose shells are big enough for canoes.

It is quite impossible even to name all the curiosities collected together in this Museum. I was, in truth, quite bewildered at first, and it was not until I had visited the place several times, that I began really to enjoy it. I do not know the reason, but when I am there, I always fancy myself in the ark, and imagine all these birds, and beasts, and reptiles to belong to Noah. There is one difference,

however, between these creatures and those in the ark: these are perfectly quiet; but I suppose those that were shut up, during the deluge, must have had something to say. What an uproar there must have been, with the singing of canaries, the screaming of gulls, the quacking of ducks, the crowing of cocks, the yelling of guinea-hens, the gobbling of turkeys, the whistling of quails, the growling of bears, the chatting of monkeys, the hissing of serpents, the bellowing of bulls, and the roaring of lions!

Beside the curiosities, in the Museum, there is a place connected with it where they have plays every night. It is, in fact, a little theatre. I hardly know if you would like to have me go there, for some people believe theatres are very bad. Uncle Ben has let Lucy and me go here, but he does not wish us to get too fond of the theatre. He says it would take our attention from our studies; and though he thinks pretty well of this theatre, he believes theatres, in general, are bad, because they are chiefly designed for foolish and wicked people, and therefore communicate vain and wicked thoughts.

I hope you will not blame me for going to the theatre, nor be displeased, when I tell you that I liked it very much. It seemed half like a dream, and half like a reality. I would tell you more about it, but I have not room. I remember nearly every word of all the plays. I did not know what power of thought and feeling there was in the bosom before I saw a play. It seems to me that the theatre ought to do good, for it may make us feel more deeply the beauty and value of truth

and duty, and may make us also more deeply feel the wickedness of falsehood and vice.

I still go to school, and believe I am improving. I find, day by day, that I am acquiring new ideas, and, what pleases me very much, I am getting more able to express my thoughts. I wish you could hear Lucy speak. She utters every word so perfectly that it is a real pleasure to hear her. She reads beautifully. I was never before aware of the charm there is in mere words, well spoken. Nor should I have thought of it, perhaps, had not our teacher told us about it, in giving us reading lessons. He says every spoken word should be like a piece of gold coin, distinct and clear, so that its beauty and value may be readily seen. Perhaps I think the more of this, from the fact that when I came here I had a sort of lisp, for which I got laughed at. Our teacher used to say I had a mitten on my tongue. I know, at any rate, I had a strange confusion in my brain. I hope I am improving in respect to both.

Perhaps you will laugh at me — but I have been writing poetry! Don't, pray, whisper it to any body, for I should die of shame if it was to leak out. I never write until evening, and not then till I am alone in the chamber, with the door locked. I send you my first piece. I have written it over eleven times. It seems to me pretty good. I believe I like my first poem as much as a cow does her first calf; and if I make some fuss about it to you, I know you will find an excuse. I want, dreadfully, to show it to Lucy, but I dare not, she is so knowing. Well, here it is: —

## ADDRESS TO THE MOON.

O glorious Luna! fair and bright!  
 Thou art to me a pleasant sight.  
 When I was yet a little boy,  
 I thought thee but a splendid toy;  
 But now I better know thy state —  
 A world thou art, though not first rate,  
 Because this earth of ours is bigger,  
 And Jupiter cuts a greater figure.  
 Still, glorious Luna, fair and bright,  
 Thou art to me a pleasant sight;  
 The reason why I cannot tell,  
 Although I know it very well;  
 I know that poets bow before thee —  
 I know that lovers all adore thee;  
 And oft my thumping heart confesses  
 Fair Luna's silvery, soft caresses.  
 While here, in famous Boston town,  
 I think of thee at far Sundown,  
 And often dream, with fond delight,  
 Of coons I've caught there by thy light.

O gentle Moon! Shine soft and gay  
 On my dear parents, far away;  
 And let thy gentlest rays fall clear  
 On hills and streams to me so dear.  
 This night thy dancing beams will play  
 On those fond scenes so far away;  
 They'll shed their light o'er that lone dell  
 Where father, mother humbly dwell;  
 Perhaps they'll shine upon the shed  
 Where the old horse and cow are fed;  
 Perchance they'll wake old cock-a-doodle,  
 And make him say it's morn — the noodle!  
 They'll go where father keeps his pig —  
 They'll go where Bottle Nose's wig  
 Warm from the hill-side's peeping,  
 While snug within the warrior's sleeping!

O Moon! Could I but share thy flight  
 To those dear scenes, this lovely night,  
 How blest my aching heart would be!  
 But, ah, such joys are not for me!  
 Here I, poor Billy Bump, must stay,  
 In weary exile far away;  
 And only see, in dreamy view,  
 The loveliest spot I ever knew.

Sweet Moon, good-by! But grant me this:  
 Give all and each I love a kiss!  
 Father and mother — dog and cat,  
 The cow, the calf, the pig, the rat,  
 The horse, the hens, the bread, the butter,  
 The door, the window, and the shutter;  
 And all the rest, if you have time to,  
 Which I can't stay to get a rhyme to.

There, mother — that's my very first!  
 I know you'll laugh, but you are a good  
 way off, and I shan't hear it. Don't read  
 it to father, for the world. You may say  
 it all over to the horse and cow; tell 'em  
 it's from me, and they'll take it in good  
 part. I tried very hard to bring Lucy into  
 the poem, but I could get no word to rhyme  
 with her name, but *juicy*, and that didn't  
 sound right. I really think my first effort  
 is pretty good, considering. I intend,  
 next, to address some lines to the Muse,  
 but I must first find out what the Muse is.  
 I have read about the nine Muses, but  
 whether *the* Muse is their father or moth-  
 er, their aunt or uncle, is what I am un-  
 able to determine. I think the subject a  
 good one, there are so many rhymes to  
 it, such as *shoes, blues, ooze, noose, lose,*  
*snooze, &c., &c.* I can bring Lucy into  
 this poem thus: —

Spirit of air, they call thee gentle Muse —  
 Alas! I seek thy angel face in vain!  
 Forgive me then, if, thus in doubt, I choose  
 Fair Lucy for the subject of my strain.

You see I got over the difficulty, aris-  
 ing from my not being acquainted with the  
 Muse. Perhaps, after all, as poetry is a  
 matter of fancy, the less we know of what  
 one is talking about, the better. When  
 you write, tell me what you think of my  
 verses. It's very hard work, this writing  
 poetry, and reminds me of an Indian



cutting down an oak-tree with the horn of a buffalo. There's a monstrous deal of hacking and hewing, and counting the fingers, and trying this way and that; but, yet, there's a great deal of poetry turned out every year. What the use of it all is, I can't say; probably the poets find amusement in writing, even if their verses are good for nothing. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and I suspect the fun of poetry lies in making it.

Well, good-by, dear mother! give my love to all, and believe me ever yours,

WILLIAM BUMP.

### Hagar and Ishmael.

THEY sank amid the wilderness,  
The weary and forsaken;  
She gave the boy one faint caress,  
And prayed he might not waken.

But death, not sleep, was on those eyes,  
Beneath the heat declining;  
O'er glittering sands and cloudless skies  
The noontide sun was shining.

Far, far away the desert spread;  
Ah! love is fain to cherish  
The vainest hopes: but now she said,  
"Let me not see him perish!"

Then spake the Lord; and at his word  
Sprang forth a little fountain,  
Pure, cold as those whose crystal hoard  
Is in some pine-clad mountain.

And herb and shrub, upon the brink,  
Put forth their leaf and blossom;  
The pelican came down to drink  
From out its silvery bosom.

O blessed God, thus doth thy power,  
When, worn and broken-hearted,  
We sink beneath some evil hour,  
And deem all hope departed.

Then doth the fountain of thy grace  
Rise up within the spirit;  
And we are strengthened for that race  
Whose prize we shall inherit.

When least we hope, our prayer is heard,  
The judgment is averted;  
And comes the comfort of thy word  
When most we seem deserted.

### Looking ahead.

OF all the *look-ahead people* that we have ever heard of, a certain lady, who was in the habit of buying articles she did not want, merely because she could get them cheap, bears off the palm. On one occasion, she brought home an old door-plate, with a name engraved on it. "Do tell me, my love," inquired her husband, on being invited to applaud her purchase, "if it be your intention to deal in old brass? Of what possible use can this be?" "Bless me!" replied the wife, "you know it is always my plan to 'look-ahead,' and buy things against the time of need. Now, who knows, my darling, but you may die, and I marry a man with the same name as that on this door-plate? Only think what a saving there would be!" — *Newspaper*.

### Pat and the Alphabet.

THE following scene is said to have occurred recently, in a private school:—  
"Ah, Pat! Pat!" exclaimed the schoolmistress to a very thick-headed urchin, into whose brain she was attempting to beat the alphabet, "I'm afraid you'll never learn any thing. Now, what's that letter, eh?"

"Sure I don't know, ma'am," replies Pat.

"I thought you recollected that."

"Why, ma'am?"

"Because it has a dot over the top of it."

"Och, ma'am, I mind it well, but sure I thought it was a *fly-speck*."

"Well, now remember, Pat, it is I."

"You, ma'am?"

"No, no, — not U, but I."

"Not I, but *you*, ma'am — how's that?"

"Not I, but *you*, *blockhead*."

"O, yis, faith, now I have it, ma'am. You mean to say that not I, but *you*, are a blockhead!"

### Shrines and Pilgrimages.

THE custom of making pilgrimages to sites of reputed sanctity, prevailed to a great extent in the latter ages of paganism, and, coupled with a reverence for relics, was transferred, at a very early period, to the Christian church. Journeys of this kind to Jerusalem are mentioned in the third century; and in the fourth, they are said, by St. Jerome, to have been common from all parts of the Roman empire. The custom of worshipping the relics of martyrs also prevailed in Egypt in the same century. It was, however, much later before such practice became established in its full extent; probably, not till the time of the crusades. In England there were few shrines or relics of great repute which dated beyond this period. In some of the most celebrated, as that of the Virgin of Walsingham, and the true blood at Hailes,

the sacred *materiel* was professedly imported by the crusaders; whilst the greatest of all, the shrine of Becket, at Canterbury, derived its existence from an event as late as the twelfth century.

The passion for visiting shrines and other sacred places, appears, in the middle ages, to have prevailed preëminently in England. In the days of Bede, (in the seventh and eight centuries,) a pilgrimage to Rome was held to be a great virtue. In later ages, the "shadow" of St. James, at Compostella, was chiefly visited by English pilgrims, and appears to have been set up to divert a part of the inundation which flowed upon Rome.

In the days of Chaucer, it seems to have been almost as fashionable to make occasional visits to the tomb of some favorite saint, as it now is to frequent the different watering-places.

In the number of her domestic shrines, England alone exceeded all other countries. Thirty-eight existed in Norfolk alone; and to one of these, that of Our Lady of Walsingham, Erasmus says, every Englishman, not regarded irreligious, invariably paid his homage. The pilgrims who arrived at Canterbury, on the sixth jubilee of the translation of Becket, are said to have exceeded one hundred thousand — a number which, if correctly given, must have comprised nearly a twentieth of the entire population of the kingdom. Even on the eve of the Reformation, when pilgrimage had much declined, it appears that upwards of five hundred devotees, bringing money or cattle, arrived in one day at an obscure shrine in Wales. These facts give some idea of the extent to which pilgrimages

were carried in this country, and impart a peculiar interest to the subject.

The pilgrimages of the middle ages may be divided into four classes — first, pilgrimages of penance or devotion to foreign shrines; secondly, pilgrimages of the same kind to English shrines; thirdly, pilgrimages to medical or charmed shrines; and, fourthly, vicarious pilgrimages, for the good of the soul of the principal. Other kinds have been enumerated; but these contain all which had any professed reference to devotion.

The professional costume of a pilgrim is usually described as consisting of a long, coarse, russet gown with large sleeves, and sometimes patched with crosses; a leathern belt worn round the shoulders or loins, a bowl or bag suspended from it; a round hat turned up in front, and stuck with scallop shells, or small leaden images of saints; a rosary of large beads hanging from the neck or arm, and a long walking-staff, (the *bourdon*,) hooked like a crosier, or furnished near the top with two hollow balls, which were occasionally used as a musical instrument.

Before setting out, the pilgrim received consecration, which was extended also to the several articles of his attire. On a certain day, he repaired to the church, and, after making confession, he prostrated himself before the altar, where certain prayers and masses were said over him, ending with the *Gloria Patri*, *Ad te, Domine, levavi*, and the *Miserere*. He then arose, and the priest consecrated his ~~scapular~~ and staff, sprinkling each with holy water, and placing the former round his neck, and the latter in his hand. If

he were going to Jerusalem, the crosses of his gown were sprinkled in the same way, and publicly sewed upon his garment. The service then ended with the mass, *De iter agentibus*; and, on the day of taking his departure, he was sometimes led out of the parish in procession, with the cross and holy water borne before him. Before commencing his journey, he also settled his worldly affairs, and frequently gave a part of his goods to religious uses.

In Blomefield's "Norfolk," an instance is cited of a pilgrim who insured the prayers of a religious house during his absence, by a gift of cattle and corn, and gave the reversion of his estates to it, if he should not return. Such acts of generosity had, probably, a reference to the protection which the church bestowed on these devotees. During their absence their property was secured from injury, nor could they be arrested or cast in any civil process. The most desperate characters respected the sanctity of their profession, and, in some instances, have been known, after robbing them by the way, to restore all they had taken from them.

The pilgrims to foreign places were compelled, by a law of 9 Edward III., to embark and return by Dover, "in relief and comfort of the said town;" and, in 13 Richard II., 1389, at the request of the "barons of Dover," who alluded to this ordinance, the king commanded, that all pilgrims and others, excepting soldiers and merchants, should embark at Plymouth or Dover, and nowhere else, without special license from the king himself: those, however, who wished to go to Ireland, might embark where they pleased.

From the reason assigned by the barons for their petition, it has been inferred that the restriction arose from a desire to check the smuggling which is said to have been extensively carried on by persons in this disguise. At Dover, too, was founded a hospital, called the *Maison Dieu*, for the reception of poor pilgrims; a considerable portion of which building remains to the present day.

In the order of foreign pilgrims must be reckoned the palmer; a class of men whose real history and condition are little known, though the name is familiar to the readers of Scott's "*Ivanhoe*." Their designation is supposed to have been derived from the palm, (the symbol of Palestine,) branches of which were brought home by them, as evidences of their journey. The distinction between them and ordinary pilgrims has been defined as follows: "The pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place; but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges;

but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms. The pilgrim might give over his profession, and return home; but the palmer must be consistent till he obtained his palm by death." These distinctions, however, were not invariably preserved; and it would be, perhaps, difficult to determine any that were so.

The profession of a palmer was, at first, voluntary, and arose in that rivalry of fanaticism which existed in the earlier part of the middle ages. But, afterwards, in the tenth and eleventh centuries, it was not unfrequently imposed as a penance; and by a law of Henry I., priests who revealed the confessional were punished by these perpetual pilgrimages, amounting to banishment. In some cases, a variety of severe conditions were added to the sentence. Some who were thus condemned, were made to wander about almost naked, carrying rings and chains of iron; and others were bound, in all their journeys, to kneel down at short intervals and beat the earth with the *palms* of their hands.

### Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WE think the first letter we give this month should be the following from our friend Peter Parley:—

January 13, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

I have received your note requesting me to furnish some articles for the Museum for February. I am sorry to make excuses, but I am getting old, and this cold weather pinches me up terribly; so pray let me off till next number. I hope to thaw out by that time.

I don't know how it is with you, but it seems to me I never knew it so cold. I see by the Canada papers, that they have heard the Aurora Borealis there, and I think I heard Jack Frost, last night, as plain as day. It seemed to me, as he came snorting around the corner of the house, pushing and shoving at the windows, and sticking his claws in at the cracks of the doors, that I heard him talking to himself. It positively sounded as if he was swearing; but I suppose this was a mistake. He was in a desperate bad humor, at any rate,



for he froze my potatoes, cracked two pitchers, and killed my neighbor's rooster. This latter event was very mysterious, for the poor creature was found in the morning sitting on his roost, as if asleep — but stiff and stark as an icicle. If such things had been done by any body but Jack Frost, they would have been considered altogether outrageous; but he seems privileged to do what he pleases, and all the world smiles. Well, what can't be cured must be endured. I am yours truly,

P. P.

We find our table full of kind remembrances from our correspondents — Merry Christmases, Happy New Years, Puzzles, Charades, &c., &c. We can only make a selection of a small part of the letters before us.

We have received the following with pleasure, and the publishers will send the Museum, as suggested:—

*Flemington, N. J., Nov. 25, 1848.*

MR. MERRY:

Last evening I received your Museum and Parley's Playmate, instead of the Playmate that I have been taking for the past year. I was told by the agent that he could bring me no more of the original Playmates, as the work was finished. After he left, I read your letter to the subscribers, and saw the truth. I felt inclined to sit down and write to you, to send me the Museum and Playmate; but, alas! I had no money to enclose, and it would be perhaps three or four weeks before I should be able, honestly, to send a dollar, for I should not think it right to send it before all my present debts are liquidated. Then I thought I would write some charades, and send them, and perhaps you would think them worth a copy of your work; if not, you are welcome to them. They will amuse other children, if not mine.

Yours respectfully, a village school dame,

E. B. H.

#### CHARADE. No. 1.

My first a little word,  
Expressive of ability;  
My next, as I have heard,  
Means leader of gentility.

My whole an eastern city,  
From whence we get our tea;  
Now tell me, little reader,  
What can that city be?

#### No. 2.

To a stream in bonny Scotland, that flows to  
the North Sea,  
Add three fourths of a title of old nobility;  
And tell if you can find the name of one to be,  
The coming year, the president of our loved  
country.

#### No. 3.

My first is a contraction,  
That means that more than one  
Are joined in the transaction,  
When it is added on.

My second is a female,  
Who vows that she will wear  
Forevermore the convent veil,  
And leave this world of care.

My third a noisy instrument,  
That most boys love to beat,  
When soldiers, in their merriment,  
They're marching down the street.

My whole now guess it if you can;  
I think you won't mistake it;  
If you will set your wits to work,  
As I do when I make it.

#### No. 4.

##### TO MAKE A VEGETABLE.

To a whole Italian river,  
Add one half of a tail,  
And now half of a toad,  
And you'll have it without fail.

'Twas first among the Andes found,  
And ripens well beneath the ground.

## No. 6.

I am a little, tiny thing,  
Quite easy to be found,  
By those who know me, every where,  
Upon the stony ground.

But never in the fields I'm found,  
Nor the sweet-smelling hay,  
Nor yet within the rustling leaves,  
Where birds and squirrels play.

I'm found in every meadow green,  
And every wood and mountain,  
And twice in every smiling flood,  
But once in every fountain.

*Hingham, Nov. 22, 1848.*

TO THE PUBLISHER OF  
MERRY'S MUSEUM AND PARLEY'S PLAYMATE.

Sir: The following are respectfully offered as contributions for the amusement of your youthful patrons. Although I am a stranger to you, and might commit just such blunders as Billy Bump did in Beacon Street, I am satisfied that you are a good man, and will judge justly of the propriety of giving these a place in your Museum and Playmate.

Yours in the love of children,

W. A. K.

## COASTING.

Hurrah! see, the first snow of winter has come;

Hurrah now, hurrah for the play!  
Bring the coasters all out, and we'll off, with a shout,

To the star-lit hill-side away.  
Neglected our skates may hang up for to-night;  
Deserted the hard-frozen lake;  
The swift race, and the bound, with a sail and go round,

For new pleasures a while we forsake.

High up to the summit our cutters we tug,  
Then seated in turn, and in line,  
Down, down the smooth track, with a train at our back,

O, surely no sport is so fine! —  
Down, down the long slope, skill alone for our hope,

Like an Indian arrow we go,  
Till, escaped in a trice, on the clear sheeted ice,

We fly o'er the meadow below.

Then up to the summit again do we tug,  
And think ourselves paid in the sport, —  
For with health all a-glow, how the cutting winds blow,

We give not a care nor a thought.  
O let those who may choose o'er their fire-sides to muse,

And with winter's pure joys disagree;  
But I love the delights of its out-o'-door nights,

Where all hearts are o'erflowing with glee!

## LUCY'S PET.

Little Kitty, fond of play,  
Frolics all the living day;  
Running, leaping, twirling o'er,  
Like one crazy — round the floor.

What is that she watches so?  
Mother's thread. See, see it go! —  
Now the zephyr shakes the fold,  
Quick her claws the curtain hold.

Now she paws a curling snail,  
Now she tries to catch her tail;  
Now at nothing jumps up high; —  
What is that she eats? A fly!

So she goes all through the house;  
Crouching, now, as for a mouse,  
Quick she springs; 'tis all for nought —  
Yet she pretends the mouse is caught.

## DESCRIPTION OF A BOARDING-SCHOOL.

Being at present at a boarding-school which I and every other scholar think a good one, I consider it my duty, as a subscriber to the Museum, to give you a short description of it; I say a short description, because to give a full one would take up more time than I have to spare.

It is situated fifteen miles from the city of

New York, at an elevation of eight hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commands a very fine view of the city and bay of New York; and on a clear day we can see the packets for Liverpool, as they pass through the Narrows. One of the boys says that he distinguished one day a butcher's cart going up Chatham Street, but, as the Irishman says, this is all "blarney."

We are surrounded with woods on all sides except the front, and on this side we have an extensive view of more than fifteen miles. About half a mile from us there is a rock called *Table Rock*, from its flatness, which is nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and from which we have a still more extensive view than that from the house.

There is also a cave about five miles from us, which has four rooms in it, though not very large ones. About two years ago, a small boy from Paterson, visited it for some purpose not known, but it is supposed from curiosity. He entered the large room with a candle, and found that there was an entrance to another room. The hole was just large enough to admit him. No one had ever entered it before to our knowledge, but curiosity led this boy on. He entered the hole and found there, in a dark corner, the skull of a human being, and close by it a musket, like those used in the revolution; they seemed to have lain there some years. From this we should conclude that some soldier or hunter had there breathed his last, without one human being by him to comfort him in his last agony.

Some distance this side of the cave, there is a rock which overlooks the Narrows. On this rock once stood General Washington, and watched the British fleet as they entered the Narrows. But they never made out to pass this mountain, and we hope they never will. In winter, the sliding down hill is not to be surpassed. We can start from the school-room door when the hill is smooth, and go as much as half a mile down the mountain, till we arrive at the old stone house, as we call it, where Washington once resided for a short me.

We have amusements of various kinds. We have a small gymnasium in which the boys exercise a good deal during their play hours, and are pretty active in their sports.

I will now tell you a little about the in-door regulations. The house is a large, four-story one, thirty feet wide and sixty-three feet deep, with rooms sufficient for forty boys or more if required. The boys dine with the principal and family, and are very much the same as members of the family. All intercourse of a familiar kind with the boys of the neighborhood is strictly prohibited.

We are taught the English and classical branches, the former by the principal, the latter by an assistant teacher. The house is one mile distant from the village, and we have every thing in such abundance on the Mountain, as we call it, that there is nothing to call us to the village. To sum up all, we are satisfied with the sport we have, and our parents are satisfied with our sport and improvement both.

Yours truly,

A STUDENT.

*Cave Spring, Georgia.*

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I have long wished to become acquainted with you, and I have no other method of doing so than to write to you. My sister and myself take the Museum, and we are very much pleased with it. I read Billy Bump's letters with a great deal of interest; and I hope you will continue to publish them. My father lives in Tuscaloosa, Alabama; but, in order to educate us, he has a summer cottage in this place, called *Cave Spring*. It is a pretty spot in the bosom of the mountains, with the most beautiful groves, and clearest water, in the world. It is called Cave Spring from there being a large cave, and a beautiful spring which issues from it. I have been in the cave, and the floors of it are covered with an ashy substance, filled with saltpetre, which, my father says, is the remains of animal matter. I wish you would visit the Cherokee region. It is a delightful country, and I am not surprised the Indians did not wish to leave it.

You will do me a great favor by publishing my letter in the Museum and Playmate. I am a little girl of ten years old, but I hope you do not think that I am too small to have a correspondence with my friends, Peter Parley and Robert Merry.

Your friend,

I. D. P.

*Stamford, Ct., Nov. 15, 1848.*

MR. MERRY:

Knowing that your subscribers often write to you, I hope you will allow me to do the same, and perhaps you will insert my letter in your Museum.

My brother and I have taken your Museum ever since it was first edited, and we indeed find it a museum of amusing and entertaining matter. I take a great pleasure in studying out your enigmas and riddles, but I think that you keep us waiting too long a time: the Museum does not come soon enough.

I live in Stamford; it is in Fairfield county, Connecticut. I think it is a very pretty little place, and so do most people who visit it. A great many strangers from New York and other places come up here to spend the summer in bathing, fishing, sailing, and picnicking, along its various beaches. If ever you come this way, I wish that you would come and see us. I am quite sure that you would think Stamford is a pretty place.

From a blue-eyed subscriber,

M. C. D.

*Slaterville, R. I., Dec. 5, 1848.*

MR. MERRY:

I send a piece of poetry which I think is worthy an insertion in your very interesting and instructive magazine. It may give courage to Billy Bump and others who need encouragement.

My daughter has taken your magazine ever since it was published, and has sent you some enigmas, which you have been kind enough to publish. We have the volumes bound, except those of last year and this.

Your friend, &c.

The following stirring call, founded upon an interesting private incident, may rouse some desponding spirit to noble action:—

"COURAGE, BOY, COURAGE!"

BY REV. T. T. WATERMAN.

Yes, courage, boy, courage! and press on thy way;

There is nothing to harm thee, nothing to fear;

Do all which Truth bids thee, and do it to-day;

Hold on to thy purpose, do right, persevere!

Though waves of temptation in anger may roll,

And storm cloud on storm cloud hang dark in thy sky,

Still, courage, boy, courage! there's strength in thy soul;

Believing and doing bring help from on high!

When breakers are round thee 'mid wreck and 'mid roar,

Eye closer thy compass, be fervent in prayer;

The Savior Almighty can help thee ashore,  
And songs of salvation be sung by thee there!

Let joy light thy cheek then, and hope gild thy brow;

Ne'er parley with wrong, nor ill stay to borrow;

Let thy object be *Truth*, thy watchword be *Now!*

Make sure of to-day—trust God for to-morrow.

By deeds of the mighty, who struggled and bled,

Be incited to action, and manfully fight.—  
Good is worth doing, boy!—and, living or dead,

That good shall reward thee with honor and might.



Then, courage, boy, courage! there's light  
in thy sky;

Be humble, be active, be honest, be true —  
And though Hosts may confront, and Hell  
lift its cry,

"*I've conquered!*" at last shall be shouted  
by you!

*Cambridgeport, Nov. 17, 1848.*

MR. MERRY:

I am a constant reader of the Museum, and have been so for two or three years. Having seen letters in the Museum from little correspondents, I thought that, perhaps, you would not be offended if I should write one to you.

When the last number of the Museum came, I went to school, and thought that I would tell the scholars some stories from it; but I found that they all took it as well as myself. I wish that you would give us some stories like Inquisitive Jack, or some other long ones. I like the funny letters of Billy Bump. He seems a good sort of fellow, but a genuine greenhorn, about some things.

I am your friend,

A. E. M.

*Lynnfield, Dec. 12, 1848.*

ESTEEMED AND DEVOTED FRIEND OF YOUTH:

Dear Sir, —

Permit me to address you by this familiar title. Though unknown to you personally, yet I am well acquainted with you through the columns of your Museum. I join with your other youthful correspondents in expressing my fondness for perusing its contents, and partaking of so rich a treat as its pages monthly afford.

The only *fault* I have to find with your Museum is, that it does not come half often enough; and this, I think, all your little readers will say, who feel interested in the welfare of their friend Billy Bump. I looked for a letter from Billy in your last, but found none. I suppose he has gone into the country to spend thanksgiving with his Pa and Ma. I hope that Billy and Tom Trotter will not enlist for California, for we want their letters.

I have written you this as my first, and shall

be happy to receive notice of its arrival in your next.

M. E. C.

*Saco, Jan. 8, 1849.*

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I am one of your subscribers, and like your Museum very much indeed. I send you the answers to the enigmas in your January number. The first is "General Tom Thumb;" the second is "George N. Briggs;" and the third is "The Holy Bible."

I. T. H.

We hardly need to add, that our young friend from Saco is a good and true guesser, as most people *down east* are said to be.

We have a letter from C. M., also of Saco, giving the same answer as the above. If we could give it in the beautiful handwriting of the original, we should insert it.

Our thanks are due to many other friends, especially to "two constant readers, H. & S. B." We shall talk to our partner, Peter Parley, and if he has any more stories about Mat Olmstead and Bill Keeler, we shall desire him to bring them out, for the benefit of our readers.

C. H. C., of New London, N. H., has our acknowledgments. He writes a fair and neat hand, and I trust this is a characteristic of his temper and disposition.

We have to acknowledge another communication from our rosy-cheeked, black-eyed neighbor, F. We have a pleasant letter from Mary E. W., of Chicago. When we visit that place, we shall try to find her out and pay her a visit. R. W., of Middlebury, Vermont; O. G. P. of Clover Garden; Julia A. R.; Jack, — of Citsam, all have our thanks.



### Stories of the Alps.

**T**HE highest peak of the Alps, in Switzerland, called Mont Blanc, is nearly two thirds of a mile high; that is, about three times as high as Mount Washington, the tallest mountain in the

United States, east of the Mississippi. It is always covered with ice and snow, in summer as well as in winter.

Around this lofty peak are other mountains, between which there are deep val-

leys, and swift rivers, and beautiful lakes. In these regions, along the sides of the mountains and in the valleys, the Swiss people live, and here they have cities and villages.

In summer, the valleys are, like those of Vermont and New Hampshire, covered with bright verdure, and affording the most lovely landscapes. But in winter, the snow falls to a great depth, and sometimes buries whole villages so deep that the people are obliged to dig holes from house to house under the snow. Sometimes a family, with its pigs, hens, and cattle, live under the snow for two or three months, going about in burrows or alleys which they have dug in the snow.

It often happens that the great masses of snow which have accumulated high up in the mountains tumble into the valleys. A slide of this sort is called an *avalanche*. I chanced, many years ago, to see one of these, so late as the month of April. At first, when I saw it begin to descend from the high mountains, it looked only like a small wreath of mist; but it soon grew larger, and as it came near and plunged into a ravine, it made the pine-trees crack and writhe,—and fell at last with a dead, thundering sound, which made the rocks shake.

The people among the high Alps do not often attempt to travel about much during winter; but still they sometimes do it, and accordingly sad accidents have happened from persons getting lost, or frozen, or buried in the snow-drifts. These have been so frequent on the road leading over the tall mountain called St. Bernard, that some monks have built a convent there, and devoted themselves to

the saving of travellers who may be in danger of perishing in the snow.

These monks, it is said, have actually saved a great many people; and in this charitable business they have been aided by a kind of spaniel, a large, shaggy dog, much resembling our Newfoundland breed. All our friends have read the story of one of these dogs, which found a boy, nearly frozen, upon the snow. Somehow or other the little fellow got upon the creature's back, and he was carried to the door of the convent, and thus his life was saved.

Many very interesting stories of these dogs are told. It is said that sometimes, when persons have been overwhelmed by snow-drifts, and buried eight or ten feet deep, these creatures have found them, and begun to howl, and thus brought the monks to their aid. The dogs assist in digging, and work with all their might; and thus persons have often been rescued. These dogs go out on cold, winter nights, to see if they can find any body in distress; one of them has a wooden flask of spirits tied to his neck, to provide for the chance that they may meet some one who is ready to faint from cold and weariness.

One of these dogs saved the lives of twenty persons who had otherwise perished in the mountains. He was therefore honored with a medal of silver, which he always wore around his neck. But alas! this noble animal fell a victim to his charitable exertions. In the winter of 1816, the courier of Piedmont arrived at the convent of St. Bernard. The snow was falling fast, and the weather was intensely cold. The man was advised by no means to proceed, but he was anxious

to reach his family that night, and so he set forward. The monks had furnished him with two guides and two dogs, one of them the famous dog of the medal.

They all proceeded amid the snow and the tempest, but in a short time a terrific avalanche descended from the mountains, and buried them beneath its enormous masses. Every one perished; and, sad to relate, some members of the family of the poor courier, who expected him, and who had set out to meet him, shared the same fate.

It was many years ago that I crossed the St. Bernard. It was summer then, but I was on foot, and, having travelled thirty miles during the day, I was very glad to take lodgings at the convent for the night. I found the monks to be fat, easy people, and I became very well acquainted with one of them. I told him some of my stories, and he told me some of his. He gave me an account of the monastery, which I will repeat to my readers.

Now, you must know that Saint Bernard was a very famous saint. He was born in Burgundy, in France, A. D. 1091. At that time the pass of the mountains was frequented, and many persons suffered or perished from the snows. So the saint built a convent there, and spent forty years of his life on the spot. The date of his building the convent is fixed at 962 A. D., which is about one hundred and twenty-nine years before the saint himself was born. How this is to be explained I cannot tell, and need only say that the lives and actions of most Catholic saints are about as inconsistent as this.

Whatever was the precise date of the founding of the convent, it is a very an-

cient institution, and since its first establishment has been twice consumed by fire. It is built near a lake, and at the foot of mountains which are covered with everlasting snow and ice. The scenery around, even in summer, is strikingly desolate. The buildings consist of several low, irregular structures of stone, with peaked roofs.

The convent is, in fact, a kind of tavern, it being the custom for all travellers to stop there. Those who can afford it pay for their entertainment; those who are poor, and cannot pay, are taken care of gratis. The monks formerly had a good deal of property, which supported the establishment; but now they are poor. Many persons, however, give them money to aid them in their charitable operations, and the Swiss governments also contribute to their funds, so that they are well supplied with money and means.

I must tell my readers one of the stories which the gray old friar told me, for it is very interesting. One cold winter night, a short time before I crossed the Alps, an avalanche descended from a mountain near the convent. It took its course toward a small valley where a poor Swiss lived, with his wife and one child, a boy about seven years old.

As the snow descended, it struck the house, which was built of wood, and taking it off its foundation, carried it to a considerable distance. The man and his wife were at the time on the ground floor, sitting by the fire. Suddenly the house was taken off, and they were left unhurt and undisturbed, except that a drift of snow was dashed in their faces. But their little boy, who was sleeping in a bed

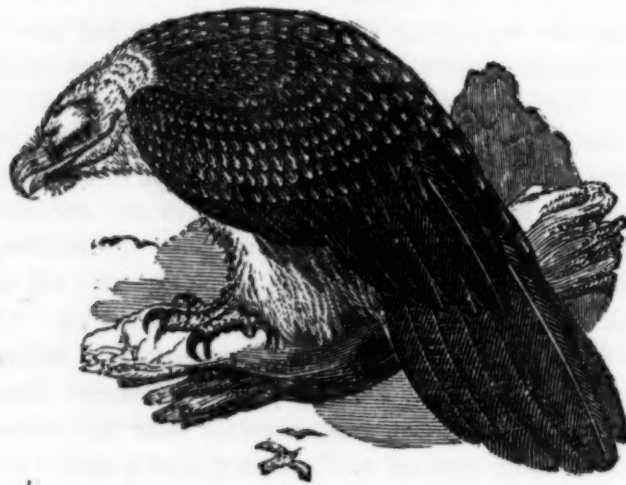


up stairs, was carried away with the house.

Nothing could exceed the dismay and anguish of the parents when they had recovered from the first shock of the disaster. The mother, especially, was in despair for the loss of her child. Though the weather was cold and tempestuous, both father and mother went forth and spent the night in searches for the boy. But all was in vain. In the morning they came to the convent for help. What was

their joy and amazement to find the object of their search, alive and happy, in the convent! for such, indeed, was the fact. One of the dogs had found the little fellow lying upon the snow. It seems he had been tumbled out of his bed, and crawled to some distance. The dog ran to the convent, and help was soon obtained. The child was benumbed with cold, but after a time he recovered, and seemed delighted to find himself warm and comfortable.

PETER PARLEY.



The Bearded Vulture.

As we have been talking about Switzerland, we may as well say something of a certain bird that lives among the mountains there, called *lammergeyer*. It is, in fact, a kind of eagle, or vulture, seeming to partake of the qualities of both. Its character is not, therefore, very good; but still we must say a few words about this famous robber of the mountains. The *lammergeyer*, or, as it is generally called,

the *Bearded Vulture*, prefers living victims, chiefly quadrupeds, and especially those which are incapable of making an effectual resistance, such as rabbits, hares, sheep, and lambs, or even young goats and calves; and thus proves an extremely dangerous neighbor to the peaceful flocks which graze on the declivities of the mountains inhabited by it, or in the intervening valleys.

Sometimes, when rendered desperate by a long fast, it is said to attack the chamois, or even man himself; choosing for the scene of its exploits the brink of a precipice, and descending upon its victim with such an irresistible impetus as to precipitate him headlong into the abyss below. But such bold attempts as this, although spoken of by many writers, are foreign to its usual habits, and may rather be regarded as traditions handed down from generation to generation, than as common or every-day occurrences. In the same manner it is probable that the stories current in the Alps, of children carried off by vultures to be devoured, are rather the expression of a natural dread of what might happen, than a relation of actual events. We are not aware of any authentic testimony in proof of the fact, which may therefore be classed with the narratives of the same description with reference to the condor.

It is from the character in which it is best known to them, as the spoiler of the fold, that this bird has received from the natives of the German Alps its title of *lammergeyer*, the *lamb vulture*. But although this is its food of choice, it feeds also upon carrion; and as when, in pursuit of a living prey, it emulates the eagles by soaring alone or in company only with its mate, so, in its attack upon an unburied carcass, it imitates the vultures by congregating in bands upon the spoil. In such circumstances it does not usually descend from aloft, but sweeps slowly along the ground towards its expected banquet.

Bruce relates, in his *Abyssinian Travels*, a remarkable instance, illustrative at once of the boldness and voracity of this

bird. His servants were preparing for dinner on the summit of a lofty mountain, when a bearded vulture, attracted by the smell of the goat's flesh, which they were cooking, slowly made his advances towards the party, and at length fairly seated himself within the ring which they had formed. The affrighted natives started up, and ran for their lances and shields; and the bird, after an ineffectual attempt to extract a portion of their meat from the boiling water, seized a large piece in each of his talons from a platter that stood by, and carried them slowly along the ground as he came. After an interval of a few minutes, the vulture returned for a second freight, but was shot by the traveller before it could carry its purpose into effect.

### Wonders of the West.

THE Hot Springs of Arkansas are justly ranked among the wonders of creation. They are worth a travel of many hundred miles merely to look at. They are located in Hot Spring county, fifty miles west of Little Rock, on a creek which empties into the Washita River, six miles distant, in latitude  $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ . The creek, which rises in the mountains, some four miles above, winds its way between two hills, running north and south, with a valley between, which is in some places fifty, and in others a hundred yards wide. On the side of one of the hills—which is very precipitous, and rises to the height of four hundred feet—the springs break out, in various positions, from the margin of the creek to the summit of the hill.

The number of springs is said to be about seventy-five or eighty, within a space of five hundred yards; but the number is not uniform, as new springs break out and old ones fill up. There are numerous cold water springs within a few yards of the hot ones. The heat of the water is sufficient to scald a hog, to boil eggs, or wash clothes, without the aid of fire.

The creek is so much heated by the springs that horses and cattle will not drink of it a mile below.

It is thought these springs are destined to attract a great deal of attention for their invaluable healing properties, as well as for their curiosity. Accommodations for invalids are greatly improved within the present year.

In the same vicinity is the Magnetic Cave, a large bed of magnetic rock, and the Crystal Mountain, where beautiful crystals, of various forms, are found. In several of the mountains are found the best quarries of whetstone in the United States.

### A Publisher's Soliloquy.

'Tis strange, 'tis most prodigious strange,  
That our subscribers are so careless grown  
In paying their arrears! They cannot think  
That we alone, who publish to the world  
News from all nations, and delight to spread  
Useful instruction through our spacious land,  
Can meanwhile live on air! 'Tis flesh and  
blood

That works the press, and turns the blackened  
sheet

Well stored and ready for their eager eyes.  
This flesh and blood must be recruited oft,  
As well as theirs, or else the press must stop.  
This calls for CASH! And then how many  
reams

Of paper are struck off, and scattered wide,  
For which no length of credit will be given, —  
And many things required by those who print,  
For which our money must be answerable.

O that our readers would consider this!

And while they laughingly look our pages o'er,  
And gather information from our columns, —

"Do I owe, for one, two, three, or four  
Years past, the printer, who supplies me with  
This sheet?" And O that they might only  
add,

"I'll go, even now, and pay him!" So  
should we

Well pleased receive, and with light hearts  
pursue

Our useful toil, while conscience would ap-  
plaud.

We may prepare. Come, then, good friends,  
and soon.

### Dogs in England.

THE following statistics are not without  
interest: —

The total number of dogs taxed in  
Great Britain, in 1841-42, exclusive  
of packs of hounds, was 300,386.

	£	s.	d.
Whole amount of tax,.....	159,630	16	0
92 packs hounds compound- ed for.....	3,312	00	0
	£162,942	16	0

Nearly.....\$814,710

Rates — Greyhounds, £1; pointers,  
setters, spaniels, &c., when one person  
keeps two or more, £14; house dogs and  
others, when a person has but one, £8.

### Love.

LOVE is the golden chain that binds

The happy souls above;

And he's an heir of heaven whose heart  
Glows with this holy love.



### The Hyena.

**T**HIS fierce and disagreeable creature is a native of various parts of Africa and the western portions of Asia. It is larger than a wolf, and much stronger. It lives by thieving and robbery, and often carries off sheep and cattle. It even attacks man, and, as its operations are performed at night, it is much dreaded. It often lurks about graveyards, and even digs up dead bodies, which it devours.

It is natural enough that many wild tales should be told of such a creature; but we know no one more amusing than the following, related by Sherman, and which was told to him at the Cape of Good Hope.

One night the soldiers had a feast near the Cape, when one of them, who was trumpeter, drank so much that he could not stand up. His companions, not wanting him in the room with them, carried him out of doors, and laid him down by the side of the house, to get cool and sober.

The trumpeter lay there, and went to sleep, when a hyena came along, and, thinking him dead, began to drag him away, so as to make a meal of him without being disturbed. It was some time before the man awoke so as to know the danger of his situation. When he did so he found himself across the back of the hyena, which was making off towards the mountain as fast as possible. Being horror-struck at finding himself in the power of the ferocious beast, his fear brought him to his senses, and seizing his trumpet, which hung about his neck, he sounded an alarm. The beast, thinking he had only a dead man, was as much frightened at the sound of the trumpet as the man was at his situation; so that, dropping his prey, they scampered away from each other as fast as possible. It is not probable that any man but a trumpeter would have escaped so easily.





*Distant View of Mount Olympus, in Greece.*

### Jupiter.

THE following is from one of our young correspondents:—

Saturn, one of the most ancient divinities of Grecian mythology, in order to fulfil the treaty he had made with his brothers, ordered all his male children to be brought to him at their birth, that he might devour them. His wife, Cybele, (or Ops, as she is often called,) shocked at his cruelty, presented to Saturn, at the birth of Jupiter, a stone dressed in the swaddling clothes of an infant, which the god greedily swallowed, thinking it his son. He must have been very near sighted, for at the birth of Neptune and Pluto he performed the same marvellous feat, swallowing two more stones without ceremony.

Jupiter was conveyed to Mount Ida in the Isle of Crete, where he was nursed by nymphs and suckled by a goat called Amalthea. When he began to get his first teeth, although a god, he did not get them without a great deal of crying and screaming; and as far as that matter went,

he even beat all earthly babies. Cybele was so disturbed for fear that her husband would discover her exploits, that the priests invented a sort of dance, in which they struck at each other with shields of brass. The noise thus made prevented Saturn and the Titans from hearing the cries which would otherwise have discovered the existence of Jupiter. He thus grew to be quite large and strong before his uncles, the Titans, discovered him.

It would, however, appear that Cybele had meantime acquainted her husband with what she had done, and presented to him the youths, his offspring; and that Saturn was so struck with their beauty and hopeful qualities, that he forgave his wife and took them into favor. By this time the Titans had discovered the trick Cybele had played them, and after remonstrating with Saturn and demanding the destruction of his sons, to which their father would not consent, a fierce war ensued between the two parties.

The Titans were enemies so formidable

that we find them represented as having fifty heads and a hundred hands, each. These giants were at first completely successful against Saturn, and took him and his wife prisoners, and confined them in the infernal regions. But before the lapse of many years, Jupiter, who was from birth a hero, overcame the Titans, and, freeing his parents from their imprisonment, placed their tyrannical relations in the prison before assigned to his father and mother.

Jupiter's second exploit is not so glorious as the first: this was the defeat and exile of his father. It is true that Saturn had plotted against his life in consequence of a prediction having reached his ears that he should be dethroned by his eldest son; but still Jupiter should have treated his father with more lenity. Jupiter, now becoming the sole master of the empire of the world, generously divided it with his brothers. He reserved for himself the kingdom of heaven, gave the empire of the sea to Neptune, and that of the infernal regions to Pluto. He then married Juno, his sister.

At the commencement of his reign he made himself very popular. Virtue still reigned upon the earth, but not so universally as the age preceding, which has been called the "Golden Age." In effect, crime began to make its appearance, and Jupiter was obliged to punish it in a terrible manner. Lycaon, king of Arcadia, cruelly massacred all strangers who passed within his reach. Jupiter presented himself at his house, and demanded hospitality. Lycaon, wishing to brave the supreme power, gave to Jupiter for food the limbs of a slave. The enraged god reduced the

palace of the barbarian to ashes, and changed him into a wolf. The wolves and their cruel descendants are still to be found in the woods, carrying with them death and carnage! It is probably in consequence of this that he received his surname of *Hospitalis*. He derived his name of *Jupiter Ammon*, from the following circumstance: Bacchus, walking one day upon the Arabian sands, became very thirsty, and the god of wine could not find a drop of water. In this extremity Jupiter presented himself to him under the form of a ram, and, striking the earth with his foot, made an abundant stream flow from the sand. From gratitude Bacchus raised in this place a temple. He was here worshipped under the title of Jupiter Ammon; that is to say, god of the sands, *ammon* being a Greek word signifying *sand*.

This deity had a still more celebrated temple in the forest of Dodona. It was there that he delivered his oracles. At Rome he was called Jupiter Lapis, or Jupiter Stone, in memory of the stone that Ops had put in the place of the god, and which Saturn did not, apparently, digest. He had numerous other titles, one of which was the "God of Flies." He obtained this title in the following manner: Hercules, when sacrificing, was attacked by a swarm of flies, which were attracted by the odor of the victim; but having also sacrificed to Jupiter, the flies flew away.

But his most illustrious title is that of Jupiter *Olympus*, because Mount Olympus was his ordinary abiding-place. It was there that the far-famed Olympian games were celebrated in his honor.

The king of heaven was represented by the Greeks as seated upon an eagle, or upon a throne of gold, at the foot of which were two vases, out of which flowed good and evil. His forehead was wreathed in sombre clouds, his menacing eyes, | shone under black eyebrows, his chin was covered with a beard full of majesty. He held his formidable sceptre in one hand, and with the other wielded the thunders. The Virtues are seated at each side of him.



### Dwarfs.

**I**N all ages of the world there have occasionally been people so large as to be called *giants*, and others so small as to be called *dwarfs*. General Tom Thumb, whom every body knows, is one of the most celebrated of the latter.

Many hundreds of years ago it was the custom for kings and nobles to have dwarfs in their houses, and many of them became favorites, especially among the ladies. Even at a later period, some of the Eu-

ropean princes kept them about their courts, and Peter the Great is said to have had a great fancy for them. In his time, that is, in 1713, the Princess Natalia, only sister to the czar by the same mother, ordered preparations to be made for a grand wedding for two of her dwarfs, who were to be married. On this occasion several small coaches were made, and little Shetland horses provided to draw them; and all the dwarfs in the kingdom were

summoned to celebrate the nuptials, to the number of ninety-three.

They went in a grand procession through all the streets of Moscow; before them went a large open wagon drawn by six horses, with kettle drums, trumpets, French horns, and hautboys; then followed the marshal and his attendants, two and two, on horseback; then the bridegroom and bride in a coach and six, attended by their brideman and maid, who sat before them in the coach; they were followed by fifteen small coaches, each drawn by six Shetland horses, and each containing four dwarfs.

It was somewhat surprising to see such a number of little creatures in one company together; especially as they were furnished with an equipage conformable to their stature. Two troops of dragoons attended the procession to keep off the mob, and many persons of fashion were invited to the wedding, who attended in their coaches to the church, where the small couple were married; from thence the procession returned in order to the princess's palace, where a grand entertainment was prepared for the company.

Two long tables were covered, on each side of a long hall, where the company of dwarfs dined together. The princess, with her two nieces, Princesses Anna and Elizabeth, the czar's daughters, were at the trouble themselves to see them all seated and well attended before they sat down to their own table. At night the princesses, attended by the nobility, conducted the married couple to bed in grand state. After that ceremony, the dwarf company had a large room allotted them to make merry among themselves; the

entertainment concluded with a ball, which lasted till daylight. The company which attended the princesses on this occasion were so numerous that they filled several rooms.

### Splitting Paper.

WE have heard the expression *splitting hairs*, but imagined it to be only a figure of speech. It appears, however, that even a more delicate operation than this — that of *splitting paper* — has actually been accomplished in England. We obtain the following account from a recent London paper:—

“The governor and directors of the Bank of England having been informed of the extraordinary ingenuity of Mr. Baldwin, and that he was able to split not only a newspaper, but a bank note, sent for him in order to test his skill. That his task might be as difficult as possible, they picked him out one of the old one pound notes, which are printed on paper much thinner than the notes of the present day, and told him to split it if he could. Mr. Baldwin took the note home with him, and returned it the next day in the state he had promised. The paper was not in the slightest degree torn, and seemed as though it had but just come from the manufactory, so little was its appearance affected by the operation. The directors remunerated Mr. Baldwin for his trouble, but could not elicit from him the means he employed. The discovery is considered of much importance in connection with the paper currency of the country.”





### Alexander Selkirk.

**T**HE history of this person, who suggested to Defoe the idea of the story of Robinson Crusoe, is thus related by Sir John Sinclair: —

He was born at Largo, in the north of Scotland, in 1677. Having gone to sea in his youth, and in the year 1703 being sailing master of the ship *Cinque Ports*, Captain Stradling, bound for the South Seas, he was put on shore on the Island of Juan Fernandez, as a punishment for mutiny. In that solitude he remained

four years and four months, from which he was at last relieved and brought to England by Captain Woods Rogers.

He had with him on the island his clothes and bedding, with a firelock, some powder, bullets, and tobacco, a hatchet, knife, kettle, his mathematical instruments, and a Bible. He built two huts of pimento-trees, and covered them with long grass, and in a short time lined them with skins of goats, which he killed with his musket, so long as his powder lasted,

which at first was but a pound;) when that was spent, he caught them by speed of foot.

Having learnt to produce fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together, he dressed his victuals in one of his huts and slept in the other, which was at some distance from his kitchen. A multitude of rats disturbed his repose by gnawing his feet and various parts of his body, which induced him to feed a number of cats for his protection. In a short time, these became so tame that they would lie about him in hundreds, and soon delivered him from his enemies, the rats. Upon his return, he declared to his friends that nothing gave him so much uneasiness as the thought that, when he died, his body would be devoured by those very cats he had with so much care tamed and fed.

To divert his mind from such melancholy thoughts, he would sometimes dance and sing among his kids and goats; at other times, retire to devotion. His clothes and shoes were soon worn out by running through the woods: in the want of shoes he found little inconvenience, as the soles of his feet became so hard that he could run every where without difficulty. As to clothes, he made himself a coat and cap of goat-skins sewed them with thongs of the same cut into proper form with a knife. His only needle was a nail.

When his knife was worn to the back, he made others as well as he could of some iron hoops that had been left on shore, by beating them thin and grinding them on stones. By his long seclusion from intercourse with men, he had so far forgot the use of speech, that the people on board of Captain Rogers's ship could

scarcely understand him, for he seemed to speak his words by halves. The chest and musket which Selkirk had with him on the island are now in possession of his grand-nephew, John Selkirk, weaver.

### A Melancholy Story.

*West Roxbury, Jan. 26, 1849.*

MR. PETER PARLEY: I saw a letter in the last number of the Museum and Playmate from you, mentioning the death of a certain individual of the feathered race, in consequence of the extreme cold weather during the latter part of December. This letter induces me to send you an account of an incident which occurred about the same time on my premises.

Perhaps you remember, Mr. Parley, during your visit to me last summer, to have noticed a very important, strutting, crowing, scratching personage with a red comb, an arched tail, and the step of an emperor: well, the poor fellow is dead, and what is very sad to say, he died in consequence of his vain pride and inordinate ambition! The facts are these: —

My next door neighbor has a rooster which set up to be the rival of mine. It is a strange thing, Mr. Parley, that creatures living side by side, instead of cultivating friendship and good feelings, should become envious, jealous, and quarrelsome. But so it is; the birds and beasts seem, in this wicked generation, to be about as depraved as human creatures.

Well, at first the rival roosters were satisfied with trying to see which could crow the loudest, and it really seemed as

if they would split their throats in the contest. Then they began to try which should wake up and crow first in the morning, and in this strife they would often begin at two o'clock at night; and lest one should get an advantage over the other, they kept boodling away till sunrise. Evil example, you know, is catching; and so, finding the roosters having a row, the dogs must have one too. First one would begin to bark, then another, and then another; and in a short time there was a bow-wow of all sorts and sizes—little dogs and big dogs—over hill and dale, from Dan to Beersheba. Thus it is, that evil communications corrupt good manners.

But to return to the roosters. Ambition is a dangerous passion, and so our story will show. So long as things were confined to crowing, no serious evil followed; but from words the rivals came at last to blows. One day, as they chanced to be pretty near together, they began crowing at each other, and I am fearful they called each other hard names. By-and-by, my rooster got angry; so he mounted the fence which divides my land from my neighbor's, flapped his wings, and crowed a most tremendous crow. Upon this the other cock gave him a regular challenge to fight. There was no police to stop them, and at it they went. It was no boys' play; wings, spurs, and beaks—all were put in requisition. They fought, indeed, like tigers; and when neither could stand, they held on to each other's combs, and lay panting on the ground. At last they got up. One marched one way, and the other marched the other way.

Well, my rooster was nearly blind; so he could not find the way to the hen-

house. The best he could do was to get under a small cedar-tree, and there he took lodgings for the night. But alas! the weather was bitter cold, and the poor fellow's constitution was too much shattered to endure it. In the morning he was found stiff as an icicle, his feathers torn, his comb demolished, and the air of pride and triumph which once characterized him, departed forever. But a humiliation awaited him which is really horrible to relate. My neighbor's rooster saw the poor fellow lying prostrate in the snow; so over the fence he flew, and began a most furious assault upon the lifeless body! After belaboring it for about five minutes, the creature paused, looked contemptuously at the object of his wrath, drew himself up to his full height, and crowed. Then, with theatrical strides, he marched off to his flock of hens, who received him with three cheers, as the hero of all-out-doors!

Now, Mr. Parley, you may think I have been telling a fancy tale; or, as the account is somewhat like the stories about famous men in history who have fought duels and battles just out of pride, you may think I have got up a fable to laugh at such folly, but I assure you the story I tell is essentially true.

I am, sir, &c.,

MICHAEL M——.

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COURAGE.—Personal courage is the quality of highest esteem among a warlike and uncivilized people; and with the ostentatious display of courage are closely connected promptitude of offence and quickness of resentment.—*Johnson.*



### Frankincense.

**I**N ancient times, and especially among the Jews, it was a religious custom to burn *incense*, or *frankincense* upon the altar of the sanctuary. This was the peculiar office of the priests. The article used was an odorous gum, obtained by cutting into the bark of a tree called *thurifera*. Its leaves resemble those of a pear-tree. It grows in Arabia, and near Mount Lebanon. The gum was obtained in the dog days, as then only would it flow : at other seasons it was too hard.

The ancient custom of burning incense is imitated in Catholic churches, where

youths are employed to throw the censers containing the fire, and from which an aromatic smoke is diffused among the audience.

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### A Leaf.

A LEAF falls softly at my feet,  
Sated with rain and summer heat ;  
What time this leaf was green and new,  
I still had parents dear and true.

A leaf — how soon it fades away !  
Child of the spring, the autumn's prey ;  
Yet has this leaf outlived, I see,  
So much that was most dear to me.



### Exemplifications of Instinct.

**T**HE similarity between the simple instinctive actions of animals and their ordinary organic functions is so great as to lead us to suppose that both sets of operations are arranged upon similar plans, though these may not be identical, and that both are carried on without the forethought or the consciousness of the animal.

Thus the young bee, on the day when it first leaves the cell, without teaching and without experience, begins to collect honey and form wax, and build up its hexagonal cell, according to the form which its progenitors have used from the earliest generations. Birds build nests of a certain structure after their kinds, and many species, at certain seasons, excited by some internal impulse, take their migratory flight to other countries. The insect which never experienced a parent's care or a mother's example labors assiduously and effectively for the future development and sustenance of an offspring which it, in its turn, is doomed never to behold. Others toil all summer, and lay up stores for winter, without ever having experienced the severity of such a season or being in any sensible way aware of its approach.

We know that such actions are the result of involuntary and unreflective impulses, because we often find them performed in vain. Sir Joseph Banks had a tame beaver which was allowed to range at liberty in a ditch about his grounds, and was at all seasons liberally supplied with food. One day, about the end of autumn, it was discovered in a ditch very

busily engaged in attempting to construct a dam, after the manner of its companions in a state of nature. This was evidently the blind impulse of its instinctive feelings, for a moment's exercise of the lowest degree of reflection must have shown it that such labor, under the circumstances in which it was placed, was altogether superfluous.

A common quail was kept in a cage, and became quite tamed and reconciled to its food. At the period of its natural migration it became exceedingly restless and sleepless; it beat its head against the cage in many vain efforts to escape, and on examination its skin was found several degrees above its usual temperature.

A bee which can fly homeward one or two miles in a straight line to its hive, with extreme accuracy—if it happens to enter an open window in a room, will exhaust all its efforts in attempting to get out at the opposite window, which is closed down, but never pauses to think of retracing its flight a little way backwards, so as to fly out at the opening at which it had entered.

We often observe a dog, when going to sleep on the floor, turn himself several times round before he lies down, and this is just one of the lingering instincts which he has retained; while in his wild state he is accustomed thus to prepare his bed amid the tall grass or rushes.

An acute observer of animal habits remarked that a jackdaw,—which, for want of its usual place of abode, had for its nest made choice of a rabbit hole,—was often sorely perplexed in what way to get the long sticks, of which its nest was to be formed, drawn within the narrow entrance.

Again and again did it attempt to pull in the piece of stick, while it held it by the middle in its bill; and it was only after a series of vain efforts that, by mere chance, it at last accomplished its object by happening to seize it near one end instead of the centre. In this case it appeared to the observer that the building instincts of this bird were complete and perfect within a certain range; but without the limits of this circle it had no deliberative foresight to guide its actions. — *British Quarterly*.

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### Lightning.

So long as lightning is occasioned merely by the action of the clouds one upon another, not the slightest danger is to be apprehended. Thunder, being only a report, is perfectly harmless at all times. But when the electricity comes within the attraction of the earth, or sinking near the earth's surface, it passes down from the cloud to the earth, sometimes in a straight line of fire, sometimes rolling along like a large ball, clearing out in its way every thing that offers resistance to it; and thus it will often tear up trees, set houses on fire, and even destroy animal life, should it impede its progress.

This ball is liquid in a state of fusion, and not (as has been supposed by some persons unacquainted with the science) a metallic substance called a thunder-bolt. There are metallic substances sometimes precipitated from the air; these are termed *ærolites*, and have nothing to do with the electricity of storms. As soon as the clouds disperse, which is usually after a

vivid flash of lightning and a very loud clap of thunder, the rain descends, the electrical power is destroyed, and the storm ceases.

Although storms arise from what may be called the accidents of nature, they are of great importance as an effort of nature, by which the atmosphere is cleared of all those impurities it imbibes from noxious vapors and other sources; and hence, despite the dangerous tendencies and the terrors to which they give rise, they are productive of much advantage. — *London Magazine*.

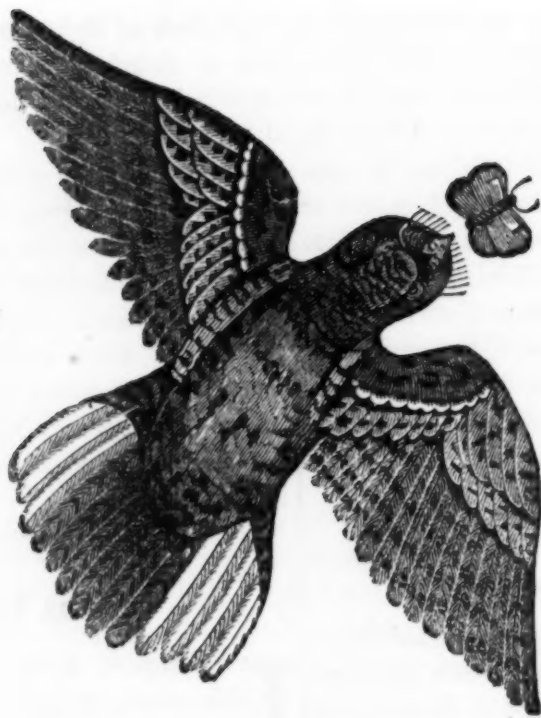
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### Curious Cargo.

THE Niagara, from Boston, brought this time, as part of her cargo, one hundred carcasses of fresh pork from America. They were preserved in ice, and were in fresh and excellent condition. On Thursday they were sold by auction, and brought from 32s 6d to 35s 6d per 120 lbs. This is the first importation of the kind from the United States. Should the experiment succeed on a larger scale, it cannot but produce a material effect upon the general provision market. — *Liverpool Journal*.

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FASHION. — While Queen Victoria was in the Highlands, she one day tied the veil of her hat under her chin, as it was rather chilly weather. Forthwith every lady, "the country round," adopted the style, and in the hottest days of the season, loyalty sweltered away in honor of the royal dame.



### The Whip-Poor-Will.

**T**HIS is a very singular and celebrated bird, universally known over the United States for his favorite call in spring; yet personally he is little known. His notes seem like the voice of an old friend, and are listened to by almost all with great interest. At first they issue from some retired part of the woods — the glen, or mountain; in a few evenings, perhaps, we hear them from the adjoining coppice — the garden fence — the road before the door, and even from the roof of the dwelling-house — long after the family have retired to rest.

He is now a regular acquaintance. Every morning and evening his shrill repetitions are heard from the adjoining woods, and when two or more are calling at the same time, the noise, mingling with the

echoes of the mountains, is really surprising. These notes serve pretty plainly to articulate the words Whip-poor-Will, the first and last syllables being uttered with great emphasis. When near, you often hear an introductory cluck between the notes. Towards midnight these birds generally become silent, unless in clear moonlight. During the day, they sit in the most retired, solitary, and deep-shaded parts of the woods, where they repose in silence. Their food appears to be large moths, grasshoppers, and such insects as frequent the bark of old, rotten and decaying timber.

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**ACTIONS.** — Things may be seen differently, and differently shown; but *actions* are visible, though motives are secret. — *Johnson.*

### Stories about the Bible.

**W**E, who have Bibles as plentiful as other books, hardly consider the great privileges we enjoy. The following story may serve not only to show us the inestimable value of this book, but make us also feel what great advantages we have over many other people in the world.

The late Rev. Dr. Corrie, bishop of Madras, was formerly the chaplain of Allahabad. At that time there was no Hindostanee version of the Scriptures; and it was his custom to translate, on small bits of paper, striking passages of Scripture into that language, and every morning distribute these papers at his door.

Twenty years afterwards, he received a communication from a missionary at Allahabad, who informed him that a person in ill health had arrived there, and that he had been to visit him. He had come to see his friends, and die among them, after an absence of more than twenty years. The missionary had visited him there several times, and was so astonished at his knowledge of the Scripture, and his impressions of its great realities, that he put the question, "How is it, my friend, that you are so well informed in the sacred Scriptures? You have told me you have never seen a missionary in your life, nor any one to teach you the way of life and salvation!"

And what was his answer? He put his hand behind his pillow, and drew out a bundle of well-worn and tattered bits of paper, and said, "From these bits of paper, which a sahib distributed at my door,

whom I have never seen since, have I learned all. These papers, which I received twenty years ago, and have read every day, till they are thus tumbled and spoiled, are passages of Scripture in the Hindostanee language; from them I have derived all the information on eternal realities which I now possess. This is the source of my information; thus I have derived my knowledge."

The following story is also very interesting:—

Mr. Robert Aitkin, a bookseller of Philadelphia, was the first person who printed a Bible in that city. While he kept a bookstore, a person called on him, and inquired if he had Paine's "Age of Reason" for sale. He told him he had not; but having entered into conversation with him, and found he was an infidel, he told him he had a better book than Paine's "Age of Reason," which he usually sold for a dollar, but would lend it to him if he would promise to read it; and after he had actually read it, if he did not think it worth a dollar, he would take it again.

The man consented; and Mr. Aitkin put a Bible into his hands. He smiled when he found what book he had engaged to read; but said he would perform his engagement. He did so; and when he had finished the perusal, he came back, and expressed his deepest gratitude for Mr. Aitkin's recommendation of the book, saying it had made him what he was not before—a happy man; for he had found in it the way of salvation. Mr. Aitkin rejoiced in the event, and had the satisfaction of knowing that this reader of the Bible, from that day to the end of his life,



supported the character of a consistent Christian.

We have still another story of the Bible, which is quite striking :—

A little active girl, in Norfolk, England, ten years old, had for some years been nursing, with affectionate watchfulness, a sick sister, whom she expected would soon die ; her mother and another sister being also great invalids. She began to feel quite worn out ; and leaving her cottage one morning, in order to fetch medicine, she went along her way with a very heavy heart, and crying very much.

When she reached the village of Cromer, she chanced to hear some one speak of two poor criminals about to be executed. Her mind immediately turned to the contrast between the feelings of the friends of these poor wretches, and hers for her sister Lizzy, who, she felt, must be in the hands of God ; and if she died, it must be his will, and for good reasons. She felt it was wrong in her to encourage sorrow ; therefore, hastening on her business, she resolved to do all she could for the comfort of Lizzy, and leave the event to God.

Whilst returning home across the fields, she directed her mind to think of what she had learned of Scripture. A verse in the 119th Psalm came to her recollection with great force : “ I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right ; and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.” She felt so cheered by this text, that her mother was quite struck by her cheerfulness on her return ; and, on asking her the cause, learned from her the reasoning of her mind, and the effect of this verse of Scrip-

ture. The little girl continued active, day and night, in her attendance ; and had the happiness, after some time, of seeing her sister recover. Often too, when the mother’s heart was low, she would refer to some words of comfort from the Bible, and repeat them with a confidence in the peace and rest they would afford in time of trouble.

### The Northern Morning.

THE *Aurora Borealis* has been very brilliant during this winter, as well here as farther north. A person living at Montreal, wrote the following account to a friend in London, by which it appears that the flashes of light *are heard*. The people of Lapland have often said that they could hear the Northern Lights when very brilliant ; but the fact has been doubted.

“ On the evening of the 17th of November, there was one of the most splendid exhibitions of the *Aurora Borealis*, that has been seen for many years, so splendid, indeed, that we read of nothing superior to it in Scoresby, Richardson, and others, who have witnessed it in polar regions. Columnar coruscations shot up to the zenith, from a luminous cloud, which was extended nearly all round the horizon, until the whole hemisphere was covered with them.

“ The streamers had, as usual, at first a light and tremulous motion, and when near together presented the appearance of waves or sheets of light and flame, following each other in rapid succession, rising higher and higher, till they met at the

zenith — when the wreaths presented the appearance of a *corona borealis* of singular but ever-varying beauty and brilliancy, and tinged with various prismatic colors, in which orange and green frequently prevailed, but the different shades of red always predominated. . At one time, while

*the coruscations were brightest and most active in their motions, a slight rustling noise, similar to what is emitted by flames of fire, was heard, but not so distinctly as on a former occasion, about twenty years ago."*



*The Bison*

### California.

As a great many people are now going to California to search for gold, we give a description of it, which may be found interesting and useful. We present, also, a few pictures of the animals the gold hunters will find, either as food or as companions.

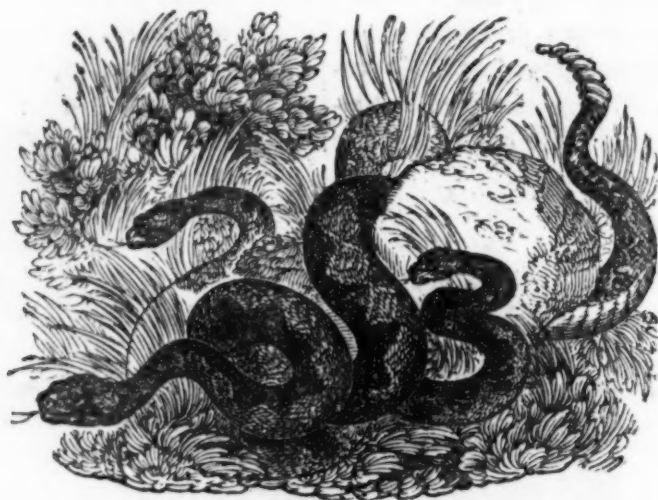
California is a country of North America, extending along its west coast from 22 deg. 48 min. to 42 deg. north latitude, and between 107 deg. and 124 deg. west; having north, the west territories belonging to the United States; east, Mexico and the Gulf of California; and south and west, the North Pacific Ocean. It is naturally divided into Old, or Lower, and New, or Upper, California, which, as they

differ widely, both as to formation and products, we shall notice separately.

In Lower California, violent hurricanes are frequent, but not earthquakes. Timber is very scarce, and by far the greater portion of the country is incapable of producing a single blade of corn. Cattle feed on the leaves of the Muscheto tree, a species of acacia. Wolves, foxes, deer, goats, several species of snakes, lizards, and scorpions, are among the wild animals; and the fertility of the sea, if properly taken advantage of, would make amends for the indomitable barrenness of the land.

Upper California comprises all that extensive portion of North America between latitude 32 deg. and 42 deg. north, and

longitude 107 deg. and 124 deg. west. | discovered by Sir Francis Drake, and  
Within these limits it includes the territory | named by him New Albion. The part



*Rattlesnakes.*

inhabited by European and other foreign settlers is merely a tract extending along the shore of the Pacific, for about five hundred miles long and forty miles in width; area, about 2000 square miles; population, in 1831, 23,000. The territory has been thus divided:—

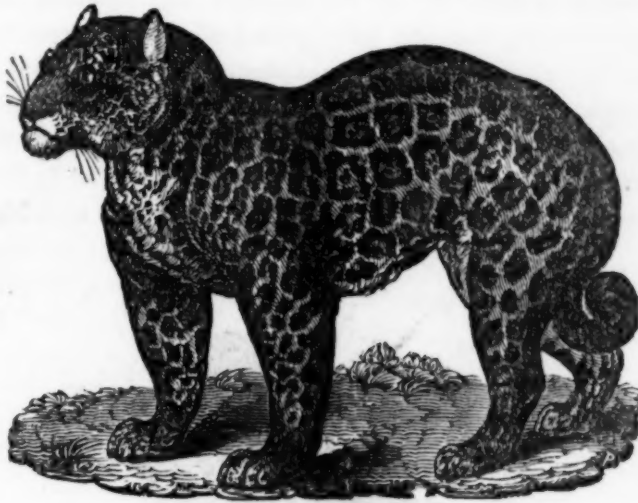
<i>Presidios.</i>	<i>Pop. 1831.</i>	<i>Chief Towns.</i>	<i>Pop.</i>
San Francisco,	6318	San Francisco,	371
Monterey,	4145	Monterey,	708
Santa Barbara,	5593	Santa Barbara,	613
San Diego,	7261	San Diego,	1575

The San Joachim and Jesus Maria are both navigable streams, discharging themselves into the Bay of San Francisco. The other streams are mere rivulets, and the general infrequency of rivers and springs is the chief defect of the country, though water may be obtained in most places by digging. The climate of California, and, indeed, of all the country on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, is considerably warmer than that of the

country in the east parts of America, in the same latitudes.

The mean temperature at San Francisco is 52 deg. 2 min. Fahrenheit. Here is a profusion of forest-trees, including oak, elm, ash, beach, birch, planzy, and many varieties of pines. In limestone and clay, and its abundance of animal and vegetable life, and the fertility of some of its districts, it strikingly contrasts with Lower California. Although many fruits are easily cultivated, few are indigenous. Among the wild animals are the American lion, or panther, the American tiger, or jaguar, buffaloes, stags, roes, elks, the wild mountain cat, bears, wolves, jackals, numerous herds of wild cattle, foxes, polecats, otters, beavers, hares, rabbits, and a profusion of other kinds of game. The elk and argali, or Rocky Mountain sheep, are domesticated. The bison is hunted for its skin, which is used in many parts of Spanish America as a bed or carpet.

Birds are exceedingly abundant. The sea contains exhaustless stores of fish. The Indians are seldom over five feet high. They have a timid carriage, are



*The Jaguar.*

indolent, pusillanimous, and without any of the boldness, industry, and activity evinced by the Indians nearer the pole. The potato thrives in California, as well as all green pot-herbs introduced by Europeans. The olive is produced in great



*The Argali, or Rocky Mountain Sheep.*

perfection. Cattle, however, have been the staple of the country. Their increase is extraordinary. There are numerous herds running wild. In the more settled



parts these are all marked, as belonging to certain owners. Any body kills one, and pays the owner a dollar or two for the carcass, beside giving him the hide. The gold miners live chiefly on the cattle killed and brought in by the Indians. Grisly bears are abundant and dangerous. In the neighborhood of the presidios are some ranchos, or national farms, set apart for the soldiery. In November, 1836, the people of Monterey and its vicinity rose, attacked and subdued the garrison, expelled all the Mexican functionaries and troops, declared California independent, and established a congress of deputies for its future government. Upper California is duly ceded to the United States, by the late treaty with Mexico



**The Dodo.**

**T**HIS bird, instead of being designed for swiftness, looks as if it was among the most stupid of living things. It was a native of the Isle of France, and was common there many years ago, but it is now extinct. It was an enormous creature, and four dodos would have made a meal for a hundred men.

The dodo was originally found on the uninhabited islands in the Indian Ocean, and in great numbers, but from various accounts it is supposed now to have en-

tirely disappeared. The dodo, or, as it is sometimes called, the *solitaire*, was seen in numbers by Vasco de Gama, a Portuguese navigator, in 1497, and in 1514, on the Islands of Bourbon and Mauritius. He speaks of them as being very tame, and not at all afraid of man.

Leguat, who visited the Island of Rodriguez in 1691, gives a long account of the *solitaire*. Though generally represented as a clumsy and ill-formed bird, he speaks of it as graceful and dignified

in its movements, and as possessing great beauty. Though it would allow itself to be approached, yet, when caught, it was incapable of being tamed, and would refuse all nourishment. The nest was made of a heap of palm leaves raised a foot and a half from the ground, in which one egg was deposited. When the dodo finally disappeared from these islands is not known, but no traces have been found of it since the commencement of the eighteenth century.

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### Song of Autumn.

I COME, I come; ye may hear my song;  
From hill-top to valley 'tis pealing along;  
The leafless bough is my wild harp string,  
And loudly and long to their echoes ring.

Ye may know my path by the golden grain,  
And the rainbow hues on my bordered train;  
By the towering maple's scarlet tress,  
And her forest sisters' gorgeous dress.

The wild flower bows her gentle head,  
As she hears afar my conquering tread,  
And the prince of the forest doffs his crest,  
As a beggar low to a kingly guest.

Ye may see my power in the night-walk still,  
When the starlight sleeps on the mountain  
rill,  
Where the ripples, that danced the livelong  
day,  
I hush in their wild and careless play,

And bind them fast with a crystal chain,  
That a sunbeam's touch may break again;  
While fairy Frost, with her glittering gems,  
Weaves me a string of diadems.

O, proudly now I career along,  
And breezes are pealing my triumph song;

While earth from her garner her treasures  
bring,

To lay at the feet of the Autumn king.

But listen! I hear a note of dread,  
And I see afar a hoary head;  
And a freezing look, from a piercing eye,  
Warns me with lightning speed to fly.

'Tis icy cold Winter; I know him well;  
I have felt before his withering spell;  
A grim old tyrant and lordly is he,  
And he laughs outright when he's conquered  
me.

CORA.

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### The Broken Pipe.

COME here, little Willy:

Why, what is the trouble?

"I've broke my new pipe, Ma,  
And can't make a bubble!"

Well, don't weep for that, child!  
But brighten your face;  
And tell how this grievous  
Disaster took place.

"Why, Puss came along,  
And said I, 'Now she'll think  
This white, frothy water  
Is milk she may drink!'

"So I set it before her,  
And dipped her mouth in—  
When, up came both paws,  
And stuck fast on my chin!

"Then I gave her a blow  
With my pipe, and it flew  
Into three or four pieces:  
O, what shall I do?"

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NATURE makes us poor only when we want  
necessaries, but custom gives the name of  
poverty to the want of superfluities. — Johnson.

## Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 56.]

*Letter from William Bump to his Mother, at Sundown.*

*Boston, July, —.*

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER: I have just been reading your long letter of March 7th. Like all your letters, it made me both sad and glad — sad, to think how many hardships and privations my parents have suffered, and still suffer; and glad, to think how kind and good they are, and have ever been to me. It also gives me pleasure to see how cheerful you are amid your trials; how you seem to dwell rather on the sunny than the shady side of objects, and even to draw consolation from what might be deemed misfortunes.

I should derive more satisfaction from all this, if I felt that I had deserved your kindness, and had duly profited by your counsel and example. But alas! I must confess that I have come short of my duty, and — what will grieve you more — I have even been guilty of faults, of which I hardly dare to tell you. But as I have promised to open my heart to you, dear mother, I shall never have any peace till I have made a full confession.

It is now about a year and a half since I came to Boston; — but I must go back to the first week or two after my arrival. You know, mother, I never had been to meeting or to church when I came here. I had an idea of public worship, for I had heard about it, but I did not know exactly what it was.

Well, the next Sunday after my arrival, uncle Ben took me to Trinity Church,

with his family. This is a very curious building, and, when I entered it, the scene was so strange that it bewildered me. I went along looking up at the lofty ceiling, and gazing at the people. I finally got to the pew, and sat down; but all this time I was in a maze, and quite forgot to think how I looked or acted. In fact, I kept my hat on; and so every body began to look at me. Some rolled up their eyes, and some smiled, and I saw several boys and girls titter. What it all was about I could not imagine: there I sat, my eyes staring about, and my mouth gaping like an oyster on a gridiron. But by and by I saw Lucy put her hand quietly up to her head, as a sign of something. I looked about, and then observed, for the first time, that all the people had their hats off, except me. In an instant the ridiculous figure I was making flashed upon my mind. It seemed as if I should die with shame. I was on the point of rushing out of the house and setting off immediately for Sundown, when I chanced to see a young fellow in the next pew pointing his finger at me. That made me mad, and, though it was Sunday, and the people had begun to sing a psalm, I said to myself, "If I ever ketch that fellow, I'll lick him!"

Now, it chanced that I often met this youth, as I passed through the streets of Boston; and never did this happen but I felt a rush of blood to my face, and a sort of tingling in my fist. About a fortnight ago, he came to our school, and, as ill luck would have it, he sat on a bench right opposite to me. This brought to mind my mortification in the church, and my special indignation against him for

pointing his finger at me. As I was going home from school, I overtook him, and, stepping up, hit him a pretty smart slap on the side of the head.

This was very wrong, I know, but it really seemed to me I could not help it. The fellow was as much amazed as if he'd met a catamount. He looked at me for explanation, and I replied, "That's for pointing your finger at me, and you may take it for your breakfast; if you ever do such a thing again, I'll give you dinner and supper out of the same dish." I was really wild with anger, for I'd kept my bile bottled up eighteen months, and now it bust out like ginger beer in dog days.

The fellow made his escape, and I went home. The next day, I was called up by the master, on a charge of striking this boy. He had greatly exaggerated what happened; and partly on this account, and partly because I had not courage to confess the truth, I denied it. This led to a close examination, and the result was, that the boy was turned out of school, as having told a falsehood. I triumphed and my enemy was disgraced.

At first, I felt very proud and happy; but pretty soon I began to be uneasy. I felt something heavy at my heart. I went to sleep in sadness, and when I awoke, it seemed as if all around was dark and gloomy. I had not the pleasure I before experienced in the society of my companions; I enjoyed no sports; I did not relish my meals. It seemed as if some horrible thing had crept into my breast, and was always saying, "You are a liar!" So I grew fearful, and when any body looked at me, I suspected that they

heard the voice, and saw my sin in my face. I even became jealous of Lucy, and her presence ceased to please me. Her happiness, her truth, her purity, offended me, for I felt them to be a reproach.

My manners and appearance changed. Lucy noticed this, and, I suppose, talked with aunt about it; for one day, as I was coming in from school, she met me, and asked me to go into the garden with her. I could not refuse. When we were alone, "So," said she, "you are going back to Sundown!"

"How?" said I, in amazement.

"Why, you are miserable here, and of course we suppose you wish to go back, and hunt coons and 'possums in your native place."

"Well, I am ready to go, if that is the decision. I had not thought of it, but I shall be happier any where than here."

"Indeed! How so?"

"I have lost the confidence and affection of all around me — of my uncle, and my aunt, and, what is still worse, of you."

"Of me? Heaven forbid! Am I not still your cousin? What have I done to show loss of affection, or a defect of confidence?"

I saw the tears gathering in Lucy's eyes. I felt the wickedness and folly of my conduct; but what could I do? Should I confess my guilt — humble myself in the eyes of one whose esteem I prized above every thing else? These cruel questions pierced my breast as with arrows. My pride prevailed for a moment, and I was on the point of becoming a hardened sinner. But, as I again looked at Lucy, a better thought came



over me. "I will confess all," said I, mentally.

I told her my story without disguising the truth, or mitigating my fault. When I had done, "Now," said I, "I am ready to go. Having no title to the good opinion of my friends here, nothing is left but for me to hide my shame in the far-off west. To-morrow I shall say farewell." I went to the house, and shut myself in my room. I refused to leave it, even for my meals. Night came, and I heard a tap at my door. It opened, and my aunt entered.

She sat down, and told me that Lucy had given her an account of what had passed. She spoke of my error as a sad and grievous fault; but said that my sorrow went far to atone for it. She soothed my feelings, though she did not spare my guilt. I asked her advice. She said, I must make due confession to the schoolmaster, as well as to the youth, whose character had suffered through my misrepresentation. Bitter as all this was, such was my humiliation, such the real agony of my heart, that I was glad to purchase peace at so dear a price.

I went to the schoolmaster, and told the whole story. He was grieved, yet he said, as my confession was voluntary, my repentance was, of course, sincere; he hoped therefore that my fault was not likely to be repeated. "Do you forgive me?" said I. "Certainly," said he, "certainly; for my faults in boyhood were greater than yours. And besides, this error is likely to be a warning to you, and I think you will hereafter walk more steadily and securely in the path of virtue, now that you know the danger that

besets you. Yes, I forgive you; and what is more, Heaven will forgive you, too, in view of your sorrow and humiliation. But let me call upon you to be thankful that this sin came out. Had it remained concealed, it is likely that your whole soul had been ruined, just as the body may become fatally diseased, by a concealed poison."

You may well believe, dear mother, that in writing this letter, I am discharging a painful duty. I still feel sad and humbled, though my friends here are very kind. They do all they can to make me cheerful, and to efface the remembrance of my misfortune. Lucy, good, and true, and pure, as she is, seems not to love me the less; nay, she takes every opportunity to make me feel at ease—to assure me that we are still cousins in heart, as well as in name.

Do write me soon, mother, and pray forgive your erring boy,

WILLIAM BUMP.

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### Great Britain.

At the present day, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland exhibits the most extraordinary spectacle of national wealth and power which the world has ever witnessed. Rome, in her brightest days, could not compare with it in these respects.

To the eye of the traveller, the three kingdoms seem almost like a mighty garden, strown over with cities, palaces, villages, and country-seats. Here are the finest roads and the best travelling vehicles in the world; railroads and canals

cross the country in every direction ; arts and manufactures are carried to the highest degree of perfection ; and commerce brings hither the luxuries of every clime. Such is the external aspect of things ; but alas ! millions of wretched paupers are suffering in the midst of all this beauty and splendor.

London, the metropolis of Great Britain, serves to indicate the character of the nation. It has 2,600,000 of people, and surpasses all other cities in wealth and population. The government of England exercises a commanding influence, not only in the countries of Europe, but upon the fortunes of the world. Within our own day, China, which has more than one quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, has been compelled to bow to the will of this Island Empire.

The colonies of Great Britain extend over the whole globe, and contain a population of one hundred and fifty millions. In allusion to the immense extent and power of the British empire, it has been said by a celebrated orator, that she "has dotted the surface of the globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

### The Esquimaux.

SEVERAL of the Esquimaux Christians at Nain, having been informed of the nature of the Bible Society, and its aim in the distribution of the sacred Scrip-

tures throughout the world, began, of their own accord, to collect seals' blubber, by way of making up a small contribution towards the expenses of the Society. Some brought whole seals, others half a seal, or pieces, as they could afford it. Some brought pieces of blubber, in the name of their children, requesting that their poor gifts might be accepted. They afterwards sent a collection of blubber, which yielded thirty gallons of oil, to the printers for the Bibles.

### Alcibiades.

IT is said that this celebrated Greek general, who lived about 400 B. C., displayed, even in boyhood, remarkable proofs of the extent of his talents and the energy of his character. On one occasion, when playing with some boys of his own age in the streets of Athens, he saw a loaded wagon approach the place where he was ; not wishing to be interrupted at that moment, he called to the teamster to stop. On his refusal, he threw himself in front of the horses, calling to the carter, "Drive over me if you dare !" The man stopped his horses, and Alcibiades, when he had finished his game, allowed him to proceed.

### Deistical Historians.

GIBBON, who, in his celebrated "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," has left a memorial of his enmity to the gospel, resided many years in Switzerland, where, with the profits of his works, he purchased a con-

siderable estate. This property has descended to a gentleman, who, out of his rents, expends a large sum annually in the promulgation of that very gospel which his predecessor insidiously endeavored to undermine.

Voltaire boasted that with one hand he would overthrow that edifice of Christianity which required the hands of twelve apostles to build up. The press which he employed at Ferney, for printing his

blasphemies, was afterwards actually employed at Geneva in printing the Holy Scriptures.

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EXCELLENCE.—There is a vigilance of observation, and accuracy of distinction, which books and precepts cannot confer; and from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. — *Johnson*

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### Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

A THOUSAND thanks — Mary, Ann, Lucy, Jane, Elizabeth, Thomas, Peter, Bill, and Ben — for your letters. They came thick as the snow-flakes, and many of them white, and clean, and pure as the snow itself. I can only print a few of them. Come, we will dip into the heap. The first that came shall be first served.

*Bristol, Jan. 9, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

I have taken your Museum and Playmate six years, although I am only eleven years of age. I like it very much. Of late I have been greatly interested in the enigmas and charades. I have guessed one of the enigmas in the January number — it is "General Tom Thumb." I send you a charade, which, if you think worthy of it, you can insert.

#### CHARADE.

My first in making a box you will find,  
Which, when carefully fitted, is with cloth  
neatly lined.

My second is a plant that in gardens doth  
grow;

Its medicinal qualities most of you know.

My whole is a general who fought for fame.  
I shall not say any more, but you may guess  
his name.

From your blue-eyed friend and subscriber,  
C. E. M.

MR. MERRY:

I send you a riddle, which you may print  
if you please.

#### RIDDLE.

Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess,  
Went over the river to seek a bird's nest.  
They found a nest with five eggs in,  
And each took one, but left five in.

A constant reader,

M. E. A.

*Hudson, Jan. 6, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

We have taken the Museum ever since it was first published; and I liked it very much before the Playmate was added to it; but I think it is improved by the addition. I like your monthly chat very much, and have often thought how pleasant it would be to be one of your correspondents; and now I have decided to write to you; so here you have a few words from

CORNELIA.

*Fitchburg, Jan. 14, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Enclosed are the answers to the three puzzles in your January number. The first is "General Tom Thumb." The second is "George N. Briggs." The third is "The Holy Bible." I will also send you a puzzle, which, if you think worthy of inserting, you will please do so.

Your friend,  
C. LOUISA.

### PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty-five letters.  
My 18, 9, 17, 7, is a mineral substance.  
My 10, 3, 21, 8, 4, 9, is a boy's name.  
My 1, 25, 22, is a vegetable substance.  
My 16, 12, 1, 1, 21, 15, is an article of commerce.  
My 13, 17, 11, 6, is a useful article.  
My 15, 19, 23, 3, is a number.  
My 16, 9, 7, 17, 8, is a kind of wood.  
My 2, 9, 22, 8, 14, 13, 4, is a kind of fish.  
My 16, 5, 22, 23, 9, 18, 24, 17, 13, is a precious stone.  
My 20, 24, 10, is a fruit.  
My whole is the cause of much excitement at the present time.

It would seem by the following letter that Billy Bump's home, Sundown, is in Illinois. I am glad to find out where it is. Will our friend, "*The Sucker Boy*," tell us the latitude and longitude of the place, so that we can have it put down on the map.

*Quincy, Adams Co., Illinois, Jan. 6, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Among other stories in Merry's Museum, in which I was very much interested, was the story of Billy Bump in Boston. It seems he was very ignorant of polite manners. Now, Mr. Merry, I don't want you to think all *Sucker* boys are as ignorant of civilized life as Billy Bump was. I am proud to say, I am a Sucker boy, born in the Sucker state, on the bank of that father of waters, the noble Mississippi. I have picked corn and dug potatoes; yet, sir,

I know enough not to spit on Brussels carpets or blow my nose with my fingers.

I tell you what, sir, some of you Yankees would open your eyes wider than you ever did before, if you should see some of our big prairies—so wide that you could not see the edge of them before you. You may print this short letter if you please; but if you don't, I shall think you have good reason, and I shan't make such a fuss about it as Miss Pitchfork did.

A SUCKER BOY.

*Jamaica Plain, Jan. 11, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Having long wished to write you, but not quite knowing how to address so great a man as you, I have put it off until now, when I thought I would try and see what I could do. I have found out the answers to the puzzles in your January number. The first one is "General Tom Thumb;" the second, "George N. Briggs," and the third, "The Holy Bible." I believe these are the right answers. I also send you a puzzle, which, if you think worthy, I should like to have you print, and oblige your

Young subscriber,

R. M. M.

### PUZZLE.

I am composed of fourteen letters.  
My 6, 9, 10, is a person who does not mix with society.  
My 7, 2, 5, 11, is a part of the human body.  
My 14, 2, 9, 6, is one of the parts of speech.  
My 7, 12, 14, is indispensable at a party.  
My 11, 13, 6, is a metal.  
My 3, 8, 6, is a relation.  
My 4, 12, 6, is used in ice-houses.  
My whole is a source of great attraction in the city of Boston.

The following letter has been mislaid: it alludes to an article in a former number of the Museum. We need not say to G. H. that *bilva* is not an English word, though found in Webster's Dictionary, nor does it at all rhyme with *silver*.



Saco, Dec. 25, 1848.

DEAR MR. MERRY:

If I write you so many letters, I cannot expect you to insert them all, and it certainly would be very selfish in me, if I desired it; for I dare say that there must be quite a number of letters that you have not seen fit to publish, remaining with you. And O, how many little eyes have looked over the pages of the Playmate again and again, in the vain hope of seeing a letter with their signature.

And so, Mr. Merry, as you have been so kind as to insert two of my letters in succession, I prefer the happiness of some other of your little friends, who may have been disappointed before, to my own.

But pray, Mr. Merry, doesn't *bilva* rhyme with *silver*, as well as *Jew sick* does with *music*? and *bilva* is in the dictionary, whether it is English or not. But my letter is growing too long; and, begging you to believe me your true friend and constant reader, I sign myself

G. H.

Brooklyn, Jan. 23, 1849.

MESSRS. MERRY AND PARLEY:

The following puzzle was written to amuse some little people under my care, and, as they have lately become subscribers to your Museum and Playmate, it would gratify them much to see it in print.

Yours,  
E. S.

## PUZZLE.

I am a word of five letters only; yet out of these I can express, perhaps, as much as any five letters in the alphabet.

My 1, 3, 2, denotes a hinderance.

My 2, 3, 4, 5, are destructive vermin.

My 5, 4, 3, 2, is a bright luminary.

My 3, 2, 4, 5, serve to ornament, as well as to be useful, in life.

My 1, 3, 4, is used by boys in one of their games.

My 5, 3, 4, is the past of being seated.

My 4, 3, 2, is a substance used in rope-making.

My whole is a term applied to disagreeable little human beings.

R. S.

Brooklyn, Jan. 10, 1849.

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

I send you the answers to the three puzzles in the January number of your Museum, as follows:—

General Tom Thumb, answer to 15 letters.

George N. Briggs, " " 13 "

The Holy Bible, " " 12 "

I also send you a puzzle, which I hope will amuse some of your numerous readers, if you think it worthy of insertion.

From one of your admirers,

LAVINIA.

## PUZZLE.

I am composed of twenty-one letters.

My 14, 6, 7, 11, 9, is a beast of burden.

My 12, 15, 5, 18, 11, is a river in France.

My 21, 12, 11, 11, 17, is a color grateful in spring.

My 19, 14, 8, abounds in high latitudes.

My 15, 11, 14, 3, 6, is a mountain in the north of Europe.

My 3, 19, 9, 13, is a fragrant flower.

My 12, 7, 11, 12, 12, 13, is a favorite with little boys and girls.

My 7, 16, 14, 11, is a choice kind of spice.

My 8, 6, 21, 9, 11, is a large bird of prey.

My 1, 12, 8, 20, is a small bird.

My 7, 16, 7, 7, 6, is a name dear to children.

My 11, 17, 16, 7, 11, 4, is a valuable substance.

My 21, 2, 17, 21, 8, 12, is a useful root.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American divine.

So, our pages are full. We have only a corner left, in which we offer thanks to F. H. R., of Woburn; C. W. S., of Taunton, whom we commend for her neat handwriting; the same to our pretty friend, Georgiana; Thomas E. W., of New York; C. G. M., of Boston; S. R. S., of —; L. L. H., of Woburn; G. H., of Saco; O. B., of Chelsea, &c., &c.

Our friends who love music, will find a song for them in the next number. Spring is coming, so it is time to sing.



Spring.

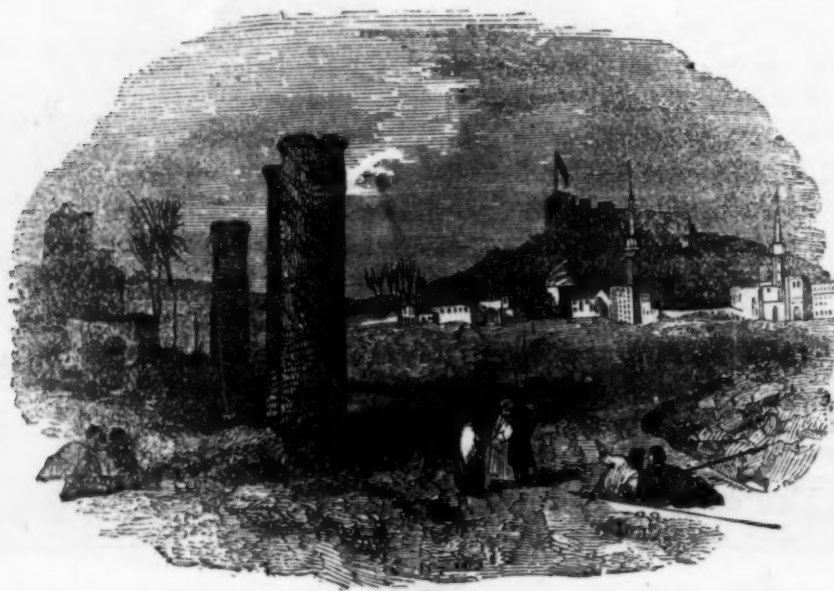
I HAVE often, very often, spoken to the readers of Merry's Museum about that pleasant season of the year called *Spring*. How charming it is, after the long winter, to see the rivers burst their icy fetters, and go leaping and frolicking down the hills! How pleasant it is to see the bluebird, and the robin, and the sparrow, after a long absence, come back again, and sing their songs as if rejoicing to return to their birthplace! How pleasant it is to see the buds swell-

ing out their sides, as if eager to unfold their leaves! How pleasant to see the green grass springing from the sod, and the yellow dandelions and blue violets peeping timidly out, as if still half afraid of getting a nip from Jack Frost!

These things are indeed delightful, and yet perhaps all my little readers were as much charmed, last December, to see the snow-flakes come tumbling down from the skies, as they now are to see the buds, and the birds, and the flowers. What a shout there was at the first cold snap. "Hurrah for the skates! Hurrah for the sleds!" That was the song of welcome

given to old Rough and Ready, as he came puffing and bluffing, blowing and snowing, freezing and sneezing, from the north-east, last December. Old icy-bearded Winter was as much a favorite then, as Spring is now, with her balmy breath, her bird-music, her buds, and her blossoms.

Yes, so it is; this perpetual change of the seasons is a perpetual round of pleasures to the young. What kindness does this display on the part of our Father who is in heaven, for he has not only ordained the seasons, but he has made us with capacities to enjoy them!



### Alexandria.

**T**HE history of the ancient city of Alexandria is very remarkable. It was built by order of Alexander the conqueror, about three hundred and thirty years before Christ. That celebrated man,

when he conquered a country, sought to improve it. When he had made himself master of Egypt, he ordered this city to be built on the shores of the Mediterranean, not far from the mouths of the great

river Nile. His object was to make it a place where various articles of merchandise might be deposited, so as to be bought and sold. Alexander very wisely thought that trade and commerce were great benefits, and so he did all he could to promote them; and the city of Alexandria was built agreeably to these views.

The city flourished, and Alexander was buried here in a gold coffin. For many years Alexandria was as busy a place as New York is now. People of various nations were here—Jews, Greeks, Arabs, Egyptians, Syrians, Armenians, and Hindoos. The city at one time was fifteen miles in circuit, and had six hundred thousand inhabitants.

It continued to flourish till the year 666 A. D. It was then attacked by the Caliph Omar, at the head of an army of Saracens, or Mahometans from Arabia. They captured the place and destroyed many of its most noble institutions. There was a vast library here, containing several hundred thousand volumes. Had these been saved, it is probable that the history of many ancient nations, now lost to the world, had been preserved. But the Saracens took the books to make fires of, in order to heat the baths. No doubt they found them very convenient; but what a savage set they must have been! It seems that there were four thousand baths in the city, and that the books lasted six months for heating them.

From this period Alexandria declined; and now the place where it stood is a mere heap of ruins. Near by is a modern city, of considerable extent, which bears the same name; but it can never rival the Alexandria of former days.

## Sports of the Fireside.

WHO does not love the hour between daylight and candlelight, the best of the twenty-four?—the hour of ruddy dusk round the fire, when the sense of home and its comforts is borne in most strongly upon the mind,—when the business of the day is ended, and the pleasures of the evening begin?

This hour, which is neither day nor night, when people can no longer see to work, and yet are reluctant to ring for light, is a sort of overture to the full concert of family harmony at and after tea. The curtains are not yet drawn, perhaps, and the last streak of day lingers about the windows; or perhaps it is frosty weather, and the shutters are already shut, and the ample curtains drawn close.

The father of the family, tired with the toils of the day, leans back in his easy chair on one side of the fire, and the mother sits opposite to him. The little ones toddle or run down from nursery and school-room; a shuffling of tiny feet is heard outside, and they peep in at the drawing-room door to know if they may come in. In they come, of course; and papa and mamma are assailed with caresses and questions; and then comes a heap of mighty trifles that have befallen the small fry during the day. Elder sons or daughters crouch down on ottomans close before the fire, book in hand, to catch the flickering light from a blazing coal. Mamma conjures them not to try their eyes by reading at firelight. O, they have only a few more words to finish that paragraph, &c. No, no; it cannot be allowed; they must shut up their books, and make them-



selves sociable and agreeable to the cadets of the family. "Yes, certainly!" exclaimed one of these last; "put away your tiresome books, and let us all sit round the fire and play. Shall we, mamma? Do let us, papa!"

Papa and mamma are very willing to consent; and the family circle is quickly formed. They begin with "cross questions and crooked answers:" "I carry a basket;" or "I love my love with an A." But these games are not sufficiently interesting to keep up attention long; and one of the company, in a kind of desperation, forces a laugh. "Ha!" cries he, looking into his neighbor's face; "Ha!" answers she, instantaneously; "Ha!" says the next, as quickly; "Ha! ha! ha!" say they all, one after another, like lightning, till the merriment, instead of artificial, becomes natural, and the forced laugh ends in a general roar.

Encouraged by this successful effort of genius, a little boy starts up from a footstool, and, looking down upon an imaginary drum, seizes a couple of visionary drumsticks, and begins to beat the tattoo upon nothing. Another, darting out his left hand, moves his right swiftly across it, and thus discourses most eloquent no-music upon the violin; another converts his two hands into a trumpet, which he blows with all his might; a young girl plays the Polka upon a phantom piano, while her sister strum-strums the back of a chair for a guitar; and even the papa, fired with the enthusiasm of art, but choosing an easy instrument, for fear of marring the concert, turns round a fictitious hurdy-gurdy *cum strepitu*. And all the while each of the band sings out, while he

plays. "Row-de-dow," goes the drum; "twang, twang," goes the harp; "toot, too, hoo," goes the horn; "tweedle dee, tweedle dee," goes the violin, &c., till mamma stops her ears and the music.

These games are too uproarious to last; and so, as they are sitting quietly down to recover themselves, the youngest child picks up a very light feather from the carpet, and blows it to his neighbor. The latter, in turn, blows it from him; and although some are indignant at the trifling nature of the amusement, not one can refrain from giving the feather a puff as it passes; and at last, when a stronger breath makes it mount into the air, it is wonderful to see the keen eyes and pursed-up lips that await its descent, and the eager competition that at last sets the whole circle puff-puffing at the same time.

"Ye smile;

I see ye, ye profane ones, all the while;"—

but yet that feather, that enticing spirit of imitation, that puff-puffing, and that competition, might be the subjects of a homily too grave for such a time as this!

A reaction, however, takes place. Some of the party (neither the youngest nor the oldest) are ashamed of having been betrayed into such silly enjoyments, and set themselves to recall to memory a newer and better game; one that requires more skill, and affords scope for the exercise of ready talent or an active memory.

"Capping verses" is an old game that seldom fails to please young people who have a good store of poetry in their heads. Then there is, "What is my thought like?"—"How, when, and where did

you find it?"—"Proverbs"—and others of the kind.

The best of these, as requiring most cleverness to play it well, is, decidedly, "What is my thought like?" This is still a general favorite, and some thirty years ago it was a very fashionable game amongst the highest classes. If, dear reader, you have been so intently occupied with the *business* of life that you have had no time to become acquainted with such things, ask the first girl of sixteen you meet how people play at "What is my thought like?" and she will tell you all about it; and, unless you are a very dull individual, (which we are loath to believe,) she will make you competent to distinguish yourself in the game on the first opportunity. In the mean time, you may imagine that in a circle of young, old, or middle-aged persons,—for the number of our years is of no consequence, if we have only sense enough to enjoy—an individual has conceived the important thought on which the amusement is to hinge.

This thought he writes down in secret, and then demands peremptorily of the company, one by one, "What is my thought like?" Who can tell what an unknown thought is like? One replies, at random, that it is like the table; another, that it is like a lamp-post; a third, that it is very like a whale; and so on; and when all have answered, the written document is produced, and the thought declared. It is then the business of each of the guessers, under pain of a forfeit, to prove the resemblance he has ventured to suppose; and it may be imagined that some merriment is produced by the striking contrasts

and wild incongruities of the two objects. On one occasion, when a party in high life were deeply engaged in the game, the mystic thought, when disclosed, proved to be "Lord Castlereagh." How could Lord Castlereagh be like a table, or a lamp-post, or a whale? Plutarch himself, one would think, could not have told, capital as he was at parallels; but when Thomas Moore, who was among the players, was ordered to describe the resemblance between his lordship and the thing he had himself named,—a pump,—the whole company gathered round the poet, eager to witness his discomfiture. Thomas the Rhymer opened his oracular lips without a moment's hesitation, and replied,—

"Because it is an awkward thing of wood,  
That up and down its awkward arm doth  
    sway,  
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout  
    away,  
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood!"

But of all these fireside games, the most charming, fascinating, tantalizing, and difficult to achieve, is the making of *cento verses*. *Bouts rimés* is very easy indeed compared with it, and consequently far inferior to it as an art. In case our readers should not know what cento verses are, we will quote, for their enlightenment, the following passage on the subject from D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature." In the "*Scribleriad*," we find a good account of the cento. "A cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry, it denotes a work wholly compounded of verses or passages taken promiscuously from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so

as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing centos. The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several, and the verses may be either taken entire, or divided into two—one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere; but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeably to these rules, he has made a pleasant nuptial cento from Virgil. The Empress Eudisia wrote the Life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer, and Proba Falconia from Virgil."

After speaking of such very elaborate performances, we are almost ashamed to offer our readers a few cento verses, the product of our own family circle. But as they may give them a moment's amusement, and will serve as an example of the kind of thing, we will set them down here:—

- "On Linden, when the sun was low,"
- "A frog he would a wooing go;"
- "He sighed a sigh and breathed a prayer;"
- "None but the brave deserve the fair."
- "A gentle knight was pricking o'er the plain,"
- "Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow;"
- "Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,"
- "Or who would suffer being here below."
- "The youngest of the sister arts"
- "Was born on the open sea,"
- "The rest were slain in Chevy Chase,"
- "Under the greenwood tree."
- "At morn the blackcock trims his jetty wings,"
- "And says, remembrance saddening o'er each brow,"
- "Awake, my St. John!—leave all meaner things!"
- "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow!"

- "It was a friar of orders gray,"
- "Still harping on my daughter;"
- "Sister spirit, come away,"
- "Across the stormy water."
- "On the light, fantastic toe,"
- "Othello's occupation's gone;"
- "Maid of Athens, ere I go,"
- "Were the last words of Marmion."
- "There was a sound of revelry by night,"
- "In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago,"
- "And comely virgins came with garlands dight,"
- "To censure Fate, and pious hope forego."
- "O, the young Lochinvar has come out of the west,"
- "An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he;"
- "A back dropping in, an expansion of chest,"
- "Far more than I once could foresee."

Now, I dare say it seems a remarkably easy thing to the reader to make a cento verse; we can assure him that it is often a very difficult thing to make a legitimate one; but then it must be confessed that it is extremely interesting and amusing to chase a fitting line through all the poets of one's acquaintance, and catch it at last. Any person who is anxious to try the difficulties of cento verse-making may do so, and greatly oblige us, by finding a fourth line to the following. It has baffled our skill and memory many times.

- "When Music, heavenly maid! was young,"
- "And little to be trusted,"
- "Then first the creature found a tongue."

\* \* \* \* \*

But if it is difficult to make cento verses, it would seem likewise to be difficult to recognize them when made. We remember hearing John Galt express some dissatisfaction with the verdict of

the Edinburgh Reviewers upon his Five Tragedies, and more especially the one entitled "Lady Macbeth." The verdict, some of our readers may remember, went the length of a finding of insanity; and it is no wonder that the author was discontented, since the tragedy in question was, as he assured us, a *cento* from *Shakespeare*!

In making cento verses, when this is done as a game, the guiding association is the rhyme; but proverbs exercise the ingenuity, and even require a certain degree of critical acumen. In the absence of an individual from the room, the party pitch upon some well-known proverb, and each person takes charge of one of the words it contains. When the one whose judgment is to be put to the proof reënters, he is permitted to ask of each of the company a question on any indifferent subject that may occur to him, and in the answers, all must take care to introduce *the word* they have charge of. If these answers are ingeniously framed, and the proverb is of a reasonable length, the hunt for it is difficult and exciting; but very short proverbs are too easily discerned to afford much amusement. Let us suppose, for instance, that the one in question is, "All is not gold that 'glitters.'" In this case the words "all — is — not — that," introduced into respective answers, give no clew; but if the person who undertakes "gold" is not very careful to use it in such a way as to prevent its leaving any impression upon the memory of the questioner, it is easily connected with "glitters," and so "the cat gets out of the bag" at once.

Some fireside games aspire to nothing

higher than "raising a laugh," by means of sheer absurdity. Of these the "Newspaper" is, perhaps, the most amusing in practice, although but for this it would hardly be deserving of the dignity of print. The company, sitting in a semicircle, assume various trades — such as that of a grocer, a cook, a draper, &c., and when the reader of the newspaper, who usually selects an important despatch, pauses and looks steadfastly at one of the party, he or she immediately helps him out with one or two words relating to the particular trade adopted by the individual. The following reading, for instance, may take place:—

"Early in the morning the whole"  
(looking at one, who instantly continues)—

Dinner service

"Was in motion. Detachments from  
the suburbs had put themselves in"—

Vinegar:

"Armed citizens occupied the"—

Frying pans:

"Others had taken possession of the"—

Cotton balls;

"Planted the"—

Marrow bones;

"And surrounded the"—

Scissors,

"All were prepared to"—

Break tumblers.

"All the powder and lead which they  
found in the"—

Sugar hogsheads

"Were taken. The entire Polytech-  
nic School came out to"—

Make gingerbread;

"The students of law and medicine  
imitated the"—

Worked muslin;



"In fact, Paris appeared like a" —

Chopping block ;

"All the shops were" —

Black wax ;

"And royal guards, lancers, Swiss,  
and" —

And teapots,

"Were drawn up on all sides."

"I love my love with an A," has been for many years considered as the exclusive property of children and childish persons. Strange as it may appear, that childish game was once a fashionable pastime with grown-up people ; and people, too, belonging to lordly court circles. Pepys, somewhere in his Diary, relates that he went one day into a room in Whitehall, which he supposed to be occupied by state officers transacting business, where he found, instead, a large party of the highest personages of the court in full dress sitting in a circle, (*on the ground*, if our memory be not treacherous,) playing, with great animation, at "I love my love with an A ;" "which," adds that shrewd, lord-revering prig, "did amaze me mightily."

The two merriest persons in that uproarious party were, it seems, the young Duke of Monmouth, then a mere boy, and his still younger bride, Ann, Duchess of Buccleuch. Little did that light-hearted girl think of the melancholy fate which awaited her ; of the cruel beheading of that beloved bridegroom ; of the long, long years of dreary widowhood. Still less did she foresee that a poet of a later day would select her in her lone retirement in "Newark's stately tower," as the fittest lady to figure, in a romantic poem, as the patroness of genius "neg-

lected and oppressed." But Scott's story might have been true, and the duchess might have listened to such a lay as that of the Last Minstrel, in the dim twilight, beside the great fire of the state-room at Newark ; and a better fireside amusement she could not have had, for music is the very best amusement for that delicious hour between day and night. A simple ballad, well sung, with or without accompaniment, is, after all, better than the best fireside game. — *Chambers's Journal*.

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### A Good Sermon.

It should be brief ; if lengthy, it will steep  
Our hearts in apathy, our eyes in sleep ;  
The dull will yawn, the chapel-lounger doze,  
Attention flag, and memory's portals close.

It should be warm ; a living altar-coal,  
To melt the icy heart, and charm the soul ;  
A lifeless, dull harangue, however read,  
Will never rouse the soul, or raise the dead.

It should be simple, practical, and clear ;  
No fine-spun theory, to please the ear ;  
No curious lay, to tickle lettered pride,  
And leave the poor, or plain, unedified.

It should be tender and affectionate,  
As his warm theme who wept lost Salem's  
fate :

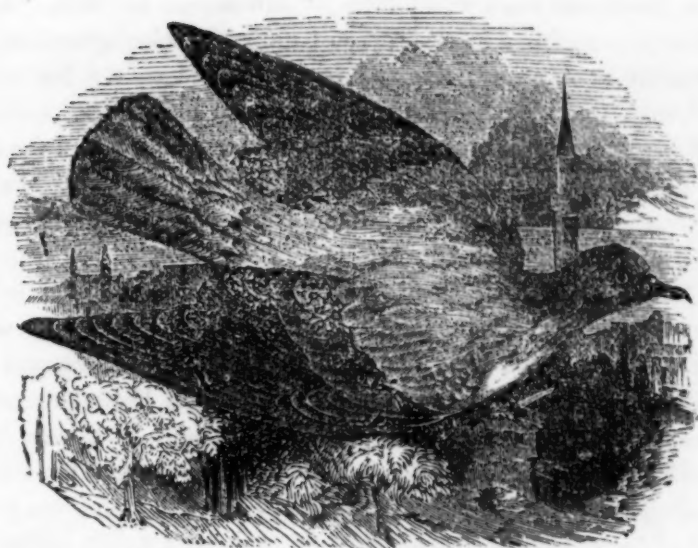
The fiery law, with words of love allayed,  
Will sweetly warm, and awfully persuade.

Marsden.

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WHY is the letter S like one who makes  
the life of an old royalist the subject of  
his narrative ? *It makes a Tory Story.*

Why is it like one who makes artillery  
ammunition for a besieged garrison ? *It  
makes hot shot.*



### The Carrier Dove.

THIS interesting bird was known and employed in very ancient times, throughout the East, for conveying intelligence. Linnæus, the naturalist, gives it the name of *columba tabellaria*, which is derived from a word signifying a letter.

This species of dove, or pigeon, is of a larger size than the greater part of the pigeons, being fifteen inches in length, and sometimes weighing twenty ounces. The symmetry of its form is quite striking. Those which are of a blue or a piebald color are most esteemed by pigeon-fanciers. We know not the country to which the carrier originally belonged.

Pliny, the ancient Roman writer, makes a striking remark upon the intelligence conveyed by pigeons at the siege of Modena. "Of what avail," he says, "were sentinels, circumvallations, or nets obstructing the view, when intelligence could be conveyed by aerial messengers?"

If carrier pigeons are hoodwinked, and in this state conveyed from twenty to a hundred miles, they will find their way back to the place of their nativity. They are regularly trained to this service in Turkey and Persia. They are carried first, while young, short flights of half a mile; afterwards the distance is gradually increased, till at length they will return from the farthest part of the kingdom, and even from foreign lands, across the sea. It was customary, and it is probably the case now, that every bashaw had a basket of these pigeons, bred in the seraglio, which were used in cases of pressing emergency.

It is said that, while an army was besieging Tyre in the time of the crusades, intelligence from a distant quarter was suspected, from a pigeon being frequently observed hovering about the city. The besiegers obtained possession of the bird, and removed the billet containing useful

intelligence to those who were within the city. This billet was replaced by another, containing deceitful intelligence: the bird was liberated, and, through the false information, the besiegers got possession of the city.

Carrier pigeons have often been used, in our day, to convey intelligence between London and Paris. Not long since, a Boston editor adopted a very ingenious contrivance for getting news before any one else. A friend of his, at Liverpool, wrote down the news on a piece of paper, and sent it to Halifax by the steamer for Boston. At Halifax, it was delivered to another friend of the editor, who went on board the steamer, taking a carrier pigeon, from Boston, with him. When within one or two hundred miles of Boston, the pigeon was liberated, having the news tied to his neck. Straight he flew to his home at Boston; the editor got the paper, and thus he printed the news before any one else.

This was very ingenious, certainly, but the lightning telegraph beats even the swift-winged carriers; and hereafter these birds will doubtless be permitted to live in their own fashion.

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### Beauty of Jewish Women.

**I**T is said that Chateaubriand, a celebrated French traveller, on returning from his Eastern travels, was asked if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish nation were so much handsomer than the men; to which question he gave the following reply:—

“Jewesses,” he said, “have escaped the curses which alighted on their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the Son of God, scourging him, crowning him with thorns, and subjecting him to infamy and the agony of the cross.

“The women of Judea believed in the Savior, and assisted and soothed him under affliction. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a case of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair.

“Christ, on his part, extended mercy to the Jewesses; he raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain and Martha’s brother Lazarus; he cured Simon’s mother-in-law and the woman who touched the hem of his garment; to the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water, and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery. The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy woman accompanied him to Calvary, brought him spices, and, weeping, sought him in the sepulchre. ‘Woman,’ said he, ‘why weepest thou?’ His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. He said to her, ‘Mary!’ At the sound of his voice, Mary’s eyes were opened, and she answered, ‘Master!’ The reflection of some beautiful ray must have rested on the brow of the Jewess, at that moment.”

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“Put that right back where you took it from!”—as the girl said when her lover stole a kiss.



### The Wild Boar.

**T**HE wild boar is an inhabitant of the woods. It lives on a variety of vegetables, such as roots, moss, and acorns. Occasionally, it will devour animal food. It is considerably inferior in size to the domestic hog. This evidently arises from the means of its subsistence being more precarious, less abundant, and less nutritious than the means of support brought within the reach of the domesticated species. The color is a dark brindled gray, and sometimes blackish. Between the bristles, next the skin, is a finer or softer hair, of a woolly or curling nature. The snout is somewhat longer than that of the domestic animal. The principal difference lies in the superior length and size of the tusks, which are often several inches long, and capable of inflicting the most severe and fatal wounds.

The hunting of the wild boar is, at

present, one of the amusements of the great in Germany, Poland, and France. It is a chase not only of difficulty, but danger; not merely on account of the swiftness, but the ferocity, of the animal.

The wild boar was formerly a native of Great Britain. Even the Conqueror punished with the loss of their eyes those who killed one of these animals. There is reason to believe that Epping Forest, in England, was, in remote ages the retreat of wild boars, as well as stags and fallow deer.

In the eighteenth psalm, we read of a wild boar from the forest, which wasted the church, exhibited under the figure of a vine. This boar was the Philistines and Syrians, and the Chaldeans and Romans, who, with great cruelty, destroyed the Jews.

A boar brought from England, and carried to Longmeadow, in Massachu-



setts, last fall, got into the field, and liked his freedom so well, that he refused to be caught. The last we heard of him, he was still at liberty, and the hunters were having great sport in the chase.

Hogs are raised by the farmers of the far west, in such quantities that often they don't know who they belong to. Many of them run wild, and seem to think that they belong to nobody but themselves. They are often dangerous to any one who intrudes upon them.

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### The Little Queen.

**T**HERE was once a good king, very much beloved by his subjects, whom he governed as a kind father governs his family. This good king had but one trouble; and that was, the ignorance and obstinacy of his only daughter, Mira.

This girl, when thirteen years old, was ignorant of the most common things; yet she could not be persuaded to read or study; for she was very proud and self-sufficient, and she thought she already knew enough to govern a kingdom. One day, some one told her father that the silly child said, things would go on better when she was at the head of the government.

The king smiled, and immediately sent for the princess. "My daughter," said he, "when I am dead, you will be queen; and I am disposed to try whether you have any talents for governing. You will not study geography, because you say it is stupid; but I suppose you know there is a neighboring island belonging to me,

called the Fortunate Island. It is a small, but thickly-populated place; the inhabitants are a cheerful, industrious race, much attached to their king. From henceforth you shall be queen of the island, and govern your subjects as you please. Tomorrow, a vessel shall be fitted out to convey you to your kingdom."

The princess at first thought her father spoke in jest; but the next day she found preparations were actually making for her departure. The king allowed her to choose her own court; that is, the people whom she wished to have go with her for advisers. Mira choose twelve young people, of about her own age; and she told her father they were so discreet and intelligent, that there was no sort of need of parents or teachers. The king thought otherwise; and he ordered that the instructors of the young people should accompany them. Mira likewise asked for a dancing-master to direct her balls, and a troop of musicians and playactors to amuse her court. On parting with her, the king said, "I shall give you but one piece of counsel; and that is, always to follow the advice of Ariste, who has hitherto been governor of the island. He is a wise and good man, and I have great respect for his opinion. You will do well to make him your prime minister." Mira made him no reply. She had already determined to make Philinte her prime minister. He was a mere boy, and as ignorant as a Guinea pig; but then he danced gracefully, sung sweetly, and always flattered her. He told her that all her father's subjects admired and loved her extremely, that they thought she was the most beautiful and most perfect prin-

cess in the world ; but he knew very well, in his own heart, that she was very much disliked, and that the people mourned because so good a king had such a frivolous and obstinate daughter.

When Mira landed in the Fortunate Isle, she was welcomed by a troop of dancing shepherds and shepherdesses, singing "Long live the queen!" They were all dressed in pure white. The girls were ornamented with roses and pink ribbons. They scattered flowers in the path of the little queen ; and every one presented a bouquet. Mira was delighted with her subjects, and ordered that money should be scattered among them.

Ariste attended her to a pretty little palace, which had been prepared for her reception. Being fatigued with her voyage, she slept early that night ; but the next day, she ordered a comedy, a ball, and a great supper. The morning following the ball, she took a walk in the village, to show herself to her subjects. Ariste asked her to remark what a cheerful, contented expression shone in the faces of the inhabitants. "It is the presence of her majesty fills them with joy," said the silly Philinte. "No doubt they are glad to see the young queen," replied Ariste ; "but I must tell you that their cheerful looks are the natural consequences of industrious habits and honest hearts. The king has governed them by such wise laws, that they are like the happy children of a good father."

The next day, Mira expressed a wish to ride in the country and her carriage was immediately made ready. Seeing a beautiful orchard, where the trees were in full bloom, she wished to ramble

through the fields ; and, hearing a continual buzzing about her head as she went, she asked the reason of the noise. Ariste told her it was the bees singing at their work ; and as he spoke, he pointed out a beehive at a little distance. Mira approached too near, and one of the insects stung her hand.

She screamed out, "O, the horrible creature ! It has almost killed me."

"What villanous things !" exclaimed Philinte : "how dare they sting your majesty's hand ! Every one of them ought to be put to death !"

"You are right," said the little queen. "It must be that these creatures do my subjects a great deal of injury, as well as myself. I will order every bee in the island to be killed."

Ariste remonstrated against such an order. "Bees very seldom sting," said he, "unless they are provoked ; and they are of immense value to your subjects ; indeed, half of them obtain their living by bees."

Philinte burst into a broad laugh, in which he was joined by the little ignorant queen. "That story is too funny," said she, "that people get a living by means of these great ugly flies. Pray what good do they do ?"

"They make wax and honey," replied Ariste : "the inhabitants of the island eat the honey, and make candles of the wax ; besides, they sell a great deal of both those articles."

This made Mira and her prime minister laugh the louder ; for they were as ignorant of natural history as a couple of blind kittens.

"Very well," said she, "I shall order

all the bees to be killed. Let people make their own honey and wax."

Ariste shook his head, and sighed, as he said, "It must be as your majesty pleases."

Philinte applauded her firmness, saying, the world had never seen so wise a princess.

The evening after her ride, Mira again gave a splendid ball, which lasted until two o'clock in the morning. Her maids of honor, who were but ten years old, had been accustomed to eat light suppers, and go to bed early; no wonder, therefore, that dancing so late, and eating so many sweet things, should make them very ill. In the morning, a physician was sent for; but they would not take the medicines he ordered, nor would they in any respect follow the wishes of their instructors.

"The queen told us to do just as we pleased," said they, "and not to obey any body but her."

The consequence was, that they could neither sleep nor eat, but lay tossing and turning upon their bed, in all the restlessness of a burning fever. The physicians told the queen that her maids of honor would soon die, if they behaved in this obstinate manner; and she was at length obliged to command them to follow the wishes of their friends. They obeyed her, and in a few days recovered their health.

One day, when the queen was walking in the garden of the palace, she observed that the caterpillars had stripped several of the finest trees of their foliage.

"Here are some more villanous insects," said she to Philinte; "see what mischief they are doing."

"If it please your majesty," replied the young prime minister, "I think you had better offer a reward to whoever destroys them."

"Give orders," said Mira, "that every caterpillar, and every thing that looks like a caterpillar, on the island, shall be put to death. Those who kill the most of them shall have the highest reward." Then turning to Ariste, she said, "You will not, of course, object to having the caterpillars destroyed; you cannot deny that *they* injure my subjects."

"I have nothing to say in favor of the caterpillars, which have destroyed so many of your majesty's finest trees and shrubs," replied the old man; "they do evil, and do not, like the bees, do a great deal of good to man. But your majesty should not give orders for the destruction of every thing that bears the name and form of a caterpillar. If such general orders are followed, the silk-worms will all be destroyed."

Philinte whispered to the queen, "Of what consequence is a name? It is plain enough that Ariste loves to contradict your majesty in every thing; he thinks he shows his own wisdom by it."

"If silk-worms are caterpillars," said Mira, aloud, "they shall all be killed. I don't see why they should be spared, because they have a little prettier name."

"But," said Ariste, "your majesty cannot surely be so ignorant that these worms furnish all the silk manufactured in the world."

This made the queen and her prime minister burst into a hearty laugh. "That is too funny," exclaimed the silly child, "to tell me my beautiful velvet robe was

spun by an ugly worm! Ha! ha! ha! And I suppose the spiders made my diamonds, didn't they, Ariste?"

"And her pearls are miller's eyes, are they not?" asked Philinte. And then the silly creatures laughed heartily again.

The good Ariste pitied their ignorance; but when he found the queen was determined to have all the silk-worms killed, he said no more on the subject.

One day, as Mira sat in her arbor, she complained because every thing in the garden was so green. "The trees, and the bushes, and the turf-walks, are all such a bright, vulgar green!" said she. "I am tired of seeing nothing but green. I do love variety dearly. I wish I could have a bower entirely rose-colored."

Philinte always tried to flatter the queen by agreeing with all her opinions, and gratifying all her whims. The next day, he ordered all the green foliage to be torn away from the arbor, and that the trunks of the trees, and all the wood-work, should be painted bright pink. When this was done, he hung the inside with artificial roses, suspended on pink ribbons.

Mira was delighted with her new bower, and immediately ordered that dinner should be served there. But the climate of Fortunate Island was very warm, and the sun shone so fiercely upon the arbor, that before the company had been fifteen minutes at table, they began to complain of the headache and a pain in the eyes. They ate nothing, and were so dazzled that they could hardly distinguish one thing from another. They were obliged to leave their dinner unfinished, and seek shelter in a cool, shady grove. Mira was convinced that

green leaves were a thousand times more refreshing to the eye than red roses; and that our heavenly Father was very kind to us, when he clothed the scorching summer in her beautiful robe of deep green.

The thoughtless little queen was so happy amid the flatteries of her court, that she did not trouble herself much about what was going on among her subjects. Her only care was to amuse herself; her only happiness in devising some new pleasure. In this manner several months passed away. At last she could not but observe that when she appeared in public, her subjects did not welcome her as they used to do. "What is the reason they do not cry, 'Long live the queen!'" said she to her prime minister. "Do not my subjects love me as well as they did?"

"If they do not love such an excellent queen," replied Philinte, "I am sure they do not deserve that you should take the trouble to govern them." Notwithstanding this flattering speech, Mira was more thoughtful than usual. Philinte, seeing her so serious, tried to draw her attention from the subject by talking of theatres and balls.

"As your majesty is tired of common balls," said he, "suppose we have a ball in masquerade, at which the lords and ladies of your court shall appear as shepherds and shepherdesses."

Mira was charmed at the idea. "But," said she, "they must not be dressed like real shepherds, in linen or cotton; they must all be clothed in white satin."

Orders for this ball were immediately given. An unforeseen difficulty arose.



The invited guests waited upon the queen, to inform her that no white satin could be procured in the island.

"And why not?" exclaimed her majesty. "The shops were full of it, when I came."

"True, madam," replied one of the ladies; "but since your majesty ordered all the caterpillars to be destroyed, the island has furnished no silk for the manufacture of satin. The shops are shut up, the silk-growers, the manufacturers, and the merchants, have all left the island."

"And what have caterpillars to do with white satin?" asked Mira.

"There is a species of caterpillar, called the silk-worm," replied her attendant, "which produces the material for making satin."

The queen, with great sadness, then ordered the guests should come in such dresses as they could procure. But a new trouble awaited her. When she entered her apartments in the evening, she found them lighted with tallow candles. "Who has been so vulgar as to place these in my room?" said Mira. "Let them be taken away instantly, and wax tapers brought."

"There are no wax tapers in the island," replied the servants. "That is impossible!" exclaimed her majesty. "Tell Ariste I wish him to come to me." The old governor soon made his appearance. "How comes it there are no wax tapers to be procured?" inquired her majesty. "Did you not tell me they made them in great abundance on the island?"

"Yes, I did give your majesty such information," answered Ariste; "and it is

true they did formerly manufacture great quantities of wax tapers here."

"Why don't they make them now?" said Mira.

"Because your majesty saw fit to have all the bees destroyed."

"And pray what have the bees to do with wax candles?" said the queen, impatiently.

"If you will please to recollect," replied the governor, "I told you these valuable insects made wax, as well as honey. When there is no wax, tapers can no longer be made; therefore the men employed in this business have left the island. If your majesty will ride through the country, as you did when you first arrived, you will find every thing sadly changed."

Philinte tried to turn all this off with a laugh; but Mira very seriously told him to be silent, and requested Ariste to ride with her the next day, that she might see whether things were really so much changed for the worse.

As she passed along in the carriage, she could not but allow that he had spoken the truth. "I see no more smiles, and hear no more songs," said she; "and nobody shouts, 'Long live the queen!' What a number of little beggars infest the road! Where do they all come from?"

"Your father established a large asylum in the island," replied Ariste, "where orphans, and the children of the very poor, were fed, clothed, and instructed, so long as they were obedient, and did such work as they were able to do. Your majesty ordered that all children should be free to do as they pleased at twelve

years old ; and a great many have chosen to leave the asylum, and even to leave their hard-working parents, for the sake of roaming about the country in idleness. Formerly there was not a beggar in the Fortunate Island." The queen was silent for some time, and appeared to be very thoughtful. As they returned to the principal village, she said, "What has become of all the crowd of people? Surely so many of them could not have been candle-makers and silk-weavers!"

"You must remember," replied the old man, "that no one class of society can be injured without injuring other classes. Killing the worms injured the silk-growers; then the weavers were obliged to stop for want of material from the silk-growers; the merchants were obliged to close their stores, because they received no goods from the weavers; and then they all left the island, taking their families with them. When they were gone, the tailors and shoemakers did not have so many coats and shoes to make; and many of them have been obliged to leave your kingdom to seek employment elsewhere. The farmers, who supplied all these people with grain, vegetables, milk, and butter, are complaining bitterly; and they, too, threaten to leave the island."

Mira burst into tears. "O, what a fool I have been!" she exclaimed. "Why did I not follow my father's advice, and obtain the information which he told me was so necessary? O, why was I silly enough to believe myself fit to govern! How severely I am punished for my ignorance and presumption! To-morrow, good Ariste, I will return to my father."

The next day, preparations were made

for her departure; and she soon after arrived in safety. As soon as she saw her father, she threw herself at his feet, and covered her face with her hands. "What! my daughter returned so soon!" exclaimed the king. "Are you already tired of being queen?"

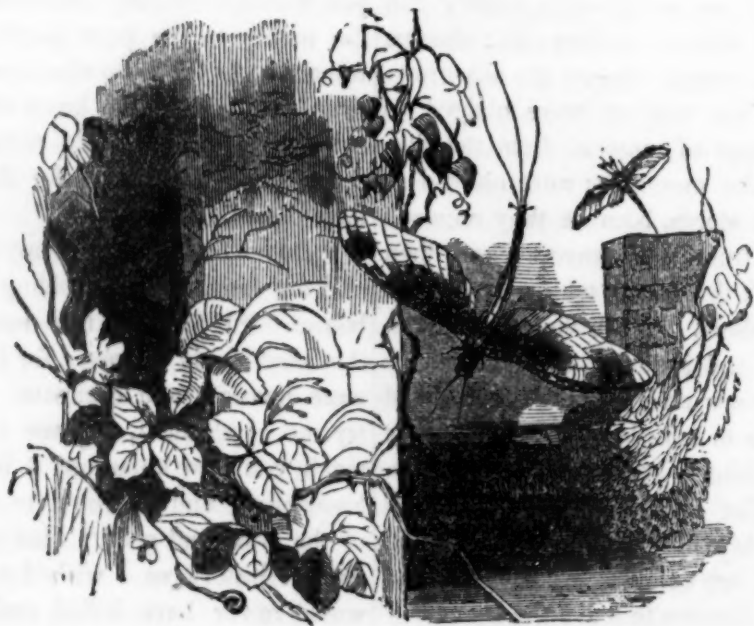
"O my father!" replied Mira, bursting into tears, "there never was a queen deserved to be pitied so much as I do; for I have made all my subjects wretched. The island cannot be called Fortunate now; it is almost deserted. I beg of you, father, to sell my diamonds, and send the money to the poor people who still remain. As for those who have removed from the island, if I knew where they could be found, I would never rest till they were recompensed for the wrong I have done them."

"Do not be discouraged, my daughter," said the king, tenderly folding her to his bosom. "I foresaw that something of this kind would happen; for I knew you were ignorant and obstinate. I let you try the experiment, because I wished to teach you how important it is to obtain knowledge, and to listen to the advice of the wise and good. Had you studied natural history, as I wished you to, you would never have killed such valuable creatures as bees and silk-worms; and how much pain and humiliation you might have spared yourself by listening to the wise advice of Ariste! But do not be distressed. I am glad you have learned this lesson; for I am sure you have suffered too much ever to forget it, as long as you live. Nobody shall suffer by your folly. Ariste has informed me, from time to time, how things were going on. The

workmen and other inhabitants, who have left the island, are all in my employ ; and next week they shall return with plenty of bees and silk-worms. Your diamonds shall be sold, and the money sent to those who have suffered by your caprices. Now, my daughter, cheer up, and be happy. I am sure you have a good heart ; and you have done wrong from ignorance, not from wickedness."

Mira kissed her father affectionately, and told him he should not long have to complain of her ignorance.

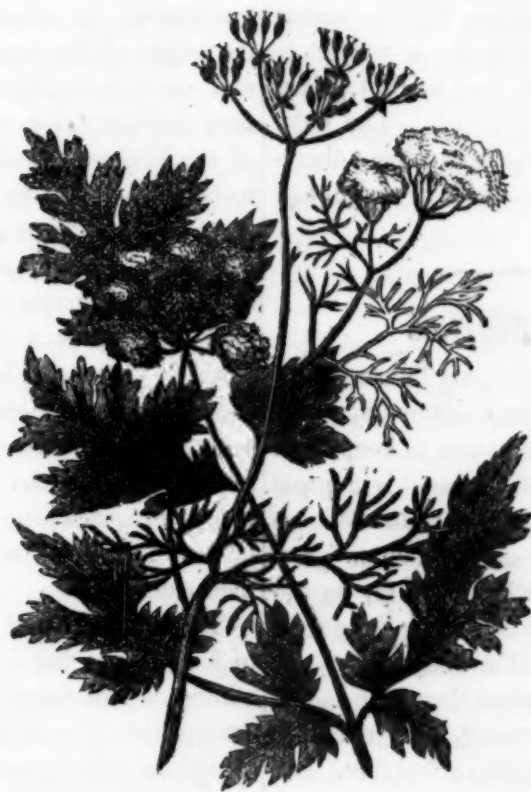
From that time she tried hard to obtain information, and to govern the natural obstinacy of her temper. The wisest thing she did was to avoid all those that flattered her. Philinte was never admitted to her presence. — *Juvenile Miscellany.*



### The Ephemera.

**T**HIS is a species of fly, which lives but a day, and, indeed, often but half an hour. The *larvæ* or *grub*, lives in the water three years ; but in due time it rises to the surface of the water, and becomes a winged chrysalis. It flies to the nearest resting-place, and in a mo-

ment it undergoes a second change, and becomes a perfect ephemera. In this state it continues but a few hours. It flutters and dances, during its short existence, in the sunbeams, and after enjoying a few minutes of gayety and pleasure, its life is brought to a close.



The Coriander.

**T**HERE are two species of this plant, both of which are herbaceous annuals. The seeds are useful for the kitchen and the leaves for medicine. "Even the qualities of plants should teach us medicine. As God has given to plants properties by which they are useful to man, so he has given us talents, which, if properly employed, may be useful for the loftiest and most important purposes, namely, the benefit of our fellow-creatures, our own interest, and the glory of God."

Both species of the coriander have divided leaves, somewhat resembling parsley. But there is only one species generally cultivated: this is propagated by

seed. When an excellent, abundant crop is wanted, it ought to be sown in the month of April, either in drills a foot asunder, or by broadcast and then raked in. In the cultivation of coriander, it is proper to observe that, when the plants are an inch or two high, they should be hoed to six or eight inches' distance.

When the seeds are fresh, they have a strong and disagreeable smell. When they become dry, the smell improves and becomes grateful. They are recommended as carminative and stomachic. Sometimes the leaves are used for culinary purposes, as in soup, and also as an ingredient in salads.



It is said, in Scripture, that the manna resembled coriander seed, in respect to form and size. The two seeds together are about the size of a pea. The color is grayish; the manna was white; therefore the resemblance was in shape, and not in color.

### Polar Regions.

**H**ow should you like, my little readers, to live among the Esquimaux, where they build snow houses to keep them warm, and think train-oil is a great deal better to eat than sweetmeats? It is too cold for trees of any size to grow there; and every where, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but ice and snow. For months, no sun rises to cheer and warm them; and even in the midst of summer, they come to frozen ground by digging a few feet. But God has left no portion of the world without its comforts and its beauties. Their long dreary winter night is cheered by brilliant auroras, which appear in every variety of beauty. Sometimes they scatter showers of rays in every direction; sometimes they spread out rapidly into long bands of light; sometimes they waver and curl, like a ribbon shaken by the hand; and sometimes when the winds are high, they flit about wildly in every quarter of the heavens, giving rise to the Indian superstition that they are "the spirits of their fathers roaming through the world of souls." Many other splendid meteors are caused by the refraction of the polar ice. Four, five, and sometimes six mock suns accompany the real sun; the sun and the moon are often seen

surrounded by splendid rainbows; and the edges of the horizon, at the morning and evening twilight, have a rich and fiery brilliancy, far superior to any thing of the kind seen in other latitudes. The icebergs, frightful as they are to sailors, must form a sublime picture. Sometimes they are so large, and shoot up into such a variety of turrets and spires, that they look like a frozen city, drifting on the world of waters. These immense masses sometimes appear black in the distance; sometimes they are covered with snow; and sometimes they are of a beautiful pale green, dazzling and clear as crystals, with sheets of water tumbling down their sides.

These things must be very magnificent to look upon; but I should be very unwilling to live there, or even to venture among them in a ship. Many of the bold navigators who have braved the dangers of the Polar Seas have perished; and others have returned with the most dismal account of the hardships they have endured. One of them says, "No sounds are to be heard but the dashing of the waves, the crashing collision of floating ice, the discordant notes of myriads of sea-fowl, the yelping of Arctic foxes, the snorting of the walruses, or the roaring of the Polar bears."

How do you think the little Esquimaux boys are able to live in such a cold, dismal country? And how do you suppose they can amuse themselves? Let us imagine a little boy; and see what we can employ him about. I will call his name Lliglogluck; for these people have names that sound as hard as the creaking ice. He lives in a little round hut, made

of bars of snow packed together, as you have seen in pictures. A cake of ice is put into the top of the hut, and this serves them instead of glass windows. The cold is so very intense, that for many months these buildings do not begin to melt. You think, I suppose, that the fire would melt them; but you must remember they do not keep fires in the polar regions. No wood of any size grows there; and all the heat they have is furnished by a lamp suspended from the top of the hut. They obtain oil by catching the whale and the walrus; and they make their wicks of a species of long, dry moss. They build long, covered entrances to their huts, in order to keep out the cold as much as possible; and when they wish to enter, they are obliged to lie down on the snow and crawl in. The little village, as you may suppose, looks like a cluster of hillocks; but the snow-storms will fill up the open spaces by degrees, and then it will present a smooth surface; so that the boys and the dogs can scamper over the roofs of the houses. Lliglogluck is a sad rogue; it is not possible to keep him out of mischief. As the summer advances, and the houses begin to thaw, it is his delight to run over the roofs; and the first thing the inmates know, they see Lliglogluck's feet come tumbling in through the ceiling. This is very wrong; for it is difficult to repair such holes in their houses, and the melting snow comes dripping in at such a rate, that the whole family are liable to take severe colds. His father whipped him for this naughty trick several times; but the rogue did not seem to mind it much; he said a good whipping made

him nicely warm, and he wished he could whip himself. One day, when he thought his father had gone out to hunt the white bears, he began to play his old trick of running over the houses, and stamping upon them. It so happened, that, without meaning it, he plunged through the roof of his own hut; and his father, who sat under the lamp, mending his seal-lines, saw his two feet dangling down before him. "Very well, my boy," said he, "if you like this fun, you shall have enough of it. You say a whipping gives you a comfortable warming; you shall now take a comfortable cooling." So he tied Lliglogluck's feet very tight, and made him remain in this uncomfortable position for several hours.

You would have frozen to death, if you had staid there, with your hands on the snow, icicles hanging all over your face, and your feet tied so that you could not move. But Lliglogluck was used to extreme cold; besides, he wore a bear-skin shirt with the fur inside, and a great seal-skin hood, lined with eider-down; nevertheless, he felt very cold and dismal, while obliged to hang in the snow so very still; and he did wish his father would untie his feet.

When it was time for the family to lie down and sleep, the mischievous boy was released, after he had promised that he would not stamp on the snow houses any more; for his mother was afraid the great white bears would come and eat him while they slept; and she begged very hard to have him untied. Lliglogluck said he was not afraid of a white bear any day, or in any place. It is true he had had a great many fights with them; and once

he came very near being caught. He had been sitting all day with a wall of snow at his back, watching for the seals to pop their heads up from under the ice; and having killed two seals with his own hand, he was returning home very merry, thinking to himself that the world did not contain another boy quite so wonderful. The sun was fast wheeling round to the west; I do not say it was *setting* — for the polar night was then so near, that the sun never *rose* in the sky, as it does in our climate: about two thirds of his glorious face came above the horizon, and there it rested, slowly wheeling round from east to west, Lliglogluck stopped to look at the rich clouds that skirted the horizon; to his imagination they seemed like a troop of dogs, shining in burnished gold. "I wonder whether I shall have such dogs to drive in heaven," thought he. Suddenly he heard a tramping sound behind him; and he turned and saw a monstrous great white bear very near him. Now, what would you have done, in such a case? I dare say you would have screamed, and tumbled over the ice. But Lliglogluck was very well acquainted with white bears; and he did no such thing. In the first place, he threw him the carcass of a wolf, which he had that day shot with his bow and arrow. The bear stopped to eat the wolf, and the boy ran as fast as his feet would carry him. By and by, he heard the tramping again; and when his enemy came near, he pulled off his fur mitten, and threw it at him: the brute thought it was something else to eat, and he stopped and smelt of it, and turned it wrong side out: in the mean time, Lliglogluck was running home

with all speed. Just as the village was in sight, the bear came up close behind him again: he threw his other mitten; and, while the silly creature stopped to smell of it, and turn it, he reached the village, shouting, "A bear! a bear!" On hearing this, all the men of the village rushed out with their spears, and chased the bear. Several of them wounded him; but Lliglogluck shot an arrow directly into his eye. The huge beast was dragged home by six dogs harnessed together. His skin made a beautiful warm cloak; and all the people had a feast upon his flesh.

The next week, our young hunter found in his net an arctic fox and an ermine — both beautiful little creatures, as white as the drifted snow. The ermine was very much frightened, and it died in a few days; but the white fox lived and grew tame. Lliglogluck became so fond of him that they ate together, and slept on the same bear-skin.

Besides this favorite animal, our little savage had three great dogs, which he was allowed to call his own; and in those countries, dogs answer the purposes of horses and oxen. Lliglogluck rode miles and miles on the backs of his dogs; and when a whale, a walrus, or a bear, was killed, he yoked them with the others to bring it home. These creatures are very strong, faithful, and sagacious. They will drag extremely heavy loads; in utter darkness, they will guide their masters safely over broken and floating ice; and their strength and fury are very serviceable against the polar bear.

So you see no nation is left without blessings. The Arab has his camel, the

Laplander his reindeer, and the Esquimaux his dog.

I have told you that Lliglogluck was a bold boy, rather apt to be getting into mischief. The most foolish enterprise he ever undertook, was to throw his spear among a whole herd of sea-cows that were reposing very quietly on the ice. The sea-cow is a very large and very ugly animal, called by several different names — such as the walrus, the morse, the sea-horse, &c. They would not have meddled with our young hero, if he had let them alone; but as soon as he attacked them, they began to snort and bellow at a prodigious rate. Lliglogluck would certainly have been killed by them, had not some English sailors come to his rescue. English sailors! you will exclaim. Yes, they certainly were English sailors. England has sent a great many ships to the arctic regions, in hopes of reaching the north pole; and to their brave navigators we owe almost all the knowledge we have of these strange people.

Lliglogluck was a great deal more frightened at the vessel, and the white men, than he was at the sea-cows. He ran away, and screamed with all his might; and when he got home, he told his father that there was a monstrous great bird among the ice, big enough to eat up all the whales; and that there were men on the bird dressed in such skins as he never saw before.

Upon this information, the Esquimaux armed themselves, and went to meet the strangers. At first they were afraid; but after a few minutes they pulled their noses at them. They show kindness by pulling noses, in the same way we do

by shaking hands. The English had a Greenland interpreter with them, who told them what the natives meant by this motion; and then the captain and sailors pulled their noses too. After a while, they got acquainted, and gladly exchanged their eider down and furs for hatchets, nails, and beads. Never was a boy so happy as Lliglogluck, when he received a little hatchet, and six nails, in exchange for some ermine and fox-skins. In his eyes, they were more precious than pearls and diamonds; and in ten minutes, he had thought of a hundred things he would make with them.

He soon became familiar with the English, and asked a thousand questions through the interpreter. When he first got over his terror of the strangers, he pulled his nose to the ship, and called out, "Hallo! where did you come from, great bird?" They told him the vessel was not an animal, and could not speak. Then he asked what it was made of. They told him it was built of timber. Then he wanted to know what timber was made of; and when they told him it was made of trees, he held up his hands, and shouted very loud; for he had never seen any thing but little stunted bushes in his life, and he could not believe there were such big trees in the world. He seized hold of the captain's coat, and asked what animal had such a fur as that; and whether the sleeves were the creatures' legs. He thought a woollen stocking was stripped from the back of some animal; and he was very curious to know where was the place for its eyes.

He made a great noise, when one of the sailors showed him the picture of a



white bear; and he instantly stripped up his sleeve to show where one of the fierce brutes had scratched him. He was frightened almost to death at the sight of a portrait; and though they explained to him what it was, he could never be persuaded to touch it. A looking-glass terrified him very much at first; but afterwards he was mightily pleased. He began to talk to himself in the glass, and was very angry, because his image did not answer him: he doubled up his fist, and said very furiously, "You are too proud to speak to me, are you? If you don't speak to me quick, I'll knock you down." Then the captain showed him the back of the glass, and caused to be explained to him how it reflected every body's image; whereat he was greatly astonished, thinking the English "could make men live and die at their pleasure."

Lliglogluck soon became so intimate with the strangers, that he was at his old mischievous tricks again. One day, he came behind a sailor, and struck him a violent blow on one ear, while he bellowed as loud as he could in the other; and when he saw the sailor jump, he lay down on the snow, and laughed and rolled, and rolled and laughed, till his sides ached. This was not very good manners; but you must remember he was a little savage, and had never been taught any better. For the same reason he thought he should have dogs to drive in heaven; and pulled his nose to the ship, as if it had been a man. But Lliglogluck was a bright boy for all that. Do you think you could have outwitted the bear, as he did?

In a few weeks, the English ship sailed

away; for the pale orb of the moon was seen all the time wheeling from the east to the west of the horizon, and the sailors knew that the sun had hid himself, and the long polar night was coming on.

Lliglogluck was very sorry to have them go. He sold them all he had, except his white fox. He lived to be a man, and was a most mighty hunter of seals, whales, walruses, &c. He was finally killed in a terrible encounter with a hungry bear. Let us be thankful that we live in a country where there are no ferocious animals to make us afraid. —

*Juvenile Miscellany.*

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### An Honest Beggar.

A GENTLEMAN of Albany, while reading a paper in a bar-room, one day last month, was accosted by a little half-naked girl, who asked him for a penny. He handed her half a dollar, by mistake. The girl went out, was absent a few minutes, and then returned with forty-nine cents, which she handed the astonished donor, saying, "Here is the change, sir." He immediately took measures to have the little innocent clothed and provided for. — *Newspaper*, 1849.

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"PA, has the world got a tail?" asked an urchin of his father.

"No, child," replied the father, impatiently; "how could it have one, when it is round?"

"Well," persisted the heir, "why do the papers say, 'So wags the world,' if it hain't got a tail to wag with?"

## Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 92.]

*Letter from Mrs. Bump to her Son William.*

*Sundown, July, 18—.*

I HAVE received several letters from you since I have had an opportunity of writing. I am very glad to notice the improvement you are making. This gives me the more pleasure, from the belief that your progress is owing as much to your industry and faithfulness in study, as to your natural gifts and capacity. It is desirable, certainly, to have talents or genius; but it is still more desirable to have industry and the habit of application. The reason is, that many persons who have genius fail of success in life, while those who have industry and application are almost always successful. This truth is set forth by an ancient fable, which I will tell you.

Once upon a time, a Hare, who was on a journey, overtook a Tortoise. They entered into conversation, and it turned out that both were going to the same place — Dismal Swamp — a number of miles distant.

At length the hare said, —

"Really, Mr. Tortoise, excuse me for laughing; but positively it seems to me ridiculous, for a squat, short-legged, lumpy, dumpy, rumpy little gentleman like you, to undertake such a long journey."

"And why so?" said the turtle.

"Because you never will get there," said the long-legged hare.

"'Never' is a long day," said Totty quietly.

"That may be," said the other, all the

time jumping, frisking, and throwing himself about as if impatient to be doing something. "But I should die, if I had to waddle and waddle and waddle like you. Why, I can go farther at one jump, than you can in a hundred steps."

"Nevertheless," said the turtle, "I will get to Dismal Swamp first."

"I'll bet you ten thousand heads of clover of it," said the hare.

"I do not like betting," was the reply.

"You dare not!"

"Yes, I dare; and to humor you, I will take your wager.

"Done!" said the hare; and after some further talk, the two parted. The hare bounded forward, throwing up his short white tail at the tortoise, as much as to say, "Do you see that? Why, I shall beat you all hollow. My legs are ten times as long as yours, Mr. Waddle. I am a genius, and can do any thing; you are a drudge, and can do nothing." With these ideas the hare seemed to sweep forward like a strip of light.

The tortoise toiled on, beguiling the time by various reflections. "That creature," said he to himself, "seems to have great advantages; but will the gift of long legs cover the frailty of a giddy brain? After all, I shall win the wager. He knows his powers; he knows he can go to Dismal Swamp in a few hours, while it will cost me three days and nights of hard travel. His confidence will ruin him; while my sense of neces-

sity will insure my success. He will be drawn away by tempting heads of clover, and lovely little valleys by the way-side. He will stop to nibble and gambol, and now and then he will doze. Perhaps, too, as he passes through the woods, he will find companions, in whose company he will forget his wager. For myself, conscious that I have short legs, and that industry is my only strength, my only hope, I shall never forget my wager. It will be in my mind day and night, at sunrise and at sunset. Fortunately, as short-legged people have good constitutions, I need not stop long, either for food or rest."

With these ideas, the tortoise crept steadily along, and, slow as his progress might seem, it was really wonderful to see what a distance he had got by sunset. He did not stop, but went ahead. About midnight, as he was passing through a little valley, he heard a rustling sound. Peeping through an opening in the bushes, he saw about a dozen hares, having a row in the moonlight. Among them, he recognized his betting acquaintance, who was freaking, frisking, and frolicking, like the rest. The tortoise put his finger to the side of his nose, significantly, and, saying not a word, went forward.

At the end of three days, the tortoise was at the swamp, and, crawling under a stone, went to sleep with one eye, keeping a lookout with the other for the hare. At last, the latter came, all out of breath. "Whew!" said he; "what a heat I am in! I was really frightened lest that waddling tortoise should have got here first. Fool that he was to bet with me!" At this moment, the tortoise, who was

just behind, called out, "O. ho, Mr. Hare! you have come at last. Really, I was afraid something had happened to you!"

"Clover and cabbage!" said Bunn, in utter amazement. "What, you here?"

"Certainly," said Tot; "and I've been here these six hours. I have won the bet. But don't mind—I never eat clover, and so shall not claim the wager. But promise me one thing, Mr. Hare."

"What is it?"

"Never presume upon your long legs, and never laugh at people with short ones. Take a hint from past experience. Those who perform the greatest tasks, and do the greatest good in life, are not the gifted sons of genius, but the humble children of industry and toil. The Deity, who knows every thing, and judges the actions of his creatures, laughs rather at the silly and presumptuous hare, than at the patient and plodding tortoise. He sees the end from the beginning, and judges accordingly."

Such is the fable, and I leave you to make due application of it. I have read your poetry with satisfaction, for, although it would be poor stuff for a man, it is very clever for a schoolboy. It is good to exercise yourself in making verses, even though you never can be a true poet; for it gives you command of language, enlarges your stock of ideas, and serves to refine and give elegance to the mind.

I have read your account of your unfortunate difficulty at school. I will not say that your fault was light. It was wrong to strike the youth as you did, and it shows a dangerous spirit of revenge to

harbor anger so long. For eighteen months, you carried that evil thought in your bosom; and one evil thought never lives alone. It will beget others. So it was with you. You gave way to your revenge. This brought upon you the danger of punishment. To avoid this you told a lie. The lie was the natural fruit of your revenge. Thus one evil ever brings another.

But how happy am I that, in this hour of trial, the kindness and wisdom of friends, through the blessing of God, saved my son! It was a moment of great dan-

ger, my dear William, to your whole life and being. Had you been permitted to go on covering up your guilt, probably you had grown up faithless, hypocritical, and contemptible. I can never be too thankful for your escape.

I have no news to tell you. Bottle-nose was here last evening, and told us some curious Indian tales and fables. I shall try to send you an account of them hereafter. Your father is well. Adieu, and may God bless you.

From your affectionate mother,

ABIGAIL BUMP.

### Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

"It's the first day of April, Mr. Merry."

Yes, boys—I know it—for here is one of your tricks. On opening one of my letters, I found the following

#### "CONUNDRUM.

"Why is a pump with a handle like a pump without a handle?

"Do you give it up? Then ask

"APRIL FOOL."

Well, that's a tolerable joke, but I've seen better. I let this pass; but be so kind as to remember this, my young friends—if you ever April fool me again, let it be neatly done. A middling joke is a poor thing.

Now to the other letters.

*Old Church, Hanover County, Vir., }  
February 9, 1849. }*

MY DEAR MR. MERRY:

In your Museum for October, 1848, page 127, is a charade composed of twenty-one letters. As we have never seen the solution to it in any subsequent number, and moreover

believe we have found it ourselves, we thought we would let you know it, as you seem to take a deep interest in all matters concerning young folks. We think that a peep into our family circle, on the evening in which we made so important a discovery, (as we think,) may afford you some pleasure.

Well, at the close of a winter's day, when all things had passed off pleasantly in the school, and a long game of jumping the rope had made us willing to sit still when we could no longer remain out of doors, we took up a former number of the Museum, (for we love it so well, that we often read it more than once;) we fixed on the before-mentioned charade, and after thinking over it a long time, we applied to our minister (who was spending the night with us) for aid; but with all his zeal to help his young friends, and all his learning, both of which he possesses a large stock of, he could throw no light on the subject. Our teacher (dear, kind Miss M.) next came to our help; but, though she consumed so much time on us, that our usual nightly reading of Homer's Iliad was omitted, (which is never done, but on great occasions,) all was of no avail.



Our mother laid down her knitting; and when we tell you that, you are to understand that all the cares and anxieties of the domestic economy were merged in the one great desire to find out the secret — for so constantly does our dear mother pursue that now neglected occupation, that, without it, "Richard is not himself." Late in the evening, our brother, who is a physician, came to our rescue; but alas! he could only sympathize with the unfortunate, for notwithstanding all this array of forces, "the City of Umbrage" remained impregnable; and we retired from the conflict, baffled and dispirited, to the supper table. Finding our spirits somewhat revived after supper, those of us who possessed the most true courage, and devotion to Comus, determined to remain below stairs, and renew the assault, while the others ascended to the parlor, to solace themselves with such employments as each preferred.

What will not perseverance, and a determination to conquer, effect! Presently the "Conflagration of Moscow" burst on our astonished vision. With scarcely less sensation (though of a different character) than on its first explosion, we rushed up to the parlor with the flush of victory on our cheeks, and found that the news had preceded us, as if by magnetic despatch! As we opened the door, the minister laid down his book, the doctor his "Treatise on the Cholera," and our father and oldest sister (who, by the way, profess to hold somewhat in contempt all efforts in the charade line, being not much gifted with that sort of discernment) looked up from their game of chess, and one united exclamation of "Have you got it?" burst from the circle. And sure enough, we had "got it." We readily produced our proofs of victory; and by reference to our slate, or, which we had it all written down, corresponding to the requirements of the charade, claimed and obtained the victor's crown. It is true we had our self-complacency a little damped by papa's saying, after he had had it all made out to him, "Why, anybody could have found that out." But as "nobody" had, we remembered Columbus

and the egg, and were restored to our former satisfaction!

Now, dear Mr. Merry, we must conclude this our first letter to you, which we sincerely hope may not appear as long in print, as it does in writing, for certainly we ought to have asked your permission before we ventured to write to you at all, and then have trespassed as little as possible on your time, but we judged you by ourselves, and as we dearly love to read all you write, we thought you might like to receive a letter, now and then, from us. We wish you, in conclusion, a happy new year, and a large addition to your list of  
SUBSCRIBERS.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

We are the two oldest sisters of a family of six, and take this method, among your many youthful subscribers, of introducing ourselves to you. We have taken your Museum for four years past, and have always been delighted with your stories and puzzles; and could you be behind the door when father brings it home, and hear the noise we make in our eagerness to get it, you would think we had found some California treasure. We found the answers to the puzzles in the January number, as given by your correspondent I. T. H., of Saco. We had a letter written to you containing the answers; but there was some delay in having it mailed in season to publish; so we thought we would wait until this month, and write you in season. We have also found the answer to the charade given in that number, and find the first to be "Canton." The second, if you take the Frith of Tay and three of the letters which spell L, O, R, D, you will have the name of our next president — "Taylor." The third is "Conundrum;" the fourth, "Potato;" and the fifth, the "Letter O." We have put our heads together and made a puzzle, which we send you, and if you think it worthy you may publish it.

From your black-eyed and blue-eyed subscribers,

FRANCES E. AND SOPHIA B. G.

## PUZZLE.

I am a word of nine letters.

My 1, 5, 3, is a part of the human body.

My 4, 5, 6, 7, is a kind of tree.

My 2, 8, 9, is a beast of burden.

My 3, 5, 6, are made by the thousand, and are in general use throughout all Christendom.

My 2, 8, 1, 7, 9, is a decomposed substance.

My 9, 6, 5, 4, 7, is a species of bird.

My 3, 5, 4, 7, is very useful for mechanical purposes, and is esteemed by many a great luxury.

My 1, 7, 6, is a domestic fowl.

My whole is what all mankind are in search of, but which is seldom found to perfection.

*Patchogue, L. I., Feb. 12, 1849.*

MY DEAR SIR:

I am a girl nearly eleven years old, unknown to you; but you appear to me (rendered so by the columns of the Museum, of which I have five volumes, bound, and soon shall have the sixth) like an old friend and acquaintance; and when I look upon its frontispiece, I half ejaculate, "My uncle Peter, with his stories, has come to pay me another visit." I reside, as you may readily discover by the Indian name above, "on Long Island's sea-girt shore;" and should your peregrinations extend this way, you must certainly call and see me, when I should be happy to feast you with some of our "*Blue Point oysters*," which we have in profusion, and some of our various kinds of fish just taken from the water. But to my business.

I have been for a long time a patron and reader of your valuable Museum, and my brothers and myself have always taken great pleasure in examining its contents, as well as solving the charades and enigmas with which it abounds. I have not formerly deemed it proper to write to you, as I was under the impression that you must be greatly annoyed by receiving so many communications, which you cannot publish, thereby giving you un-

necessary trouble; but I, for once, trespass upon your time, and probably your patience.

The enigma of your constant reader E, in the October number, 1848, has not, to my surprise, been answered in any of the subsequent numbers. I therefore take the liberty to forward you the solution of the same, which is the "Conflagration of Moscow."

Very respectfully yours,

SARAH A. D.

The writer of the above may rest assured that, if I ever come within hail of Patchogue, I shall find her out and accept her invitation. I remember that, when I was a boy, about five years old, I went to that same Patchogue, to see my grandfather and grandmother. I recollect a steep bank, and a river or creek, at the foot, with sloops and fishing smacks. I recollect, also, a large old house and some great willow trees, near by. No doubt things are greatly changed; but I shall still be glad to see the place once more, especially as I have now a friend there, who promises me "*Blue Point oysters*."

*Cambridgeport.*

DEAR SIR:

I am a subscriber for your Museum and Playmate, and enjoy it highly. I am very fond of guessing enigmas, charades, &c., though I never tried to compose one. I found the charades in the February number quite easy. No. 1 is "Canton;" No. 2, "Taylor;" No. 3, "Conundrum;" No. 4, "Potato;" No. 5, "Letter O."

Yours truly,

B. M. J.

*Hingham, Feb. 25, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

If you will give this little story a place in your valuable columns, one will be obliged to you who has taken many hours' enjoyment in reading the Museum.

## HISTORY OF A DROP OF WATER.

When first I awoke from my long sleep, I found myself in the ocean, dazzled by the sun's rays; but my brothers and sisters soon began to play about, and I was forced to join them.

We remained till the flood, when we all rose up in a mighty body against the wickedness of man. We were among the first to bear up the ark; and after the flood, some of my comrades and myself were drawn up into the sky by the heat of the sun. We floated about for several days in the air; but at last we became heavy, and fell in rain. I happened to fall upon a rose bud; then a gentle breeze shook me off, and I fell upon an humble violet, that grew at the foot of the rose bush.

I wished to stay here very much indeed, but was not permitted to do so long, for the sun came out again, very warm, and I was drawn again into the air.

After a time, I fell into a large river. Here I remained a great while; at one time helping to float a ship, packet, or boat; at another, I was under a steamboat, and forced hither and thither by the terrible water wheels.

But the time was now come when I was to be frozen to death! In fact, I became part of a sheet of ice, and was skated upon by gentlemen and boys for a long time. At last, there was a warmer day, and the ice partly melted. Some of us drops were drawn up into the air, and for a last time. Those that were with me, together with myself, were frozen in the air, and we fell to the earth in snow. The boys played snowball with us, and we had a rough time of it.

At last, we were melted, and run into a well. We were soon taken and put into a boiler, and, when heated, we were used to wash clothes with. As soon as we were done with, we were thrown out of doors. Running along to get some kind of shelter, we soaked into the ground, where we remained a long time.

When spring came, the roots of different flowers found us out: a tulip took one, a violet another, a rose another, &c.: at last, a

pink took me. I crept along the stem, and, after a time, I was spread out among the leaves of a beautiful flower. In this state, I attracted the regards of a beautiful young lady, and she plucked me, and I am hers.

A. O. B.

*Captain's Hill, Duxbury, Sept. 25, 1848.*

MR. MERRY:

I am much pleased with Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate since their union. At the same time, I have been disappointed that the late numbers have contained no "Fairy Tales." I have never written you before; but, wishing to know why you discontinued tales that, to me, were delightful, I thought I would address you. I am learning to sing, and hope you will keep up the musical department. The "charades" and "enigmas" please me, but puzzle me. Perhaps it is pleasant to be puzzled sometimes.

I shall await the appearance of the next number impatiently, in the hope of seeing a production of mine in print. I trust to your courtesy to afford me that satisfaction, and beg you to believe me

A grateful subscriber,

MARY C. S.

*Newton Centre, Feb. 15, 1849.*

TO MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir,

We have just begun to take your Museum, and like it very much. We have read nearly all the other Museums, although we have not taken them; and we were perfectly delighted when our mother told us she had subscribed for it. We found the answer to all those charades in the February number. We like "Peggy Betsey's" letters very much, and think the anecdote of little Susy's credit purchases very amusing. We did not laugh at Billy Bump's poetry, for we thought it very good indeed. I did not see any thing in it that he should be afraid of showing.

MARY R. AND WILLIAM M. G.

The following is from a favorite of ours, six years old. He brought it to us some time ago, and we promised it should be inserted; but it was nevertheless overlooked; whereupon he called, and with great dignity, reminded us of our neglect and breach of promise. We say this by way of confession, for we like to keep a conscience void of offence toward those whose memories are so good as that of our little friend in question.

## PUZZLE.

I am composed of six letters.  
 My 4, 3, 2, is a troublesome animal.  
 My 5, 3, 2, is a four-footed animal.  
 My 5, 6, 3, 4, 2, is a kind of map.  
 My 2, 3, 4, is a sticky substance.  
 My 5, 3, 1, 1, is a man who is defeated.  
 My 6, 3, 2, is a covering of the head.  
 My 5, 6, 3, 2, is small talk.  
 My 5, 3, 2, is a kind of vehicle.  
 My 6, 3, 4, 2, is a kind of deer.  
 My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a heavenly body.  
 My whole is an article much used by housewives.

C. J. M.

S. J. M., of Albany, sends a neat letter, and has rightly solved the conundrums of the February number. Abby A. C——, of East Lyme, Connecticut, says our Magazine "pleases the girls, and if the boys don't like it, why let 'em go farther and fare worse." Jane and Ann, of Hanover, New Hampshire, like Billy Bump, and say he is a good boy, for he has improved very much. T——s G——r, of Roxbury, sends correct answers to various charades.

C. H. M., of Rutland, Vermont; A. L. L., of Hingham, Massachusetts; W. O. S., of Roxbury; J. E. F., of Woodstock, Vermont; Louisa, of Piermont, New York; "A Subscriber," of Jamaica

Plain; W. F. C., "on the Kennebec;" G. H., of Saco; J. P. S., of Proctorsville, Vermont; and Anna, of Plymouth, North Carolina, who writes very beautifully, will please accept our thanks for their several communications.

E. R. K—— sends us the following riddle:—

*"I went somewhere, I didn't know where; I saw somebody, I didn't know who; they said something to me, I didn't know what; but what they said to me I never forget."*

The following petition shall certainly receive attention in future numbers.

MR. MERRY:

I am very  
 Glad to write  
 On paper white,  
 To one like you,  
 So good and true—  
 So kind to all,  
 Both great and small.  
 Forgive, I pray,  
 What now I say;  
 I'm very young—  
 My little tongue  
 Can only spell  
 Small words, quite well.  
 And so, indeed,  
 I cannot read  
 The tales you tell—  
 They're very well  
 For Jane and Ben,  
 For they are ten.  
 But I am six:  
 Now, can't you fix,  
 Each month along,  
 Some tale or song,



With pleasant jokes  
For little folks,  
Like me, who spell  
Small words quite well,  
Yet cannot read  
Big words, indeed?

Dear sir, if you  
Will only do  
This thing for me,  
I'll ever be,  
With feelings true,  
Your

BLACKEYED SUE.

### Song of Welcome.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

**Lively.**

Wel-come, wel-come, balm-y Spring, With your breezes and your bowers;

Wel-come all the joys you bring, Ver-dant fields and fra-grant flowers.

Welcome buttercup and pansy;  
Nothing now can come amiss:  
Welcome catnip, dock, or tansy;  
All is fair in days like this.

Welcome lilies, welcome roses;  
Welcome every garden beauty;  
Welcome all the meadow posies,  
Peeping forth as if on duty.

Welcome brier, welcome bramble;  
Even ye have fruit and flowers—  
And I love the hoiden scramble,  
'Mid your wild and tangled bowers.

Welcome birds of every song;  
Welcome birds of every feather,  
Sing your ditties loud and strong—  
We'll be happy all together.

Welcome dew and welcome rain,  
Though ye come in dash or drizzle;  
Showers will bless the planted plain,  
And pastures dearly love a mizzle.

Welcome now the zephyr light,  
To kiss our cheeks, as if a lover;  
And should it smite the left or right,  
Why, we will surely give it t'other!



### Anecdotes of Birds.

**P**ERHAPS there are no creatures in the world more interesting than the little feathered warblers of the woods and gardens. Their bright colors, their tiny figures, their quick movements, and their funny little ways, all conspire to render them objects of love and admiration. Small as they are, they often perform works of ingenuity that would puzzle the activity and skill of man. The reason is, because they are taught directly from God, and do not pride themselves upon their own knowledge and prudence.

The artifices by which they conceal their nests are truly wonderful. When the European wren forms her nest against a haystack, she covers the outside with hay, so that it cannot be easily perceived; if she build in a tree covered with lich-

ens, she puts the same coat on her nest; if she choose a decayed trunk covered with green moss, she covers her nest with the same material. The humming-bird patches her nest with lichen until it has the appearance of a moss-covered knot. The same precaution is shown with regard to concealing the entrances to their nests. It is remarkable that these artifices vary according to circumstances; for birds will construct their habitations very differently from their usual manner when they find themselves in a country where snakes are very numerous.

When rooks are about to build, they examine all the neighboring trees very attentively for several days; and when they have discovered a forked branch, that appears sufficiently strong, they sit

upon it day after day, to ascertain how it will bear the rocking of the winds.

When far from the haunts of man, the ostrich carelessly leaves her eggs in a hollow place lightly scooped in the sand, and seems to take no thought for their safety; but where they are annoyed by hunters, they take every possible precaution to hide their nests; and if they think the arrangement of the eggs has been disturbed, or if they perceive footsteps in the vicinity, they break every one of the eggs, and seek a new place. The birds are careful not to be seen near the nest at the same time, and they never approach it in a direct line. The eggs of an ostrich are about twenty-four times as large as a hen's egg, and when the young are first hatched, they are as big as pullets. Each female lays twelve or sixteen eggs; and as several of them deposit their eggs in the same place, fifty or sixty are sometimes found together. The eggs are arranged in such a manner as to save space, and to give each its due share of warmth. They stand with the broad end upward, and the earth that is scooped out is placed as a barrier to keep them in their erect position. The nest is never left by all the birds, except in the middle of the day, when the sun is warm enough to keep them at a proper temperature.

It is a singular fact that the crow and the blackbird will alight on the backs of large, strong cattle; but the moment they see a man, they are afraid, because they know he sometimes carries a gun. These cautious birds are likewise much less afraid of man when he is on horseback or in a carriage, than when he is alone. This must be the result of experience

and observation; for the African birds around Lake Tchad, which had seldom seen men, and never seen a gun, stood and looked Major Denham in the face with eager curiosity.

Mr. Nuttall, in his work on Ornithology, says he has been both surprised and amused to see the blackbirds following the furrows made by the negro slaves, and feeding on the insects they disturbed in their path, with as much satisfaction and security, as a little Bantam hen following the quiet old cow as she grazes about the field; but when a white man appears, they take to flight; as if conscious that he is in the habit of using fire-arms, while the negro is allowed to carry no weapon.

Dr. Lettsom, an English gentleman, had two male linnets which conceived a wonderful affection for each other. When one began to sing, the other always joined; and at night each slept on that side of the cage nearest to his friend. When one of the cages was cleaned, the occupant showed extreme delight at the opportunity of flying into the other cage, and making a call upon his companion. During these visits, they fluttered toward each other, joined their bills, and touched tongues, in the most affectionate manner. Sometimes one was allowed to fly in the open air, while the cage of the other was hung outside of the window; and whichever one was allowed to ramble, he was always sure to return to his friend. Both of them appeared to take great pleasure in the company of wild linnets, but they could not be tempted to forsake each other. If both had been allowed to fly away together, it is extremely doubtful

whether they would ever have returned. One of these birds died, and the other absolutely pined away with grief.

An English lady had a sparrow, which she had tamed at her residence in Fulham. When the winter arrived, she removed to London, and the bird, being placed in a covered cage, was carried in the carriage. After several months, it happened that the window was left open, and the tame bird, which was often suffered to hop about the room, flew away. About a week after, the little wanderer appeared at his old residence in Fulham, very familiarly seating himself upon the chairs and tables. The following spring, he brought a little wife into the house. When she began to build her nest, he was very busy in gathering bits of rag and thread for her. While she was setting, he spent most of his time with her out of doors; but once he hopped into the parlor, wife, little ones, and all. When his family were large enough to provide for themselves, he returned to the care of his lady benefactress.

A pewet, which during the summer had become quite tame in the garden, took up its winter residence in the kitchen. He became so familiar with the dog and cat, that he was very angry if they interrupted him while washing himself in a basin of water kept for the dog to drink.

Miss Seward, of Litchfield, England, had a cat that was entirely cured of her natural propensity to kill birds. She lived on such excellent terms with a dove, a lark, and a redbreast, that they would often perch on her back, and peck the crumbs from her plate.

I have read of a tame quail that would

run about the house with a large dog, hop over his back, and sleep on the hearth-rug beside him. The dog was remarkable for destroying birds in the fields, yet he always seemed well pleased with the freedoms of his little companion.

Two chaffinches, having paired near the sea-coast in Scotland, wished to build a nest, but could not find a tree, or sheltering bush, along the cold and rugged coast. An English vessel happened to arrive, and the little creatures built their nest in a pulley, near the head of the mast. The ship tackle passed through the pulley, and it was occasionally lowered for the inspection of curious visitors; but the honest, confiding little birds were not driven away. The mother was brooding over her eggs when the vessel sailed away from the coast. Her mate saw her moving from him, and he eagerly followed. During the whole voyage, he was very attentive to her, cheering her with his tender song, to the no small delight of the sailors.

When Dr. Clark travelled in Russia, he observed a curious association between the cormorant and the pelican. The latter spreads his wings, and troubles the water, while the cormorant dives to the bottom, and drives the fish up to the surface. The pelican continues the flapping of his wings, as he advances toward the shore, where the fish is taken among the shallows. The cormorant, without further ceremony, helps himself out of the pelican's beak.

In 1803, an English lady was prevailed upon by a little boy to rear the only survivor of a nest of gray linnets. For some time, she kept the poor little



thing in her neck, in order to supply the warmth of its mother sheltering the nest. She fed it frequently with very delicate and nutritious food, and at night kept it near her, on the pillow. In a short time, the bird was able to sit on a perch, and feed itself. Nothing could exceed his attachment to his kind nurse. He wanted to be continually perched on her head, or her shoulder, and he would not fly away though she walked in this manner with him in the garden. When she returned, after a short absence, he would fly round in a transport, singing at the very top of his voice. If she were gone for a day or two, he was dull and discontented; but he knew her voice, and even her step in the distance, and would fly to meet her with the most eager delight. Sometimes, after giving these testimonials of joy, he would seem to remember that she had left him; and then he would chatter away in a scolding tone, or sit upon his perch in a sullen humor. But the anger of the capricious little thing never lasted long; he would soon begin to flutter round his friend, perch on her shoulder, or try to feed her with some of the seeds he had shelled. This singular bird was very apt to take a dislike to strangers, especially if they were not dressed to please him. He always recognized these persons when they appeared in a different dress, and would keep up a scolding noise as long as they were in sight. Any garment of a bright red color peculiarly offended and alarmed him.

In the Shetland Islands, an assembly of birds has frequently been observed, familiarly known by the name of *crow-courts*. "A few of the flock sit with

drooping heads; others seem as grave as if they were judges; and some are exceedingly active and noisy, like lawyers and witnesses. In the course of about an hour, the company disperse; and it is not uncommon, after they have flown away, to find one or two left dead on the spot."

Mr. Nuttall, in the preface to his Ornithology, speaking of the brown thrush, says, "He is extremely familiar, cheerful, and capriciously playful. He courts the attention of his master, follows his steps, complains when he is neglected, flies to him when suffered to be at large, and sings and reposes gracefully perched on his hand; in short, by all his actions he appears capable of real and affectionate attachment. He is jealous of every rival, particularly of any other bird, which he persecutes from his presence with unceasing hatred. His language of fear and surprise could never be mistaken; and an imitation of his low, guttural *tsherr*, *tsherr*, always answers as a signal to warn him when any danger approaches. I raised and kept one of these birds uncaged for some time. Besides a playful turn for mischief and interruption, in which he would sometimes snatch off the paper on which I was writing, he had a good degree of curiosity, and was much surprised one day by a large springing beetle, which I had placed under a tumbler. On all such occasions his looks of capricious surprise were very amusing. He cautiously approached the glass, with fanning and closing wings, and in an under tone confessed his wonder at the jumping motions of the huge insect. At length he became bolder; and perceiving

its resemblance to his ordinary prey of beetles, he, with some hesitation, ventured to snatch at the prisoner, between temerity and playfulness. But when really alarmed, or offended, he instantly flew to his loftiest perch, forbade all friendly approaches, and for some time kept up his low, angry *tsherr*.

### The Old Man and the Flowers.

**M**ANY years ago, there lived an old man at no great distance from our house, whom I was constantly in the habit of visiting. He kept a small garden, where he cultivated every variety of flowers; and it was my delight to wander with him through the neat little gravel walks, and listen to his conversation. He had been in better circumstances, and had received an excellent education. His knowledge of flowers was wonderful, and from him I learned all I ever knew of botany.

Never, before he came to reside in our quiet little village, did I care to know any thing of flowers; but he inspired me with an ardor before unknown. Three years we continued our studies, until one day, when I went to his cottage, he did not meet me as usual; and on going into his little room, I found him stretched, stiff and cold, upon the floor. Death, merciless, inexorable death, had taken him to himself: he had died of an attack of apoplexy.

In my grief, I scarcely remember what passed, until the neighbors, having heard the cry I had uttered, came running in. All revered and loved the old man, and sorrow at his death was universal. He was buried in the village churchyard,

where a plain marble slab, with this inscription, marks his resting place —

“HE SLEEPS TO WAKE AGAIN.”

After the funeral, I returned for the last time to his once cheerful house. I there found that, feeling he could not live long, his last work had been to write my name in several books of pressed flowers which I had often much admired. In one of them I found the following:—

“Flowers, wild and tame, have ever been my delight. As a child and as a man, I identified them with all my feelings, and considered them emblematical of the different ages of life.

“As a child, I sought beneath the ground moss at the roots of trees, for the fair and wild anemone, emblem to me of purity and goodness. As I grew older, fiery youth sought the passion flower, but oftener deserved the

‘Foxglove and nightshade,  
Emblem of punishment and pride.’

“In manhood, tossed by the troubles of the world, but borne up by my great ambition, I longed to wreath the ‘crown imperial’ around my brow; but my fellow-men did not appreciate me as I did myself, and I felt that the violet, emblem of humility, taught me a useful and valuable lesson.

“In later years, the ‘heart’s-ease’ soothed me; and I felt grateful to God, that, though deprived of all else, I still had the flowers for companions. Now that I am on the verge of the grave, I look with pleasure and hope at the ‘Immortelles,’ still trusting in God’s great goodness, and looking forward to a better world.

“MEENA.”

### Childhood's Home.

THERE never was a happier home  
Than that which gave me birth :  
The fields in which I used to roam,  
Seemed none so bright on earth ;  
The brook, that rippled by our door,  
My youthful limbs did lave ;  
And sweetest flowers grew on that shore,  
That ever kissed the wave.

The path that lay across the lawn,  
Where I my playmates met,  
The vine, the hedge, the waving corn,  
Are present with me yet ;  
The brown school-house adown the lane,  
The village church and choir ;  
But these will not return again,  
Nor youth my form inspire.

Though time has left us many a joy,  
To gild our earthly lot,  
Yet never have I, since a boy,  
Found here so blest a spot.

The birds sang sweetest near our cot,  
The sunflower shone more fair,  
And fond endearments, ne'er forgot,  
Sent pleasure to us there.

Though sturdy manhood 's on us now,  
And gold may use its guise,  
Time's marks will gather on the brow,  
And dimness seal the eyes ;  
But still the dream of youth's bright day  
Is ours, where'er we roam,  
To fill our breasts, though far away,  
With thoughts of childhood's home.

R. MORRIS.

### Lumps of Gold.

THE largest lumps of gold recorded in the histories of gold mines are as follows : One found at the Wicklow mines, in Ireland, weighing twenty-two ounces ; one in Peru, weighing twenty-six pounds and a half ; several in Quito, *reported* to have weighed about one hundred and six pounds each ; one in

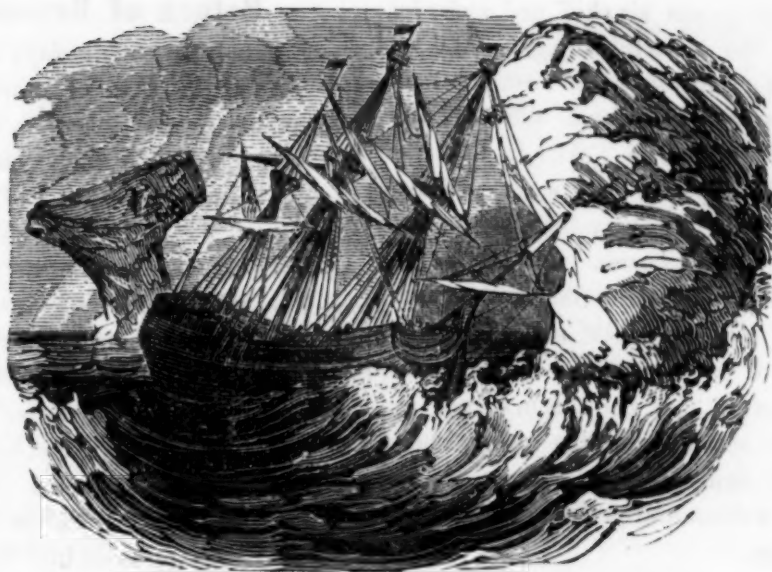
Lebanon, North Carolina, found in 1810, which weighed twenty-eight pounds ; and one in New Grenada, which weighed twenty-seven pounds and a half. These, we believe, are the largest lumps on record.

### Remorse.

THE caliph Montaser, having caused his father to be put to death, was, some time after, looking over the rich furniture in the palace, and causing several pieces of tapestry to be opened before him, that he might examine them the more exactly. Among the rest, he met with one which had in it the figure of a very beautiful young man, mounted on a Persian horse, with a diadem on his head, and a circle of Persian characters round himself and his horse.

The caliph, charmed with the beauty of the tapestry, sent for a Persian who understood the ancient language, and desired him to explain that inscription. The man read it, changed color, and, after some hesitation, told the caliph it was a Persic song, and had nothing in it worth hearing. The prince, however, would not be put off ; he readily perceived that there was something extraordinary in it ; and therefore he commanded the interpreter to give him the true sense thereof immediately, as he valued his own safety. The man then told him that the inscription ran thus : "*I am Siroes, the son of Chosroes, who slew my father to gain his crown, which I kept but six months.*"

This affected the caliph so much, that he died in two or three days, having reigned about the same space of time. This singular story is perfectly well attested.



### The Sea-Shore.

COME, let us walk by the sea-shore, upon the smooth sands of the winding beach. Let us search for its colored shells and curious pebbles. Let us gather the delicate blossoms of the sea-side pea, that loves to draw its freshness and tender beauty from the thirsty soil, along the edges of the yellow shore. Take up handfuls of the sparkling sands. Can we number the shining grains? No, we cannot; but God knoweth the sum of the sands of the sea, upon its thousand, thousand shores.

Let us watch the little flocks of beach birds, skimming low along the sands, keeping time with the flowing and retreating waters. Listen to their voice, low, soft, and musical, as if they sang to the waves. Here are the ringed plovers — the sand-pipers — the pures, flying in flocks, throwing alternately their dark and light plumage to the eye — the sheer-water with its curious bill — the blue-

winged teals, that love to sit together and sun themselves on the sands — and the surf and the golden-eyed duck, that swim and dive among the breakers; these, and many others, haunt the sand-bars, and the low, reefy shores. God careth for them all. He teacheth some of them to collect the drift sea-weed for their nests, and others to hollow out the sands. Though no reeds, or grass, or leaves, screen these nestlings, yet God provideth for their safety. No bright or various plumage attracts attention towards them. Colored like the sands on which they run, if danger approach, they cower down, motionless as the small stones of the beach, till the deceived eye is turned away; while the tender mother entices from them the foot of the stranger, in vain pursuit of herself.

How solemn is the lonely shore, where the sea uplifts its voice, as it were the voice of God! No one dwelleth here.



The fisher moors his skiff, and seeks his home in the cheerful village. And we also must go away to our evening rest. But the spirit of God will still move on the face of the deep. And in the stillness of the night we may wake and listen to the waves, as they break and dash upon the distant beach. Let us not go away unimpressed with the wisdom and goodness of God. The sea obeys his will; but it is unconscious of its obedience. Let us also obey him—not as the passive sea, but with the active intelligence of living spirits, to whom he has given his written and perfect law. — *Juv. Miscellany.*

### The Child's Oration.

You'd scarce expect one of my age  
To speak in public on the stage;  
And if I chance to fall below  
Demosthenes or Cicero,  
Don't view me with a critic's eye,  
But pass my imperfections by.  
Large streams from little fountains flow;  
Tall oaks from little acorns grow;  
And though I now am small and young,  
Of judgment weak, and feeble tongue,  
Yet all great learned men, like me,  
Once learned to read their A, B, C.  
But why may not Columbia's soil  
Rear men as great as Britain's isle?  
Exceed what Greece and Rome have done,  
Or any land beneath the sun?  
Mayn't Massachusetts boast as great  
As any other sister state?  
Or where's the town, go far and near,  
That does not find a rival here?  
Or where's the boy, but three feet high,  
Who's made improvements more than I?  
These thoughts inspire my youthful mind  
To be the greatest of mankind;  
Great, not like Cæsar, stained with blood,  
But only great as I am good.      EVERETT.

### Return of Reason.

WE stated the other day, in general terms, the case of a man in the Newton poor-house who, after an insanity of about forty years, (thirty of which he was chained,) had recovered his reason. The name of the unfortunate man is Elisha Robbins, formerly a shoemaker by trade. He was born about the year 1786, and is therefore nearly sixty-four years of age. He was twenty-four years old when first seized with insanity. At that time, he had just lost his wife; he had two children then living. Soon after his seizure, he was so violent that it became necessary to chain him down, without clothes, save a shirt, and with only straw to sleep upon. This course was rendered absolutely necessary by his habits, which were no better than those of the beasts of the field.

At one time, the paupers were farmed out by the town to the lowest bidders. Among others was Robbins, who was chained in a barn by his keeper, where he was found one day with his feet frozen so as to render their amputation necessary. He was forthwith removed, and since that time has had every comfort compatible with his situation, his room being always kept warm. About a year ago, Robbins first began to exhibit signs of returning reason. It was observed that he paid more attention to personal cleanliness. He was encouraged, and shortly appeared, after the lapse of nearly a century, in the clothing of a man. Soon after, he was allowed to wander about the building; and at times he would turn to and help in light work, such as husking corn, &c.

Finally he began to talk of persons and places familiar in his youthful days, before reason was clouded ; but beyond that period all to him is blank. He described with perfect accuracy places with which he was conversant in his earlier days ; spoke of the companions of that period ; one in particular whom he denominated a "gal," though, if now living, she has attained to over threescore years. He has been tried in various ways as to the verge of his memory ; but it always stops at the commencement of his insanity. One day, the marriage of an acquaintance, which took place in his early days of reason, was mentioned, and the name of the bride intentionally misstated. He instantly corrected the error, and gave the right name. When asked in what year he was born, he replies, "About 1786," but still insists that he is but twenty-four years of age. At the last accounts, he continued to improve, and it was hoped that Reason was again firmly seated upon her throne. — *Boston Traveller.*

### Anecdote.

**A** CELEBRATED divine, who was remarkable, in the first period of his ministry, for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery.

One of his hearers, observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed the people ; but when I grew wiser, I discovered that it was the lightning ; so I determined to thunder less, and lighten more, in future."

### Miss Spring is Coming.

MISS SPRING is a coming  
Again ! again !  
With her cheering smiles of mirth ;  
With her warming sun,  
And her genial rain ;  
With flowers to strew  
In the garden and plain ;  
And her warbling birds  
Whose joyous strain  
Shall gladden the grateful earth.

Mr. Winter is going,  
Hurrah ! hurrah !  
What a hateful old fellow is he !  
There'll be many dry eyes  
When he sees his last day ;  
Why, he hasn't a friend  
That would like him to stay !  
Ha ! ha ! we'll be glad  
When he totters away —  
Good riddance, old Winter ! say we.

Miss Spring is a coming,  
And well we know  
She's a bright and laughing thing !  
And her balmy breath  
Will melt the snow ;  
And the ice-bound stream  
In her glance will flow ;  
And the birds will sing,  
And the bright flowers grow —  
Then a welcome to beautiful Spring !  
THEODORE A. GOULD.

**SANTA CLAUS CAUGHT AT LAST.**—One of the southern papers tells us that on Christmas morning, (1848,) a negro was found fast in the flue of a chimney at Savannah, and was with difficulty extricated. He represented himself to be a runaway, and to have entered the chimney to escape detection.



### The Nilometer.

**T**HIS is a thin-column, or pillar, marked in divisions to ascertain the rise and fall of the River Nile. It is situated in the midst of a round tower, on the Island of Rhoda, between Cairo and Geziza, and is built in the middle of the river. In this tower is a cistern of marble, through which the Nile flows; the bottom of the river and the bottom of the well being on the same level. From the centre of this well rises the slender pillar, which is marked into twenty divisions of twenty

inches each; the space marked on the column is somewhat more than thirty-six feet.

This column is of the greatest importance to the pacha of Egypt; it being the chief means by which he is enabled to fix the tribute or tax, according to the height of the inundation.

The tower in which the Nilometer is placed, is lighted by about eighteen or twenty windows, which form a bell round the base of the dome: immediately be-

neath these windows, and considerably above the basin or well, are rooms or apartments for those who come to see the height of the Nile, from whence a flight of about twenty-five or thirty stone steps leads to the marble pavement, which forms the top of the cistern or well, and in the centre of which the Nilometer is placed.

On ascertaining that the overflow will be such as to fertilize all the land, the grand canals are opened with great ceremony, festivity, and rejoicing. As soon as the Nile retires from the fields, they are sown with all sorts of grain, and in a short space of time, the face of the whole country is variegated with the hues of flowering plants and ripening corn.

### Historical Examples of Patience.

**O**F all the philosophers which the sect of the Stoics produced, Epictetus is by far the most renowned. He is supposed to have been a native of Hierapolis in Phrygia, was for some time a slave, and belonged to Epaphroditus, one of Nero's life-guard. He reduced all his philosophy to two points only, viz., "to suffer evils with patience, and enjoy pleasures with moderation;" which he expressed in these two celebrated words, *Bear and Forbear*. Of the former he gave a memorable example. As his master was one day squeezing his leg, in order to torment him, Epictetus said to him very calmly, "You will break my leg;" which happened accordingly. "Did not I tell you," said he, "that you would break my leg?"

One of the most striking qualities of Socrates was a tranquillity of soul that no

accident, no loss, no injury, no ill-treatment, could ever alter. Some have believed that he was by nature hasty and passionate, and that the moderation to which he had attained was the effect of his reflections and endeavors to subdue and correct himself; which would still add to his merit.

Finding himself, on one occasion, in great emotion against a slave, "I would beat you," said he, "if I were not angry." Having received a box on the ear, he contented himself by only saying with a smile, "It is a misfortune not to know when to put on a helmet." Once meeting a gentleman of rank in the street, he saluted him, but the gentleman took no notice of it. His friends in company, observing what passed, told the philosopher, "that they were so exasperated at the man's incivility, that they had a good mind to resent it." But he very calmly made answer, "If you meet any person on the road in a worse habit of body than yourself, would you think that you had reason to be enraged at him on that account? If not, pray, then, what greater reason can you have for being incensed at a man of a worse habit of mind than any of yourselves?"

Without going out of his house, Socrates found enough to exercise his patience in all its extent. Xantippe, his wife, put it to the severest proof by her captious, passionate, violent disposition. Never was a woman of so furious and fantastical a spirit, and so bad a temper. There was no kind of abuse, or injurious treatment, which he had not to experience from her. She was once so transported with rage against him, that she tore off



his cloak in the open street. Whereupon his friends told him, that such treatment was insufferable, and that he ought to give her a severe drubbing for it. "Yes, a fine piece of sport indeed," said he, laughing; "while she and I were buffeting one another, you, in your turns, I suppose, would animate us on to the combat: while one cried out, 'Well done, Socrates,' another would say, 'Well hit, Xantippe.'"

At another time, having vented all the reproaches her fury could suggest, he went out, and sat before the door. His calm and unconcerned behavior did but irritate her so much the more; and in the excess of her rage, she ran up stairs, and emptied a vessel of water upon his head; at which he only laughed, and said, "that so much thunder must needs produce a shower."

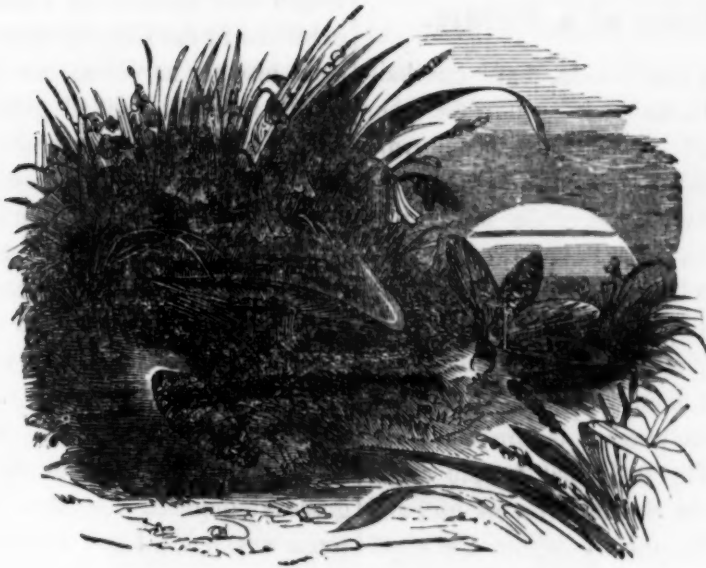
Alcibiades, his friend, talking with him one day about his wife, told him, he wondered how he could bear such an everlasting scold in the same house with him. He replied, "I have so accustomed myself to expect it, that it now offends me no more than the noise of the carriages in the streets." The same disposition of mind was visible in other respects, and continued with him to his last moments. When he was told that the Athenians had condemned him to die, he replied, without the least emotion, "And nature, them!" Apollodorus, one of his friends and disciples, having expressed his grief for his being about to die innocent, "What," replied he with a smile, "would you have me die guilty?"

This sentence did not shake the constancy of Socrates in the least. "I am going," says he, addressing himself to his

judges with a noble tranquillity, "to suffer death by your order, to which nature had condemned me from the first moment of my birth; but my accusers will suffer no less from infamy and injustice by the decrees of truth." He calmly took leave of his family, who visited him for the last time in prison. When the deadly potion was brought him, he drank it off with an amazing fortitude, and a serenity of aspect not to be expressed, or even conceived. Till then, his friends, with great violence to themselves, had refrained from tears; but after he had drank the poison, they were no longer their own masters, but wept passionately. Apollodorus, who had been in tears for some time, began then to lament with such excessive grief, as pierced the hearts of all that were present. Socrates alone remained unmoved, and even reproved his friends, though with his usual mildness and good nature. "What are you doing?" said he to them. "I wonder at you. What is become of your virtue? Was it not for this I sent the women away, that they might not fall into these weaknesses? for I have always heard it said, that we ought to die peaceably, and blessing the gods. Be at ease, I beg of you, and show more constancy and resolution." Thus died Socrates, the wisest and the best man the heathen world could ever boast of.

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**HINT TO PRIDE.** — The diadem of princes was copied from the fillet which topers, in the early ages, used to wear round their temples to check the fumes of wine. It was meant as an intimation to royalty not to suffer itself to be stupefied by the noxious incense of adulation.



### The Glow-Worm.

IT is only the female of this tribe, called the LAMPYRIS, or *glow-worm tribe*, which, strictly speaking, merits the name *worm*. The male is provided with wings, and therefore has not the character of *worm*; whereas the female generally has no wings, and is therefore confined to the earth's surface, and unable to soar above to the aërial regions. The reason of the name of this insect is obvious, namely, the glowing light, which, at a certain period of the year, emanates from its body. In a dark night, these diminutive creatures shine with such brightness, as to bear some resemblance to stars. The light is so very considerable, that the writer of these lines once, in a dark night, and under one of the ancient trees in Epping Forest, actually read a letter, with very considerable ease, by means of the rays which emanated from the body of this insignificant female insect.

Though it is often seen in the daytime, it cannot be properly distinguished till night, when it cannot fail to attract the attention of the traveller by the glowing light which issues from its body. It is commonly met with under hedges, and, if taken up with care, may be kept alive for many days upon fresh tufts of grass, all which time it will continue to shine in the dark.

The light of this diminutive insect is so strong, that if it is confined in a thin pill-box, even though lined with paper, the light will shine through.

In the daytime, this creature appears dead and sluggish; and if taken into a dark room, it shows nothing of its light, unless it is turned on its back and disturbed. Soon after sunset, its light and activity return. It never shines but when it is in motion. — *Fletcher*.

### Two Sides of a Picture.

**I**T is a very true saying, that "one half the world does not know how the other half lives." A conviction of the truth of this old adage was forced upon me a few evenings since, while walking in Broadway with a moralizing friend. The moon was full, and seemed happy in looking down upon a mighty city, where peace and joy appeared the reigning sentiment of the hour. Impressed with the gay panorama passing before us, I exclaimed, "Why is it that people croak so much about the miseries of life, and particularly the misery within the city? I see nought but Health, Hope, and Pleasure. In the morning, manhood walks forth as if rejoicing to exercise his strength and energy. At evening, he returns well pleased with the labors of the day. Beauty is happy in the consciousness of its own loveliness, and childhood in its innocence." My friend gently reproved my short-sighted observation, and said, "Men are like birds: we never see a sick bird, or a dying bird, seldom an unhappy one. They fly from the greetings of their joyous companions, and from the haunts of men, and pine alone. So with the unfortunate of the human race. Poverty hides itself in obscurity. Sickness buries its pains in the retired chamber. Grief lowers its bowed head. Would you know the truth, that misery is no fable? A few steps will convince you. Opposite that brilliantly illuminated theatre, see yonder building, whose emerald lawn, and stately waving trees, indicate that those stone walls are the abode of peace and quiet. Shall we enter and learn the

length and breadth of human agony as exhibited in the City Hospital?" A few steps brought us within one of the fever wards, where the stifled groans and suffering faces of the sick and dying told tales of woe their lips could not have spoken. Can it be, thought I, that this is the same world, in whose health and happiness I a moment ago exulted? The groups of sufferers were too numerous to fix our attention upon any one, and my friend proposed to seek a case of individual sorrow elsewhere. We reached Eleventh Street, and, in the rear of a grocery, inquired for Mrs. Long. Her room was pointed out to us, and we entered an apartment whose only light was the moon. Four children lay sleeping upon beds of shavings, ranged upon the floor at one side. There was no fire, but by the window sat a woman bending over a little trunk, and weeping bitterly. She was so absorbed, she did not observe our entrance, until my friend asked her, gently, why she wept. She replied, "I have no time through the day to think of my little Henry, who died last November. There are his clothes; and although it is five months, they smell as sweet as the day I put them here. He is better off than when picking cinders for me, who have neither fire nor candle. His little sister wakes at night, and puts her arms about my neck, saying, 'Mother, have you any bread for to-morrow?' and I cannot answer. Hunger and cold are not my only afflictions. Pain racks this poor body; and the prospect that next rent-day will find us homeless has well nigh extinguished my last ray of trust in God" "But, my good woman," said we, "is

there nothing you can do? no labor by which you may earn something?" "Alas!" said she, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty. Before I became so destitute, I obtained shoes to bind without difficulty; but since my clothes are so shabby, no one will trust me with work, and I must beg or starve." My friend,

thinking that I had received a sufficient lesson, relieved the poor woman's necessities, and we departed. But I shall ever remember, that in this world things have two meanings, one for the common observer, and one for the deeper, higher mind of him who walks by the light of a love-illuminated heart. PEGGY BETSEY.



### The Buzzard.

**T**HIS name is given in England to a large species of hawk; it is not often used in this country, except in application to a kind of vulture at the south, called *turkey buzzard*.

The appearance of the buzzard is exceedingly drowsy and sluggish, on account of its large head, thick body,

clumsy legs, and large, lifeless eyes. It is too heavy and indolent to hunt by flight, and therefore is compelled to adopt another method for obtaining its subsistence. For hours together it will continue motionless on a tree, bush, stone, or even clod of earth, till some game passes within the reach of its spring, when it will dash upon



it in a moment, and then devour it. Its ordinary fare consists of small birds, rabbits, hares, moles, field-mice, lizards, frogs, toads, &c. When the buzzards have their young, they overcome, to a great degree, their sluggish habits; they become more active, and will soar to a considerable height, ascending in a spiral direction.

The female usually makes her nest in the fork of a tree, with large sticks, and lines it with wool, hair, or other soft substances, and sometimes takes possession of a deserted crow's nest, which it enlarges, and makes fit for accommodating her future family of young buzzards. She deposits two or three eggs; the number seldom amounts to four: they exceed the eggs of a hen a little in size; the color is a dirty white, a little greenish, and most commonly spotted with rust-color, chiefly at the larger end. The young, when in the nest, are covered with a yellowish down. In the middle of July, they begin to perch upon bushes, when they utter a cry shrill and plaintive. They accompany the old birds some time after quitting the nest. This is uncommon with birds of prey, which at a very early period show that parental affection is extinct in their bosom, and drive off their offspring from them with apparent disgust as soon as they are fledged and able to provide for themselves.

If the hen happen to be killed in the time of hatching, the cock buzzard will take its place, hatch and rear the brood. The eyes of this bird are easily dazzled by a strong light, and therefore it hails with delight the time of the setting sun.

The buzzard is found in many parts of

the earth, in very considerable variety, and is capable of being domesticated and trained to falconry.

### To my Sister.

DEAR LIZZY, when in childhood's hour,  
Whate'er my laws, you *would* rebel;  
And I, who fancied age was power,  
Would feel my little bosom swell  
With anger infantine, to see  
My mimic frown unheeded be.  
Our tiny tongues went very fast,  
And mine, — mine always *went the last!*  
But when, at length, some childish jest  
Upon my pouting lips would rise,  
And wound my darling sister's breast,  
And fill with tears her dear dark eyes, —  
Ashamed to own my fault to thee,  
Yet grieved in heart *thy* grief to see, —  
Rememberest thou how many a wile  
I tried thy sorrow to beguile?  
O, even then, I felt that joy  
Must flee *my spirit*, — *thine* in pain, —  
And thought I'd give my prettiest toy  
To see thee smile again!

Dear Lizzy, in maturer years,  
An angry word, or careless jest,  
Too often now distills the tears  
Of sorrow from thy gentle breast;  
Yet, live, believe thy sister's *heart*,  
Whate'er its many errors be,  
Would never lightly pain impart,  
And least of all to thee!

O, Passion's words are faithless things,  
And Love disowns them ere they fall;  
It is the reckless *tongue* that *stings*,  
The tongue that knows not Reason's thrall,  
And satire's light and airy dart,  
Its point, its poison, *there* receives;  
O, ere the weapon reach *thy heart*,  
My own has felt the wound it gives!  
And when I see thy dear lip curled,  
And quivering with thy just disdain,  
I sigh and think I'd give the world  
To see thee smile again! FLORENCE.



Coral.

**C**ORAL is a hard substance, formed in the sea by collections of insects, called *corallines*. It is of three colors — *white, black, and red*. These are all used for ornaments, but the red is preferred. In the Mediterranean Sea, near the coast of Italy, there are large fisheries for coral. In many parts of the sea, coral is produced, but it is most abundant in warm latitudes. It is said that, in some places, the sailors, as they are going along in their ships, look down and see forests of coral, within which fishes of many forms are seen gliding about, apparently very happy. Hence the poet speaks of the

“————— coral grove

Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove.”

Though coral seems like stone, it is made by very minute, soft, insignificant creatures ; and such are their number and their industry, that they build up whole islands in the midst of the sea. Many of the islands in the Pacific Ocean are the work of *corallines*.

### Anecdotes of two Presidents.

**G**ENERAL TAYLOR, while in Frankfort, Kentucky, on his way to Washington, met the schoolmaster who instructed him when a boy. ‘Well, general,’ said the old schoolmaster, ‘I reckon I am the only man who

can say he ever whipped General Taylor.' 'Ah,' said the general, grasping the honored old teacher by the hand, 'but you must recollect it took you a long time to do it.' It seems young Zach did not relish a threshing even when a boy, and resisted his schoolmaster; but he was finally forced to surrender."

Many years ago, John Quincy Adams, when a candidate for the presidency of the United States, was at a cattle-show at Worcester, Massachusetts. He was introduced to many persons, and at last to an old farmer.

On shaking Mr. Adams's hand, the farmer said, "Mr. Adams, my wife very often speaks of you. When young, she lived in your father's house, and took care of you; for you were then a child. You are a great man, but for all that, my wife says she has very often combed your head!"

"Well," said Mr. Adams in reply, "I suppose she combs yours, now!"

### Aerolites.

**A**EROLITES are bodies which have fallen from the atmosphere to the earth. The name is composed of two Greek words, and signifies *air-stones*. The accounts of these phenomena, handed down from ancient times, have not been generally believed until within the last thirty years; but within that period there have been many recent and authentic statements to corroborate the fact.

Livy states that a shower of stones fell on the Alban Mount, not far from Rome, in the reign of Tullus Hostilius, about

654 years B. C. Plutarch describes a stone that fell in the Hellespont, near the modern Gallipoli, about 405 years B. C.; and the elder Pliny, who wrote five hundred years afterwards, says that the stone was to be seen in his time—that it was as large as a wagon, of a burnt color, and in its fall was accompanied by a meteor. The fabled mother of the gods was worshipped at Pessinus, under the form of a stone, said to have fallen from heaven. At Emessa, in Syria, the sun was worshipped in the shape of a large black stone, which, according to tradition, had fallen from the atmosphere.

In 1492, a stone weighing 270 pounds fell at Ensisheim, in Alsace: for three hundred years it was suspended in the church by a strong chain. During the first French revolution, it was carried off, and many pieces were broken from it. One of these is now in the Museum at the *Jardin des Plantes*, near Paris. The remainder of the relic was carried back to Ensisheim, and placed near the great altar in the church.

In Tartary, near the River Jenessei, a large and singular mass, found on a slate mountain, was held in great veneration by the natives, on account of the tradition that it had fallen from heaven. Philosophers, who have examined it, have found that it possesses the usual properties of meteoric stones. It weighed fourteen hundred pounds. It was cellular, like a sponge, and the cells contained small glassy particles. The iron it contained was tough and malleable.

Another immense mass of meteoric iron was found in South America, about five hundred miles north-west of Buenos

Ayres. It lay in a vast plain, half sunk in the ground; and from its size, it was judged to weigh more than thirteen tons.

Another large meteoric stone has been found at the Cape of Good Hope.

In 1796, a stone was exhibited in London, weighing fifty-six pounds, which was said to have fallen in Yorkshire the preceding year.

In December, 1798, at a short distance from Benares, in the East Indies, a very luminous meteor, like a large ball of fire, was observed in the heavens about eight o'clock in the evening. It was accompanied by a noise like thunder, immediately followed by the sound of falling bodies. This meteor was visible but for a short time, during which it rendered every object as visible as the brightest moonlight. Many of the stones were buried in the earth to the depth of six inches; and some of them weighed two pounds each.

In April, 1803, about half a league north-west from L'Aigle, in France, a singular meteoric cloud was seen, which, after each explosion, sent out vapor in all directions. Throughout the district over which the cloud hung, a hissing noise was heard, like that of a stone from a sling, and a vast number of stones fell to the ground. More than two thousand were collected. They varied in weight from two drams to seventeen pounds and a half. An umbrella would be a poor protection from such red-hot showers.

During the explosions at L'Aigle, a ball of fire was seen in the air, at various places in Normandy, far distant from each other.

Aerolites are generally shaped like

prisms and pyramids, the angles being rounded. Their surface is irregular, and glazed with a black crust, like varnish. When taken up soon after their fall, they are extremely hot. There is a remarkable similarity in all the meteoric stones found in various parts of the world. A large proportion of *iron* is always found in them, combined with more or less of the rare metal called *nickel*; the earths *silica*, and *magnesia*, and *sulphur* constitute the other principal ingredients: other metals and earths are occasionally found mixed with these, in greater or less proportion. No combination similar to meteoric stones has ever been discovered among the rocks of this world, or the products of any volcano upon this earth. The appearance of these phenomena does not seem to depend upon any particular state of the atmosphere, or of the weather. They have fallen in all climates, at all seasons, in the night, and in the day.

The only recorded instance of iron having been actually seen to fall from the air is said to have taken place at Agram, in Croatia, in 1751. On the 26th of May, about six o'clock in the evening, the sky being quite clear, a ball of fire shot along from west to east, accompanied by a hollow noise: after a loud explosion, followed by a great smoke, two masses of iron fell to the earth, in the form of chains welded together.

In numerous cases, the explosion of meteors has been attended with showers of black and red dust, which usually contains small, hard, angular grains. Sometimes a soft, red, gelatinous matter, resembling coagulated blood, has fallen;



hence there have been stories that the sky had actually rained blood. The appearances above mentioned are, not unfrequently, accompanied by a fall of stones.

In November, 1775, red rain fell around the Lake of Constance, in Switzerland, and on the same day in Russia and Sweden. The water was of an acid taste, probably owing to sulphuric acid; and when dried, the flaky precipitate was attracted by the magnet. In 1803, red dust and rain fell in Italy, which on examination proved not to be volcanic.

In 1813, red snow fell near Arezzo, during the space of several hours, accompanied with a sound like the violent dashing of waves in the distance; two or three explosions, like thunder, attended the greatest fall. This snow, being melted, yielded a precipitate similar to the meteoric stones, consisting of iron, silica, lime, alumina, and manganese.

It has been supposed that this wonderful class of natural phenomena was occasioned by distant volcanoes belonging to this earth; but this is refuted by the fact that meteoric stones are totally unlike volcanic stones; and they fall from a height, to which it is not deemed possible that any volcano could have thrown them. Others have thought that aerolites were formed in the atmosphere; but no chemical discoveries have yet shown that the air contains the elements of which they are composed. Sir Humphry Davy speaks of a great American meteor, which threw down showers of stones, and was estimated at seventeen miles high; the immense volume of atmosphere which it would require to form such a huge

mass seems to put this theory out of the question; besides, these meteors move more rapidly than the earth in its orbit, and what force exists in the air to project them with such velocity?

Some have supposed that these bodies are thrown from volcanoes in the moon, with such force as to come within the earth's attraction. La Place was so far influenced by this theory, that he calculated the degree of lunar volcanic force required for this purpose; and he concluded that a body thus projected with a velocity of 1771 feet in the first second would reach our earth in about two days and a half: other astronomers are of opinion that the velocity of meteors is too great to admit of the possibility of their being thrown from the moon.

Some philosophers believe that these meteors are fragments of the matter originally created, which, wandering round the earth, enter the upper regions of the atmosphere, and become ignited by their own velocity.

A great deal of ridicule has formerly been bestowed upon those who were foolish enough to believe that stones fell from the sky; but the fact is now proved by evidence so conclusive, that it no longer admits of doubt. This should teach us to be cautious how we treat as idle superstitions all stories that we do not clearly comprehend.

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### Proverbs.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, and the aim of weak ones.



### The Camphor-Tree.

**T**HIS grows naturally in the woods of the more western parts of Japan, and in the adjacent islands of the far distant Pacific. That part which smells stronger of camphor than any other is the root, which substance it yields in large quantities. The bark of the stalk has outwardly rather a rough appearance; the inner surface is smooth and raucous, and is very easily separated from the wood, which is dry in its nature, and white in its color. The leaves stand upon slender, delicate footstalks, having an entire undulating margin running out into a point: the upper surface of the leaf is of a lively, shining green, and the lower

herbaceous and silky. The flowers are produced on the tops of footstalks, which proceed from the arm-pits of the leaves, but not till the tree has attained considerable age and size. The flower-stocks are slender, branched at the top, and divided into very short pedicles, each supporting a single flower: these flowers are white, and consist of six petals, which are succeeded by a shining, purple berry, of the size of a pea. This is composed of a soft, pulpy substance, of a purple color, and has the taste of cloves and camphor — and of a kernel of the size of a pepper, that is covered with a black, shining skin, of an insipid taste.

The *camphor* is a solid concrete juice, extracted from the wood of the camphor-tree. Pure camphor is very white, clear, and unctuous to the touch: the taste is bitterish-aromatic, and accompanied with a sense of coolness: the smell is particularly fragrant, something like that of rosemary, but much stronger: it has been long esteemed for its medicinal qualities, and has been justly celebrated in fevers, malignant and epidemic distempers. In *deliria*, where opiates failed in procuring sleep, but rather increased and aggravated the symptoms, this medicine has been often found to procure it. Dr. Cullen attributes these effects to its sedative qualities, and denies that camphor has any other property than that which is antispasmodic and sedative, or composing. He says that it is a very powerful medicine, and capable of doing much good or harm.

To all brute creatures camphor is poisonous. By experiments made, it appears that in some it produced sleep followed by death. In others, before death, they were awakened into convulsions and rage.

### Curious Discovery.

**I**N the great Pyramid of Egypt is a small opening at the top, the depth of which has never been sounded. Another aperture of the same size exists at the foot of the pyramid. It was long conjectured that these two openings communicated with each other, but no means could be devised to establish the fact, till the problem was solved recently

by the ingenuity of an Arab. He took a cat and her kittens, placed the old cat in one aperture and the kittens in another, and stopped up both with stones. The next day he opened them, and found cat and kittens all together at the foot of the long passage.

### Power of Kindness.


**I**N Philadelphia there was a physician, belonging to the Society of Friends, who was very benevolent, and much beloved by the poor. One day, this good doctor, attempting to ride through a narrow and crowded street, was stopped by a dray, which stood in such a manner that he could not possibly get along. He asked the driver if he would be good enough to move a little out of the way; but the man was ill-natured, and he answered, in very violent language, that he would not stir an inch till he thought proper. The physician replied, with the utmost gentleness, "Well, friend, thou wilt not move to oblige me; but if thou shouldst be ill, or any of thy family in distress, send for Dr. P., and I will come and do all I can to assist thee." This mild answer gained the drayman's heart, and made him thoroughly ashamed of his bad temper. He asked pardon for the language he had used, and immediately made room for the doctor to pass.

There is hardly any body in the world so rough and violent as to resist, for any length of time, the soothing influence of kindness. Even the most ferocious ani-

mals are tamed by it. Those who acquire great command over horses, dogs, and other brute creatures, always do it by means of affectionate and gentle treatment. In this way, a man by the name of John Austin, in London, has trained animals of totally opposite natures to live together in love and peace. He is careful to keep them well fed, caresses them a great deal, and accustoms them to each other's society at a very early age. The cat, the mouse, the owl, the rabbit, the hawk, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, all frolic together in the same cage. The owl allows the sparrow to eat from the same plate, without offering to devour him; while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws, and the starling perches on her head.

From these facts little girls and boys can learn a useful lesson concerning their treatment to younger brothers and sisters. When little ones are fretful, do not take hold of them hard, and pull them along, and speak cross words to them. This will only serve to spoil their tempers, and injure your own. Speak gently to them; try to comfort them, and tell them some simple story, in order to make them forget their little troubles. If managed in this way, they will soon become as docile as little lambs; and when they are unhappy, they will come to you, as their kindest protector and best friend.

A gentle and patient temper is a two-fold blessing; it equally blesses those who possess it, and those who come under its influence. While we are striving to do good to others, we find our reward in the quiet happiness with which our own hearts are filled. — *Juv. Miscellany.*

 The Publishers of Merry's Museum wish the two following letters to have an insertion.


MESSRS. D. M'DONALD & Co., New York.

Your periodical for children, Merry's Museum, edited by the veritable "Peter Parley," cannot fail, I think, to please and instruct its readers. My own children, although very young, the oldest not quite seven, have been very much amused with some of the articles, written in the true vein for such little ones, and I shall be glad to have you send them the numbers regularly. In the mean time, they desire me to send their regards to their old friend *Peter Parley*, and hope to read many more of his nice stories.

Your obedient servant.

GEO. FOLSOM.

New York, April 3, 1849.

 The following is from a subscriber residing at the West.

By frequent and urgent entreaties from my family, I have at last been induced to subscribe for Merry's Museum; and I feel myself already more than doubly compensated for the trouble and expense in procuring it for them. I assure you it is a great satisfaction to me to see the pleasure and delight it produces on the reception of each number. I wish it might have a wider circulation through this part of the country, as the work is very much calculated to induce children to read, while strictly moral and very instructive. In fact, it is just what the rising generation want.

We have a School Library in our district, of some four hundred volumes, and among the rest some three or four volumes of Parley's magazine. While many of the books look as though they had never been touched, Parley is in a manner all to rags, from being constantly in use.

Please to inform me whether all the volumes, from the commencement of the work to the present time, can be had bound, and at what price, as I should like to procure a complete set for our school library.



## GREAT DISCOVERY!

CURE FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS!

*"Meriden, Jan. 29, 1849.*

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE ———!"


"Sir, — Having read, in the newspapers, that no person was ever known to be bitten by a mad dog who paid punctually for his paper, and wishing to guard against so dangerous a disease as the hydrophobia, I send, enclosed, \$2,00 — one to pay my last year's subscription,

(which I supposed was paid until I received your bill,) and the other to pay for the present volume.

"Respectfully yours,

\* \* \* \* \*

"TO HENRY R. TRACY, Esq."

 If any of the subscribers to Merry's Museum have not paid their subscriptions, we advise them to do it speedily, and so get insured against hydrophobia!

## Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

*Far West, March, 1849.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:

Your Museum I love so much,  
I scarcely know what points to touch.  
But, first, the pictures, scattered through,  
Are so delightful to the view,  
I look them o'er and o'er with care,  
And call my little sister fair,  
With rosy cheeks, and curly hair,  
To come, and in my pleasure share.  
Then I admire the pleasing tales  
Of mountains high, and lowly vales —  
Of men and things throughout the world —  
Of some from lofty stations hurled —  
Of poor, industrious, honest boys,  
Who rise to unexpected joys —  
And tales of old and modern date,  
Which now I can't enumerate.  
The puzzles, too, I like to guess,  
And scarce can say I love them less.  
But best of all is Billy Bump,  
The little, awkward Sundown gump,  
Who makes such very queer mistakes,  
That many a peal of laughter breaks  
While reading his epistles o'er;  
And when they're done, I wish for more.  
But, after all, Bill is not bad;  
Just send a little Boston lad  
Into the woods of Sundown wild —  
Perchance we'd call *him* silly child; —  
Let him with Billy tree a coon,  
Or wield the axe by light of moon,

Or let him the opossum take, —  
And would not he some blunders make?  
Or let him try to yoke a steer, —  
Would he not rather green appear?  
I think we'd have as loud a shout  
As when Bill's coon-skin cap walked out.  
And now I only have to say,  
Where'er your Playmate finds its way,  
'Tis hailed, by every girl and boy,  
With real, honest, heartfelt joy.  
Then let us have in every one,  
Amongst the rest, a bit of fun;  
For boys and girls all look for that  
In Mr. Merry's Monthly Chat.

C \* \* \* \* \*

## SPRING.

Again the lovely spring is here,  
And nature, all in bloom,  
Bespeaks the morning of the year,  
Just rising out of gloom.  
The little lambs, in all their glee,  
Are sporting on the plain;  
While to the long deserted tree  
The songster comes again.  
How pleasant now to walk abroad  
In meadows fresh and green,  
And view the handiwork of God,  
Through which Himself is seen.  
Each rising blade, each opening flower,  
Which charms our wandering eyes,  
Proclaims a resurrection power,  
By which the dead shall rise.

While Nature thus attunes her voice,  
 Her Maker's praise to sing,  
 Will not our grateful hearts rejoice,  
 And nobler tribute bring?  
 For we can raise our thoughts above,  
 And our Creator know,  
 And sing a Savior's dying love,  
 Whence all our blessings flow.

C\*\*\*\*.

*Delta, Eaton County, Michigan, }*  
*March 20, 1849. }*

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I have been among the happiest of boys the past year, while reading your Museum, and I have been very much afraid that you would refuse to send it to me, as I did not pay in advance. I have tried very hard to get the money to send you for vol. xvii. But we live in a new country, and father has so many ways to use all the money he can get, that I cannot have it yet. Mother has written a few lines in the form of poems: she thinks, if you knew how much I love to read your monthly tales, perhaps you would send me a few numbers for them; so I send them to you. If you think them worth any thing, you will continue to send me the Museum.

From your subscriber,

H. P. I.

Certainly, we shall.

The following is from a very young friend: —

## THE UNREPAIRED SHOE.

Little Ellen's shoe had been ripped open at the side more than a week, when one day she came limping in from school.

"What is the matter?" asked her mother.

"O, dear!" cried Ellen, sobbing, "I've run a nail into my foot."

The mother took off the shoe and examined the foot; but seeing nothing material had happened, she put it on again, saying, "It will be all well soon."

"Let me take it to the cobbler's, ma'am," said the nurse.

"No matter now, Maggie; I've something for you to do."

Two days after, nurse espied Ellen's toes peeping through the side of the shoe, the rough gravel having worn a hole through the stocking; so she said, "I will go immediately and get the shoe repaired."

The mother was going out to make calls, and wanted Maggie to take care of baby. "It will do when I return just as well." So saying, the mother went out, and little Ellen's shoe was thought no more of that day.

In the afternoon, there came up a drenching storm, the wind blew a tempest, and the rain poured in torrents. As soon as the hurricane was abated, the scholars were let loose from school, and little Ellen's foot was benumbed with wet and cold, as she made the best of her way home.

That night Ellen was taken ill of the croup. The mother sent for the physician, and did all she could to save her little daughter's life; but it was of no use. When the sun arose in the eastern sky, the angel came to convey the spirit of little Ellen to that land where wind and tempest are never known.

"All my sorrow comes from putting off to the future what ought to be attended to to-day," sighed the mother, as she laid her loved one in the cold grave!

ALMIRA.

*Melrose, April 9, 1849.*

MR. ROBERT MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I take your book, known as Merry's Museum and Parley's Playmate: it is a very good book, and we have a good time finding out your puzzles. I believe the answers to the puzzles in the April number, are "Starch," and "Happiness."

My brother seems pleased, as well as myself, with Billy Bump's letters; that on p. 92 was very good, especially the poetry. I hope you will go on with his correspondence. In your last number, you tell a droll kind of fable about the rabbit and the tortoise. The rabbit was such a real brag about his long legs — and, then, in spite of them, he got beat. I

should have thought he would have staid in his burrow for a month after.

And now, Mr. Merry, you must give us a call at our house, when you come this way.

I am yours truly,

JANE G. B.

I accept the invitation, Jane, with pleasure.

R. M.

A young subscriber wishes us to insert the following story :

#### AN ORANG-OUTANG.

Mr. Jesse, in his *Gleanings in Natural History*, gives the following account of an orang-outang, which was in the possession of a particular friend of his :—

"On its return from India, the vessel which conveyed the poor little orang to a climate always fatal to its race, stopped some time at the Isle of France, to take in fresh provisions. The orang accompanied the sailors in their daily visits to the shore, and their calls upon the keepers of taverns, and places of the like description. In one of these, kept by an old woman who sold coffee, &c., for breakfast, the orang was accustomed to go, unattended, every morning, and, by signs easily interpreted, demand his usual breakfast, which was duly delivered. The charge was scored up to the captain's account, which he paid before his departure.

"There was but one person on board the ship of whom the poor orang seemed at all afraid. This man was the butcher. The orang had seen him kill sheep and oxen in the exercise of his duty, and most probably anticipated from his hands a fate similar to that of his equally dumb, but not so intelligent companions. However, in order to conciliate the friendship of this dreadful dispenser of death, he made every advance, although it must be owned, in a very singular manner. He would, for instance, approach him with great caution, examine his hands minutely, finger by finger, and, finding no weapon, proceed by every little artifice to attract his no-

tice. With the rest of the sailors he was on terms of intimate friendship, and no doubt felt himself entitled to all attendant privileges, not unfrequently to the annoyance of his companions, from whose hammocks he took such portions of bedding as he deemed necessary for his own comfort, and which he would by no means give up without a hard contest.

"His conduct at table, to which he was familiarly admitted, was decorous and polite. He soon comprehended the use of knives and forks, but preferred a spoon, which he handled with as much ease as any child of six or seven years old.

"On his arrival in England, he soon began to sicken. During his illness, he was removed to Burton Street, where one of his favorites—I believe the cook—attended as nurse. He would raise his head from his pillow, and turn his eyes on his attendant, with an expression as if entreating him to do something for his relief. He would at the same time utter a plaintive cry; but he evinced nothing like impatience or ill-temper, and was compassionate by all who saw him.

"He lingered on a few days, and gradually grew worse and worse, till he died, not without the regret of his nurse, and the sympathy of us all."

*Monroe, Michigan, March 18, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir,—

If you think the following letter worth publishing in your *Museum and Playmate*, you will please some little folks, who will like to see something from a pen at home.

My little friends: I shall tell you of an expedition to California, which has busied many people in our little town for some time—several gentlemen wishing to see this famed country, which you all know lies on the Pacific Ocean west of us, and can be reached over land, as well as to go around Cape Horn. They had heard many stories of the gold found there, many stories of the delightful climate, many stories of the hunting grounds

which they would pass over; so they determined to see it.

Ten of them began to get ready for the journey. They bought new, strong wagons, had them extra ironed, for the sand plains are so long, and the sand so hot, that the irons fall off from any common built wagon. They covered them with twilled cloth, which they painted, to keep out the rain. They took four French ponies for each team, with strong, new harnesses. They also took two extra ponies, so as to be supplied if either of the others should tire out, or become lame. They took saddles and bridles; two tents, which were made of white cloth, oiled; a fine chest of carpenters' tools; a medicine chest, and a box of iron implements.

These supplies were necessary, for they will not return in two years. They were each armed with pistols, and each had a gun and abundance of ammunition, for they expect to find their own marketing after a few weeks' travel. They provided thick, coarse clothes, enough for two years, and blankets for each man.

Do you not think they will have fine times? They put up a barrel of crackers, a barrel of *permican*, which is parched corn ground fine, with dried venison. A very small quantity of this will make a meal. They put up all sorts of tin cups and pans for cooking, and a small stove, which they will find useful in order to boil their kettles at night. They will go on to Fort Independence in Missouri; there they will find *Kit Carson*. Perhaps you have all heard of him. He will guide them, and the large band of emigrants who will accompany the expedition over the long way, safely to the land they so much want to see.

Every man who goes there to live has been promised six hundred and forty acres of land as his own, by the government, as an inducement for people to go and settle there.

When the company I have spoken of were all ready to start, the whole town was gathered together to see, and bid them good-by. Most were young, unmarried men; but some left little children at home; and it was hard

enough for them to say good-by. They looked finely in their bright red flannel shirts, tarpaulin caps, and clean gray clothes. They went away with light hearts, and hope and ambition for the future. They are all first-rate young men. All wished them well, and hope they will prosper. Would you not like to hear some western stories of their adventures and those of others who have gone before them? They expect to have many agreeable adventures. It will be fine if the weather should always be pleasant—the season always bright—the buffaloes always plenty for marketing, and they never sick! We know that it cannot always be sunshine; but we will hope good things for them. If we live a few years, we shall probably be able to go over the same route on a railroad. Good night. From your friend,

SAMMY SASSAFRAS.

*Dobb's Ferry, Dec. 13, 1848.*

MR. MERRY:

As I have taken your Museum for nearly a year without writing to you, I thought I would send a short note. The Museum for this year I received as a present from my teacher, and I consider it a very entertaining one. I shall continue to take it, with the consent of my parents. I observe that a great deal is said in it about "black eyes and blue." I don't know which party I shall attach myself to, whether to blue or gray; for I am sadly afraid mine are verging on the latter hue.

I find the historical and poetical parts of your book the most entertaining. I send you a piece of poetry which was copied from the *New York Mirror*. I don't recollect that you have had it in your Museum; but perhaps you don't approve of copying from other works. If you have no scruples on that point, by inserting it in your next, you will oblige

A SUBSCRIBER.

#### THE FADING FLOWER.

The fading flower, the fading flower,  
How soon its blooming life is flown!  
Late smiled it in its leafy bower,  
And Beauty claimed it as her own;



Bright sunshine richly dyed its breast,  
 And, near, the wood-thrush sang its lay,  
 As, like a heavenly spirit blessed,  
 It gave its beauties to the day.

And bright it bloomed, when stars looked  
 down,

Like angel's eyes, on nature's brow;  
 When every trace of earth seemed flown,  
 And heaven was blessed in peace below;  
 When each sweet voice that day calls out  
 Had furled the wing, had hushed the song,  
 And e'en the streamlet's joyous shout  
 Scarce sounded as it played along.

But soon the angel of the storm  
 Was riding on the rushing blast,  
 To bend to earth its slender form,  
 And to the ground its beauties cast;  
 Dark was the hour, and winds were high,  
 The scar leaves whirled upon their breath,  
 When faintly waxed each glorious dye,  
 And down it sank to withering death.

Thus is the heart, in early prime,  
 When joy sheds down its richest ray;  
 When flower-wreaths hide the foot of Time,  
 And Hope sings o'er her witching lay.  
 But soon the storm of sorrow lowers,  
 And soon the wild winds sweep the sky;  
 Gone is the bloom of youthful hours,  
 And sinks the heart in gloom to die.

*Madison, New Jersey, March 7, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I have but lately seen your excellent Museum; but what I have seen, I like very much, especially your riddles, puzzles, &c. I see that the puzzles in the March number were not answered in the April one: will you please to print the following, if they are correct. I cannot make out the first charade, — so I will pass on to the riddle, where I think there is a little mistake. It says that Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and Bess, found a bird's nest with *five* eggs in it; "they each took one, and left *five* in." Now I think it ought to be, "and left *four* in," for as Eliza, Elizabeth, Betsey, and

Bess are all abbreviations of Elizabeth, and she took one egg, there must be but four left.

The answer to the next puzzle, composed of twenty-five letters, is, I believe, "The Gold Region of California;" the next, the "Boston Fountain;" the next, "Brats;" and the next and last, "William Ellery Channing."

I will also send you the answers of the puzzles in the April number. The first one is "Happiness," and the last "Starch."

I remain, dear sir,

Your juvenile friend,

A. B. S.

We insert the following, but are obliged to omit the enigma referred to.

*Rome, Georgia, March 16, 1849.*

MR. MERRY:

Although I do not take your Museum, I intend doing so; and I send you the money, with an enigma, which, though not a very good one, may afford amusement to some little girl in trying to find it out. I am at a boarding-school in Rome, Georgia, and there is a friend of mine at the same school who takes your Museum, and lends it to me; and I like it very much. The city in which I am staying is a large one, considering the Indians have only left it for a few years. By the by, speaking of the Indians, I will tell you something about them. Although they have all left this part of the country, we often see their graves, and pick up their arrows; and even their bones and skulls are to be seen. There was a northern lady who married an Indian chief and came here; but she was very unhappy, because she was cut off from all society; but she was still more so when the tribes were ordered to emigrate to the west, and she three times tried to commit suicide, but she was detected each time. Her husband is now dead; but she is living in all the style of an Indian queen, her son being chief. Will you please to send me the books from the beginning of the year.

Yours affectionately,

SARAH J. H.

The writer of the following does not tell where the wonderful event happened which he relates. The country must have a good soil. Perhaps it was in Ireland, for they tell big stories there, if they do not raise great radishes.

MR. MERRY :

My grandmother had a radish grow in her garden, last summer, three feet and one inch in length, and four inches and a half in circumference. It was very straight, without a knot in it, and fine flavored. It was laid upon a white china dish, and placed upon the supper-table. We were eight in number, and all of us had a piece of it. My uncle, from New York, said it was the best radish he ever tasted. I should have been happy to have given you a slice, Mr. Merry.

As you publish very curious things in your Museum, perhaps you will like to put this in, if you find a place for it. I read your Museum, and like it very well.

From your friend,

MARCELLUS.

*New Bedford, March 14, 1849.*

DEAR MR. MERRY :

Among your numerous correspondents, I see none from our goodly city, though I know the Museum has many readers in this place. My sister and myself have taken it for a number of years, and we feel truly grateful to you for the amusement and instruction that it has afforded us. I hope you will never get tired of writing stories for us, and I assure you, we shall never get tired of reading them, and finding out the puzzles.

I received the March number to-day, and send you the answers to the four puzzles therein contained. The first is, "The Gold Regions of California." The second is, "The Boston Fountain." The third is, "Brats;" and the fourth, "William Ellery Channing." I will also send you a puzzle, which, if you think worthy of inserting, is at your service.

I am composed of fifteen letters.

My 7, 4, 13, 9, 8, 13, 9, is what almost every body likes.

My 6, 5, 13, 3, is a member of the human body.

My 7, 10, 13, is a near relative.

My 7, 1, 4, 3, 14, is a favorite amusement in winter.

My 7, 11, 13, is what we could not live without.

My 2, 10, 11, is a personal pronoun.

My 6, 5, 13, is what should be made when the sun shines.

My 12, 8, 13, 9, is an ornament much worn.

My whole is the name of a distinguished poetess.

M. M. G.

*Flemington, March 15, 1849.*

MR. MERRY :

I was a little frightened, when I heard, by a note from Boston, that a letter of mine was in your Museum. I did not intend to have my letter published, only the charades : however, as it was my own fault, I must needs forgive you, and send, as a proof, the following pieces for insertion, if you like them : —

#### CHARADE No. 1.

I am a little fairy thing — scarce one third of an ant,

Yet large enough to puzzle you, I think you soon will grant.

You'll find me in the forest trees, in every flower's tint,

I help to form the violet, the thyme, and peppermint :

You'll find me in the castle high, but never in the hovel ;

I help to make the fire tongs, but not the fire shovel.

I am always in affright, in greatest consternation ;

Without me there could be no chat, no talk, no conversation.

Now, if you cannot find me out, my little friend, don't cry ;

For unless I lend assistance, you cannot even try.

## CHARADE No. 2.

My first is a creature we frequently meet  
 Tripping gayly along on a couple of feet.  
 My next is a pronoun, of singular number,  
 Egotistical talkers will seldom let alumber.  
 My third is a place the shepherd makes sure  
 When he wishes his flock to be penned in  
 secure.  
 My whole is an adjective expressing much  
 more  
 Than is usually counted by the dozen or score.

## CHARADE No. 3.

My first is a creature so industrious and wise,  
 Its example, our minutes might teach us to  
 prize.  
 My next is an action that sometimes young  
 misses  
 Are led to perform by soft words and sweet  
 kisses.  
 My whole is a quadruped, timid and fleet,  
 Wearing horns on its head, and hoofs on its  
 feet.

## THE RECESS.

Come put all your books and slates gently  
 away,  
 And proceed to the play-ground, this lovely  
 warm day.  
 The teacher need not to repeat her last words  
 twice,  
 For softly the school-room is cleared in a trice.  
 Lightly the grace hoop flies from its wand;  
 The mimic sloop gayly skims o'er the clear  
 pond.  
 Joyous young creatures are every where  
 round,  
 Now here and now there, now away with a  
 bound.  
 Did you e'er in your life such a chattering  
 hear?  
 Now a blithe merry laugh rings out loud, soft,  
 and clear;  
 And there, with a step like a young antelope,  
 Do observe that small girl — how she skips  
 o'er the rope!  
 Now, some others have joined her, and each  
 beaming face

Tells how much they enjoy their harmless fox-  
 chase.

O, here comes the teacher. "Do join us!"  
 they cry:

An affectionate smile is her sober reply;  
 While a dozen or more, of the gay little band  
 Spring forward to catch the much coveted  
 hand.

But hark! hear the bell: to the door they all  
 turn;

They have finished their play, they must now  
 go and learn.

Gently and quickly each one takes her place;  
 Peace reigns in each heart, peace smiles in  
 each face.

And the teacher's heart throbs with hope and  
 with joy,

As she silently blesses each good girl and boy.

E. B. H.

*Centreville, March 17, 1849.*

DEAR MR. MERRY:

You have so kindly opened the door for all  
 the children, that a little boy in Alleghany  
 wishes to step in without further introduction,  
 to offer you many thanks for your valuable  
 Museum. I try my skill on all the puzzles. I  
 have seen no answer to E.'s enigma in the  
 October number of your Museum. I think  
 the answer is the "Conflagration of Moscow."  
 The answer to C. Louisa's, in the March num-  
 ber, is, "The Gold Region in California."  
 R. M. M. is "Boston Fountain." R. S. is  
 "Brats." Your subscriber,

C. H. B.

*Middleburg, London City, March 22.*

MY DEAR MR. PETER PARLEY:

I've been reading your nice books so long,  
 that I quite feel as if you were an old ac-  
 quaintance; so I don't mind writing you a let-  
 ter. I send you an answer to a puzzle in  
 your last Playmate.

Your hinderance is sure a BAR,

Your vermin must be RATS,

Your luminary shines a STAR,

And ARTS are used by cats.

Boys love to play with ball and BAT,

When long in school they've SAT;

And though with TAR they spoil their hats,  
'Tis wrong to speak of BRATS.

I wish you would publish more of those pretty tales and legends you used to give us last year in the Playmate. I liked them very much.

You may print this or not, just as you please. If you do not, you will not offend your friend  
FANNY B. C.

Thank you, Fanny!

Connecticut, March 27, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

Although we have been subscribers for your very excellent magazine but a short time, we have been constant readers of it since its publication. Our father has been so kind as to purchase the volumes each succeeding year, as they were published.

We live a great many miles away from Boston, in rather a retired spot in the country, surrounded by rocks, mountains, streams, and green fields: still we are not without our sources of amusement, for we have many books, and among them, I assure you, our monthly visitor, Merry's Museum, is not the least instructive and amusing. We are particularly interested in the enigmas, and take great pleasure in guessing them. We send you one.

#### PUZZLE.

I am composed of seventeen letters.

My 9, 14, 8, is a cape on the Atlantic.

My 17, 14, 3, 4, 9, is a town in Massachusetts.

My 17, 15, 1, 9, is a gulf in Asia.

My 10, 11, 17, 6, is a river in Russia.

My 2, 4, 4, is a town in Iowa.

My 6, 13, 2, 14, 17, is a range of mountains.

My 4, 13, 12, 1, is a volcanic mountain.

My 9, 6, 3, 13, 14, is an island in the Mediterranean.

My 13, 11, 7, 15, 17, is a city in Africa.

My 17, 15, 16, 5, 6, 7, is a city in China.

My whole is a range of mountains.

M. A. R. and M. H. R.

Fitchburg, Feb. 15, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

I am not used to writing to great men like yourself, and I suppose this letter will not be worth much in your eyes, as it will not be a very good one; but I hope that you will accept it for all that. I have not taken the Playmate but two months, but I like it, so far, very much indeed. I send the answers to the enigmas in the February number. The first is "Canton," the second is "Taylor," the third is "Conundrum," the fourth is "Potato," and the fifth is the "Letter O," I think. I also send a puzzle which I should like to have some of your black-eyed and blue-eyed correspondents try their skill upon. It is a curious one, and I don't know whether to call it a puzzle or not. I wish that you would call it what you think it is, and insert it in the playmate.

*A Puzzler.* — A man had six ears of corn, and a rat came and carried off three ears at a time: now how many times did he come to carry off the whole?

The answer to it is, *he came six times, for he has two ears of his own to each time.*

But don't say any thing about this answer, Mr. Merry, till all the boys and girls have tried to guess it; if they give it up, you may tell them.  
C. H. S.

Newton, April 14, 1849.

MR. MERRY:

Dear Sir, —

We have taken your Museum ever since it was first published, and have always been very much interested in it, particularly since you introduced your "Monthly Chat." We always search eagerly for the answers to the puzzles, and generally are quite successful. We were very much pleased with your cento verses in the April number. We puzzled our brains for a long time to find a fourth line to the one which you inserted, and were about giving up when we found one from Burns, which we think will do very well. It is this:

"When music, heavenly maid, was young,  
And little to be trusted,



Then first the creature found a tongue,  
But 'tis rarely right adjusted."

H. A. and L. C. D.

Caroline W. C., of Newport, has rightly solved the puzzles in our March number; "A Constant Reader," of Middlebury, Vermont, has sent us a very beautiful note; and we may say the same of S., of Roxbury; Alma A. F., of —; A. A. R. of Perrysburgh, Wood Co., Ohio; of Marianne S—, of Bridgewater; E. R. P., of Elizabethtown, New Jersey; E. G. S., of Lowell; Abby B. L., of Hingham; "A Subscriber," of Astoria; F—s G—r, of Jamaica Plain; T. P. M., of Saco; G. A. F., of Worcester; "A Constant Reader," of Guildford, Connecticut.

Maria L. P., of Crawfordsville, Indiana, says she is a *little boy* eight years old. How is this? Well, there are very strange things in the western country.

A Yankee boy of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, sends us a letter in which he argues the question of protection to manufactures, very cleverly. I suspect he has been talking with Governor Briggs, who lives there, and who, no doubt, knows every thing.

Julia R. R. and Elizabeth S. R., of Montrose; B. G., of —; R. S. and A. C. B—; Marianne S., of Bridgewater; C. C. R., of Newburyport; Alice, of Bridgeport, Connecticut; F. J. W., of Cedartown, Georgia, and many other friends, will please accept our thanks, and excuse us for not inserting their letters. Our readers will bear in mind, that we have every month more communications than could be got into two whole numbers of the Museum. We like to encourage improvement of every kind; our letter-

writing friends will therefore recollect, that we never insert a letter that comes in *bad handwriting*; that has *bad spelling*; or that has *bad grammar*; or that is *badly punctuated*. Those who wish to appear in print will please remember all this. We like letters, particularly that give descriptions of places at a distance, such as the following:—

Spring Hill, Marengo County, Ala. }  
April 5, 1849. }


DEAR MR. MERRY:

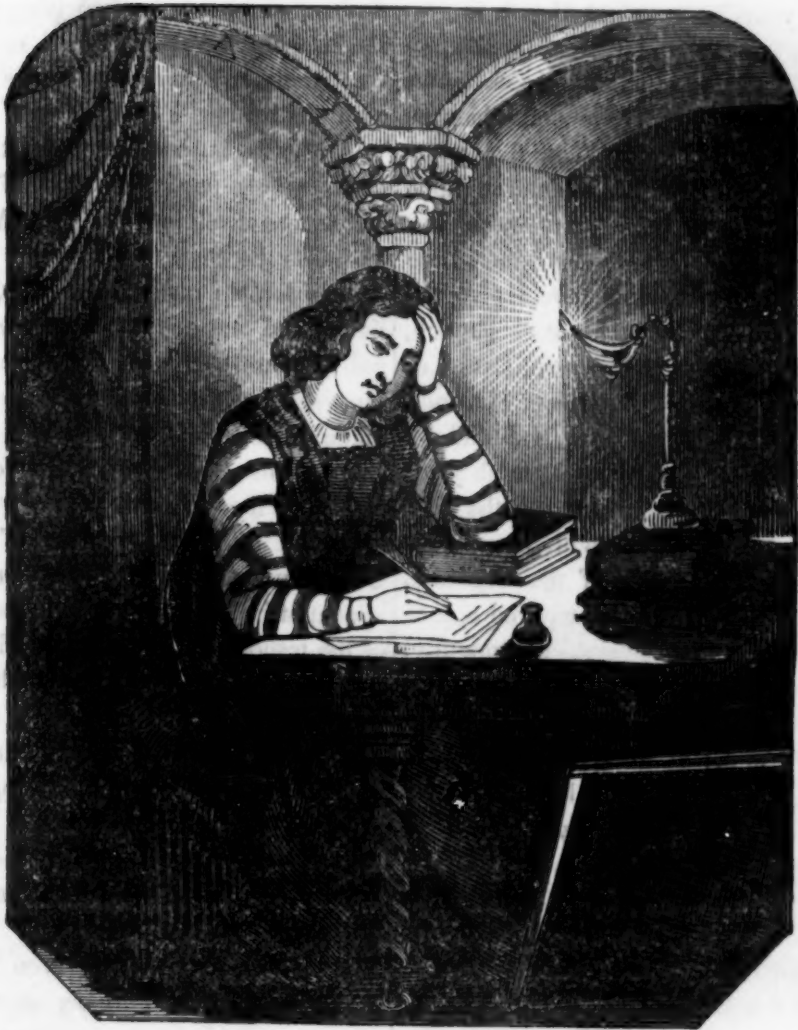
I have seen a great many letters in the Museum from different places, but don't recollect having seen any from Alabama. What is the cause? Do you have no correspondents here, or is it so *far off* that you don't consider them worth noticing? I have concluded to try it for once, and see; and if you *do* refuse to notice my letter, unless for a better reason than I have named, why I will—no, I won't *discontinue* the Museum for the *first* offence—that would be punishing *myself* more than it would you.

You cannot be under the impression that we don't have enough here to interest your readers to hear about. It is true we don't have the deep, white snows and piercing cold of your New England winters, but we have our fields whitened a good part of the year with cotton; and at this present season, our beautiful prairies are covered with pretty wild flowers and fine ripe strawberries. (I'd send you some if you could receive them by telegraph.) But I'll not tell you all now, lest I should provoke you to neglect me for being too lengthy. If you think enough of my *first* effort to print it, *perhaps* you may hear from the "sunny south" again.

Your constant friend,

SARAH JANE T.

 We have some very interesting papers belonging to the "Bump Correspondence," which are necessarily deferred till our next number.



### John Philip Baratiere.

**J**OHN PHILIP BARATIERE was a most extraordinary instance of the early and rapid exertion of mental faculties.

This surprising child was the son of Francis Baratiere, minister of the French church at Schwoback, near Nuremberg, where he was born, January, 10, 1721.

The French was his mother tongue, with some words of High Dutch ; and by

means of his father's occasionally talking Latin to him, it became as familiar to him as the rest ; so that, without knowing the rules of grammar, he, at four years of age, talked French to his mother, Latin to his father, and High Dutch to the servant and neighboring children, without mixing or confounding the respective languages. About the middle of

his fifth year, he acquired Greek in like manner; so that, in fifteen months, he perfectly understood all the Greek books in the Old and New Testament, which he translated into Latin. When five years and eight months old, he entered upon Hebrew; and, in three years more, was so expert in the Hebrew text, that, from a Bible without points, he could give the sense of the original in Latin or French, or translate, *ex tempore*, the Latin or French versions into Hebrew. He composed a dictionary of rare and difficult Hebrew words; and, about his tenth year, amused himself for twelve months with the rabbinical writers. With these he intermixed a knowledge of the Chaldaic, Syriac, and Arabic; and acquired a taste for divinity and ecclesiastical antiquity, by studying the Greek fathers of the first four ages of the church.

In the midst of these occupations, a pair of globes coming into his possession, he could, in eight or ten days, resolve all the problems on them; and, in January, 1735, he devised his project for the discovery of the longitude, which he communicated to the Royal Society of London, and the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. In June, 1731, he was matriculated in the university of Altorf; and at the close of 1732, he was presented by his father at the meeting of the Reformed churches of the circle of Franconia, who, astonished at his wonderful talents, admitted him to assist in the deliberations of the synod; and to preserve the memory of so singular an event, it was registered in their acts. In 1734, the margrave of Brandenburg Anspach granted this young scholar a pension of fifty

florins; and his father receiving a call to the French church at Stettin, in Pomerania, young Baratiere was, on the journey, admitted master of arts.

At Berlin, he was honored with several conversations with the king of Prussia, and was received into the Royal Academy. Towards the close of his life, he acquired a considerable taste for medals, inscriptions, and antiquities, metaphysical inquiries, and experimental philosophy. He wrote several essays and dissertations; made astronomical remarks and laborious calculations; took great pains towards a history of the heresies of the Antitrinitarians, and of the Thirty Years' War in Germany. His last publication, which appeared in 1740, was on the succession of the bishops of Rome. The final work he engaged in, and for which he had gathered large materials, was *Inquiries concerning the Egyptian Antiquities*. But the substance of this blazing meteor was now almost exhausted: he was always weak and sickly, and died, October 5, 1740, aged nineteen years, eight months, and sixteen days.

Baratiere published eleven different pieces, and left twenty-six manuscripts, on various subjects, the contents of which may be seen in his life, written by M. Formey, professor of philosophy at Berlin.

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### Anecdote.

A YOUNG man, riding on the top of a stage-coach, having taken a "drop too much," not being able to retain his seat, fell off into the sand. The coach stopped for him to regain his place,

which he did immediately, — when the following conversation ensued: “Well, driver, we had quite a turn over — hain’t we?” “No, we haven’t turned over at all.” “I say we have.” “No, you are mistaken; it was only you who fell off.” “I say we *have*; I leave it to the company. Haven’t we had a turn over, gentlemen?” Being assured they had not, “Well, driver,” said he, “if I’d known that, *I wouldn’t a got out.*”

### The Pike.

A HUMOROUS English angler gives the following sketch of the pike: “This fellow, commonly called *Jack*, is a well known fish. He is a greedy, unsociable, tyrannical savage, and is hated like a Bluebeard. Every body attacks him with a spear, hook, net, snare, and even with powder and shot. He has not a friend in the world. Notwithstanding, he fights his way vigorously, grows into immense strength despite his many enemies, and lives longer than his greatest foe, — man. His voracity is unbounded, and he is nearly omnivorous, his palate giving the preference, however, to fish, flesh, and fowl. Dyspepsia never interferes with his digestion; and he possesses a quality that would have been valuable at La Trappe — he can fast without inconvenience for a fortnight. He can then gorge himself to beyond the gills, without the slightest derangement of the stomach.

“He is shark and ostrich combined. His body is comely to look at, and if he could hide his head — by no means a diminished one — his green and silver vesture would attract many admirers. His intemperate

habits, however, render him an object of disgust and dread. He devours his own children; but, strange to say, he prefers the children of his neighbors. Heat spoils his appetite; cold sharpens it. His constitution is to be envied.”

The pike sometimes grows to an enormous size: we have seen an account of one that weighed 300 pounds. The bite of the pike is very severe. Some years since, a man was attempting to carry home one of these fishes; but it was so heavy, that he left it upon the grass. The next day, he went after it, and found that the fish had caught a fox in his teeth, and the animal was totally unable to escape.

### Anecdote of Haydn.

EVERY real lover of music must be pleased with Haydn’s expressions to Reynolds, the painter, when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer. “Yes,” said he, “it’s like, very like; but you’ve made a sad mistake!” “How?” “You’ve made her *listening to the angels*; you should have made *the angels listening to her.*”

### Luther and the Birds.

WITH the birds of his native country Luther had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and often moralizing over their habits: “That little fellow,” he said of a bird going to roost, “has chosen his shelter, and is quietly rocking himself to sleep, without a care for to-morrow’s lodging, calmly holding himself by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him.”





### Jonah's Gourd.

**T**HE gourd has been described by an ancient writer as a kind of shrub, having broad leaves, like the vine, affording a very thick shade, and supported only by its own stem. It grows very commonly in Palestine, chiefly in sandy places; and if the seed be thrown into the ground, it germinates very soon, and grows so fast, that within a few days after the plant appears, it almost looks like a tree.

Another writer speaks of it as bearing fruit of a triangular shape, and of casting out the seeds, when ripe, to a great distance. There is, however, great doubt what particular plant Jonah's gourd really

was, and there was much difference of opinion on the subject among the ancient fathers of the church. The contest rose so high between Jerome and Augustine, that these two venerable fathers are said to have proceeded from high words to hard blows. At the same time, neither of the parties had ever seen the object in dispute.

There is a plant in Egypt called *kiki*, which some suppose to be the same as the gourd. It grows upon the banks of the Nile, to the height of ten or twelve feet, has large, shady leaves, and is not unlike the palm-tree. This plant grows spontaneously in Greece.

### A Little Girl.

**A**LITTLE girl was passing by a garden in which were some very pretty flowers. She wished much to have some of them: she could have put her hand between the rails, and have taken them, and perhaps nobody would have seen her. But she knew this would be very wicked; it would be stealing. So, after thinking a little while, she resolved what she would do. She went to the mistress of the garden, and asked her very prettily to give her some of those nice flowers. The mistress told her she had done right not to take them, and then showed her another garden, full of beautiful plants and flowers, and gathered for her a fine, large nosegay.

### Augustus.

**A**LITTLE boy, named Augustus, was sent by his mother to get some milk. His brother wanted to go in his stead, and when they got into the street, he tried to force the pitcher from his hand. Augustus, who had been sent by his mother, held the pitcher fast, till at last it fell on the ground, and was broken to pieces between them; and Augustus began to cry bitterly. A woman who was in the street, and saw how it happened, not fearing God, told him to say, when he went home, that the woman who sold the milk had broken the pitcher. Augustus, wiping his eyes, and looking steadily at the woman, said, "That would be telling a lie! I will speak the truth; then my mother will not scold me: but if she should, I would rather be scolded than tell a lie."

### George and his Dog.

GEORGE had a large and noble dog,  
With hair as soft as silk;  
A few black spots upon his back,  
The rest as white as milk.

And many a happy hour they had,  
In dull or shining weather;  
For, in the house or in the fields,  
They always were together.

It was rare fun to see them race  
Through fields of bright red clover,  
And jump across the running brooks,  
George and his good dog Rover.

The faithful creature knew full well  
When master wished to ride;  
And he would kneel down on the grass,  
While Georgy climbed his side.

They both were playing in the field,  
When all at once they saw  
A little squirrel on a stump,  
With an acorn in his paw.

Rover sent forth a loud bow-wow,  
And tried to start away;  
He thought to scare the little beast  
Would be a noble play.

But George cried out, "For shame! ~~for~~  
shame!

You are so big and strong,  
To worry that poor little thing  
Would be both mean and wrong."

The dog still looked with eager eye,  
And George could plainly see,  
It was as much as he could do,  
To let the squirrel be.

The timid creature would have feared  
The dog so bold and strong,  
But seemed to know the little boy  
Would let him do no wrong.

He peeped in George's smiling face,  
And trusting to his care,  
He kept his seat upon the stump,  
And ate his acorn there.

He felt a spirit of pure love  
 Around the gentle boy,  
 As if good angels, hovering there,  
 Watched over him in joy.

And true it is, the angels oft  
 Good little George have led;  
 They're with him in his happy play,  
 They guard his little bed.

They keep his heart so kind and true,  
 They make his eye so mild;  
 For dearly do the angels love  
 A gentle little child.

*Flowers for Children.*

### Jim Dick.

**A**CTS of kindness and soft words have an irresistible power, even over an enemy. "When I was a small boy," says Southey, "there was a black boy in the neighborhood, by the name of Jim Dick. I and a number of my play-fellows were one evening collected together at our sports, and began tormenting the poor black, by calling him 'negro, blackamoor,' and other jeering epithets. The poor fellow appeared excessively grieved at our conduct, and soon left us.

"We soon after made an appointment to go a skating in the neighborhood, and on the day of the appointment I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jim's skates. I went to him and asked him for them. 'O yes, Robert, you may have them, and welcome,' was his answer. When I went to return them, I found Jim sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to

him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took his skates, and, with tears in his eyes, said to me, 'Robert, don't never call me blackamoor again,' and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears, and from that time resolved never again to abuse a poor black."

### A Motherless Boy.

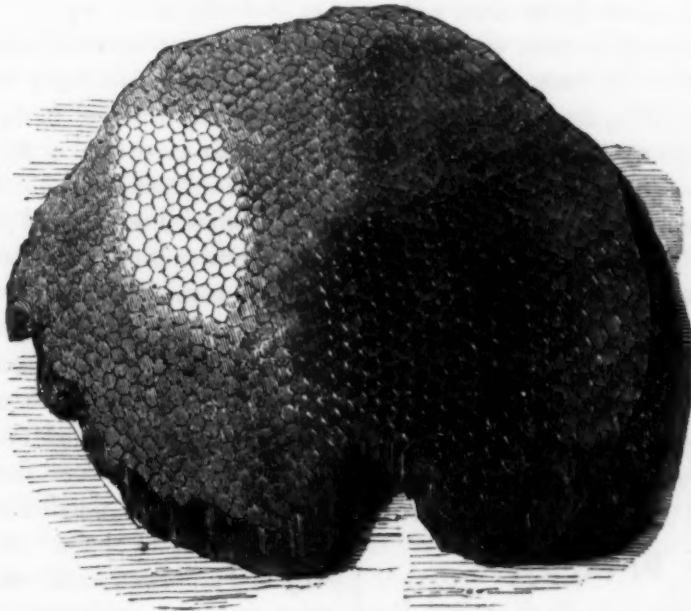
**W**HEN I was a little child, said a good man, my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and to place her hand upon my head while she prayed. Before I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by the soft hand on my head. When I was a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but, when I would have yielded, that same hand seemed to be upon my head, and I was saved. I appeared to feel its pressure as in the days of my happy infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart, — a voice that must be obeyed, — "O, do not this wickedness, my son, nor sin against thy God."

### Little Henry.

**L**ITTLE HENRY, when six years of age, was one Sunday reading a little book, the leaves of which became loose. "O, dear," said he, "what must I do? My book has come to pieces!" "Would it be right, do you think," said

his mother, "for me to get a needle and thread, and stitch it again to-day?" "O, no," said Henry. "Might you not pin it together till to-morrow?" said his father. The little boy looked as if he hardly thought it was quite right even to pin his book on the holy Sabbath. "Why,"

continued his father, "your mother pins her gown on a Sunday: where, then, is the wrong of pinning your book?" "I don't know," said little Henry; "but you know she can't do without pinning her gown on a Sunday, but I could do without pinning my book till Monday."



### Honey-Comb.

**W**HEN the bees begin to work in their hives, they divide themselves into four companies. One roves in the fields, and provides materials for the structure of the honey-comb; another company employs the wax provided by the first, and lays out the bottom and partitions of the cells; a third party is engaged in making the inside smooth from the corners and angles; and the fourth company brings food for the rest, or relieves those who return with their respec-

tive loads. Such is their diligence, that in one day they build and complete cells for three thousand bees.

Observe and admire their sagacity in the formation of their cells. As the compass is very limited within which their cells are formed, they use the smallest possible quantity of materials; their edifice, too, is so formed that they have the greatest degree of accommodation in the smallest space. The shape of the cells is hexagonal; that is, they have six sides. They



are joined together so that there is no loss of space, and no loss of material.

The combs lie parallel to each other. Between each of them there is a space left, which serves as a street, and is wide enough to allow two bees to pass each other without inconvenience. There are also holes which go quite through the combs, and serve as lanes for the bees to pass from one comb to another, without being required to go a great way about.

While some of the bees are employed in building the cells, others are engaged in polishing them. They remove every thing that is rough or uneven, and carry out of the cells the particles of wax which are taken off in the polishing. These particles are not lost. Bees are ready to take them from the polishers, and employ them in some other part of the building.

Man shows his wisdom, when even from the bee he learns lessons of diligence, order, and perseverance.

### A Discovery.

**I**N a narrow street in Paris, called Rue St. Eloi, stood the shop of a petty broker. Among the articles for sale was an old arm-chair, so worn with age, that no one would give forty cents for it, being all the poor old dealer asked. Tired of seeing it so long a useless encumbrance, he resolved to beat it to pieces, and convert the horsehair to some more profitable purpose. On proceeding to do this, what were his joy and surprise to find, concealed in the seat, a roll of paper, in which were wrapped notes of the Bank of France to the amount of 1,150 francs, or 225 dollars !

### Dwarfs.

**I** WILL now give some account of famous little men. In 1741, one of the most remarkable dwarfs ever seen was born in Lorraine county, France. His parents were absolutely frightened at his extreme smallness. His head was no bigger than a large nut, and his cry was as feeble as the squeak of a mouse. His mouth was so small that they were at a loss how to feed him ; but by means of a very small silver tube, they at last contrived to give him a drop or two of lukewarm milk at a time. He was carried to church in one of his mother's wooden shoes, to be baptized. No one thought it possible that he could live ; but he did live, and grew stronger every day. His size, however, increased but little. He was never more than twenty-six inches high, and weighed fifteen pounds. His hands and feet were like those of a doll, and his little, round, fresh face was no bigger than an apple. He was a very lively and animated child, and before he was a year old, could walk very well. His mother did not dare to let him run about the house, for fear he would get lost, or run over ; but his father arranged a line of boards for him, along which he would run like a squirrel.

He was exceedingly slow in learning to speak. At six years old, he could not articulate a single word. His parents were poor and very ignorant, and they thought that witches, or wicked fairies, had made him silent, and prevented him from growing. He was exceedingly sweet tempered, affectionate, and generous. He was passionately attached to

his family, and loved every little bird and lamb. As soon as he could walk, he was eager to be up early in the morning, that he might go into the lower court, with his little basket full of grain for the chickens. He would ask for bread continually, that he might crumble it up for the ducks and birds. If the greedy turkeys came after it, he would chase them away with a stick, though they were bigger than he was. An old goose and a sheep, on his father's farm, became so much attached to the kind little fellow, that they would follow him every where. The sheep would allow him to climb upon her back, and sit there by the hour together. If his mother allowed him to go to one of the neighbors to play, the goose would follow him, and watch every step with as much care as if she were conscious that such a little person was exposed to unusual dangers. She would never allow a strange dog to come near him; and even if she saw one at a distance, she would stretch out her long neck, with hisses, to drive him away.

As he grew older, his parents allowed him to run about in the fields, with his sheep and goose. Breathing the fresh air continually, and accustomed to constant exercise, his little face was blooming as a rose, and his well-formed limbs were remarkable for pliancy and gracefulness. People came from far and near to look at him; and they never could sufficiently admire his pretty little figure and lively motions.

At last, his fame reached the ears of Stanislaus the Benevolent, then duke of Lorraine, and afterward king of Poland. This prince heard such marvellous ac-

counts of the dwarf, that he sent to have him brought to court. His father packed him away in a rush basket, and covered him with leaves, as he would a rabbit. When he presented himself at court, the duke said, in a disappointed tone, "Why have you not brought your famous little son?" The villager took off the napkin that covered his basket, and little Nicholas immediately popped out his head, and jumped on the floor. The duke was so delighted with this remarkable child, that he wanted to keep him always. He found it hard to coax his father to part with him, but his very liberal offers at last induced him to consent. Thinking the prince would do more for the boy than he could, he left him at court, and went homeward with many tears.

All the lords and ladies caressed little Nicholas exceedingly, and overloaded him with sweetmeats and playthings. But the poor little fellow was very homesick. The richly dressed ladies did not seem like his own fond mother; and he liked a thousand times better to ride on the back of his sheep, than to be shut up in the duke's grand carriage. He would not run, sleep, or eat. He became sulky, and took no interest in any thing. He would not try to say a word, except "mamma, mamma;" and this he repeated, in a most mournful tone, through the whole day, and the long, long night. This continual unhappiness, with want of food and sleep, made him very ill, and they feared he would die.

He was too weak to be carried home, and the prince sent a messenger for his mother. The moment the poor child heard her well known voice, his eyes

sparkled, and his little pale cheeks flushed with joy. Feeble as he was, he sprang out of bed, and rushed into her arms. He could not be persuaded to leave her for a moment, and would sleep nowhere but on her lap. Under her affectionate care, he soon became strong and lively as ever.

He had never been to school, and his utterance was extremely imperfect. The prince offered him all kinds of playthings, if he would learn to read. He tried to do as they wished, but he never could remember any thing except the vowels. He called all the consonants *b*; and he took such a fancy to that sound, that he used it to ask for almost every thing he wanted. For this reason, he was generally called *Be-Be*, though his real name was Nicholas Ferry.

It was evidently of no use to trouble his little brain with learning; for it was not big enough to hold it. In dancing, he succeeded much better. He soon became remarkable for the swiftness of his movements, and for all manner of graceful gambols. They taught him to handle a little gun very dexterously; and large companies often assembled at the castle, to see the manikin, in grenadier's uniform, jumping, vaulting, and fencing, upon a large table.

One day, the duke made a grand dinner, and invited many distinguished lords and ladies. The principal ornament of the table was a large pie, in the shape of a citadel, with towers, turrets, ramparts, and sugar artillery. When the first course was removed from the table, a band of musicians struck up a lively tune. Up jumped the pie-crust, and out started

little Nicholas, holding a brace of the smallest pistols that ever were seen, and flourishing a little sabre over his head. The guests, being entirely unprepared for his appearance, were startled at first, but they soon enjoyed his frolics highly. When the dessert came on, he very gravely returned to stand sentinel at the pie, where he was pelted with sugar-plums, till they were piled up as high as his shoulders.

This adventure of the pie made *Be-Be* more famous than ever. Painters took his likeness, and poets made verses about him. Other princes envied the duke the possession of such a curiosity, and privately offered large sums of money to any one who would decoy him away. Sometimes the servants of visitors, under the pretence of play, would put him in their pockets; or the sentinel, as he ran along the gallery, would cover him with his cloak; or the postillions would coax him to creep into their great boots, which they would tie together, and sling over their shoulders. He would let them play with them a little in this way, but as soon as he suspected something more serious than fun, he would utter such shrill cries, that they were glad to release him.

Stanislaus was, however, afraid that he would be stolen, sooner or later. He therefore ordered a number of pages to follow him wherever he went. *Be-Be* did not like this. He had been so much accustomed to run about the fields with his goose, that it annoyed him not to be able to stir a step without a sentinel at his side. He became melancholy and ill. The duke, in order to divert his mind, ordered a little castle to be built for him on

wheels. It contained a parlor, sleeping chamber, dining hall, and even a little miniature garden, with flowers, trees, and fountains. The chairs, tables, beds, and time-pieces, were all adapted to his size. A small billiard table, and a great variety of games, were prepared for him. A collection of animals, extremely small of their kind, were arranged in this pretty little hermitage. Sparrows, linnets, and wrens hopped about in cages of ivory and silver; a little greyhound, not much bigger than a squirrel, ran from one room to another; and the empress of Russia sent a pair of snow white turtle doves, no larger than the smallest species of sparrows.

A company of well behaved little children was likewise formed for his amusement, and called the Joyful Band. These affectionate attentions made Be-Be very glad, and he chattered thanks very earnestly, in his queer little language. It was funny to see him receive his small guests at dinner, and imitate the manners of a great man. He was extremely affectionate and gay, but he had strict ideas of politeness and good order. One day, a member of his little band became too noisy in his play, and awakened the duke, who was sleeping in his arm-chair near by. Be-Be insisted that he should do penance for his fault, by sitting on a footstool in the door of his little palace, and eating his dinner alone.

On one occasion, a famous dwarf came from Polish Russia to visit him. His name was Count Boruwlaski. He measured just eight inches when he was born, and at thirty years old was only thirty-nine inches high. His mother was very

poor, and had a large family of children. She gave him to the Countess Humiecka, with whom he travelled into various parts of Europe. In Turkey he was admitted into the seraglio, and the women who live secluded there were as much amused with him as with a living doll. Every body petted and caressed him, and he was universally called *Joujou*, the French word for *plaything*.

In Austria, he visited the empress, Maria Theresa. Her daughter, Maria Antoinette, afterward the unfortunate queen of France, was then only six years old. The empress drew a ring from her hand, and placed it on the minikin finger of Joujou. At Paris, he was received with great attention. A wealthy gentleman there gave him a dinner, at which all the plates, knives and forks, and even the eatables, were adapted to his size. In the course of his travels, he visited the court of Stanislaus, and was introduced to Be-Be. In the latter part of his life, he visited Lapland and Nova Zembla, where the people crowded to see him night and day, so that he could get no chance to sleep. The savages devoutly thanked the sun for showing them such a little man; and he, to thank them, played them tunes on his small guitar. After many wanderings, he settled in England, and lived to be an old man.

Be-Be received Joujou with his customary politeness, and made his visit as pleasant as possible. It must have been a funny sight to see these little fairy men doing the honors to each other.

Be-Be was distinguished for neatness as well as courtesy. One day, when he was playing ball, he broke a glass lamp,



and spilled the oil on his clothes. He tried to wipe it off, and, seeing the spot spread, he begged earnestly for a pair of scissors, to cut it out. Being refused, he sobbed out, "O, how wretched I am! What will my good friend say, when he sees me so dirty!"

He was extremely generous. He had a great many jewels and beautiful playthings given him, but almost always gave them away to the children who visited him. He liked nothing so well as a purse full of small, bright money; for he delighted to walk on the balcony, and throw it to poor children, who came there to catch it. Sometimes, he would roll up a crown in a paper with his sixpences, and throwing it to the raggedest little beggar, would cry out, "Catch it quick! it is for you."

Whenever he had a gold piece given him, he put it in a box and locked it up, to send to his native village, for his dear brother Louis; who, by his generosity, became one of the richest farmers in the country.

Be-Be was mischievous sometimes, and liked to trouble the pages, who were ordered to keep watch over him. One day, he hid himself in the bottom of the kennel with his greyhound; and there the little rogue remained eating and drinking with his playfellow, the dog, all day and all night. The page was scolded severely, and threatened with dismissal. Be-Be, hearing him weep, sprang out of his hiding-place, and embracing the knees of King Stanislaus, entreated him to forgive the page, for he only was to blame.

He was always remarkable for the loving disposition which characterized his

infancy. Among the boys who visited him was a little fellow, about seven years old, named Zizi. Be-Be was so fond of him, that he wanted to give him every thing. He made him a present of his little gold watch, not bigger than a ten cent piece, containing his miniature set with gems. This watch was marked with only five hours, because the little man could never learn to count higher than five.

His favorite Zizi died of small-pox, after a very short illness. They were afraid to tell Be-Be, for fear his tender little heart would break with grief. Every hour in the day he would ask, "Where is Zizi? Why *don't* Zizi come?" He and Zizi had often talked together about the goose and the sheep that he loved so well; and at last he took it into his head that Zizi had gone to his native village, to bring the goose and the sheep. Every day, he laid aside half of his cake, fruit, and playthings for his beloved comrade; and to the day of his death, he always expected to see Zizi come back with his old friends, the goose and the sheep.

When King Stanislaus went to Versailles, to visit his daughter, he took Be-Be with him. There, as elsewhere, he was a great favorite. The ladies caressed him greatly, and always wanted to have him in their arms; but if they attempted to carry him out of sight of the king, he would call out, "My good friend, the lady will carry me away in her pocket!" and he would struggle, till they released him, and let him run back to Stanislaus.

The poor dwarf never seemed like himself after he returned from his journey. He became very sad, wanted to be

alone, and wept much. Sometimes he would sit for two whole days, without even changing his position. He lost his appetite entirely. One lark was enough for two dinners; and in a short time he could take nothing but a little weak lemonade and burnt sugar. His round, blooming face wrinkled very fast, and though not yet twenty-two, he looked like a very old man. He begged most earnestly to see the king before he died; but his benefactor was then absent at Nantz, and they could not gratify his wishes. He repeated his name almost every minute; and as he lay in his mother's lap, and raised his dying eyes to hers, his last words were, "O mother dear, I wish I could kiss once more the hand of my good friend."

When Stanislaus returned, he was deeply affected to find that his little favorite was dead. He caused his body to be embalmed, and buried with much ceremony.

There was a famous English dwarf, named Jeffery Hudson, born in 1619. When seven years old, he was only eighteen inches high; and he grew no taller than this till he was thirty years old; when he suddenly attained the height of three feet and nine inches. The duke of Buckingham presented this dwarf to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles the First. At her marriage feast, he was brought upon the table in a cold pie, from which he sprang forth at a given signal, to the great amusement of the queen and her guests. He did not bear the extreme indulgence with which he was treated, so well as Be-Be did. He became very petulant and tyrannical, and disposed to quarrel with

every one who laughed at him. Being once provoked at the mirthfulness of a young gentleman, named Crofts, the foolish little fellow challenged him to fight. The young gentleman, being much amused at the idea of Jeffery's fighting a duel, came armed with a squirt, instead of a pistol. This was merely intended for fun; but the bad tempered dwarf became so angry, that he insisted upon a real duel. They met on horseback, to equalize their height as much as possible, and at the first pistol shot Mr. Crofts fell dead. Poor little Jeffery was not wise enough to know that this was much more like dogs or game-cocks, than like men endowed with reason and conscience. In the time of Cromwell's revolution, he escaped to France, to follow the fortunes of Queen Henrietta. He met with a variety of adventures. He was taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers, and at another time by a Turkish pirate. He returned to England, in Charles the Second's time, where he was imprisoned on suspicion of being employed in some political intrigue. He died in prison, at the age of sixty-three.

Peter the Great, of Russia, had a passion for dwarfs. He had a very little man and a very little woman in his royal household; and when they were married, he collected all the dwarfs throughout his vast empire, to form a wedding procession. They were ninety-three in number, and were paraded through the streets of St. Petersburg, in the smallest possible carriages, drawn by the smallest of Shetland ponies.

The most remarkable dwarf of modern times is Charles S. Stratton, called General Tom Thumb. He was born at

Bridgeport, Connecticut, in 1832. He was a healthy, vigorous babe, and weighed nine pounds two ounces when he was born. At five months old, he weighed fifteen pounds; but at that time, for some unknown cause, he ceased to grow; and now, at the age of twelve years, he is a little miniature man, only two feet and one inch in height, and weighing but fifteen pounds and two ounces. His head is rather too large for his body, but his limbs are well proportioned, and he has the prettiest little feet and hands imaginable. He has been taught to perform a variety of exploits, and has been exhibited at nearly all the museums in the United States. He has a great variety of dresses, military, naval, &c. It is extremely droll to see him dressed up like Napoleon Bonaparte, and imitating his attitudes and motions, which he does to perfection.

Dwarfs generally have feeble voices. Tom Thumb's is weak and piping, like a very little child; but he sings a variety of small songs in a very agreeable manner. His boots and gloves are about large enough for a good-sized doll, and his little canes would answer for a small monkey. He has a little carriage, about big enough for Pussy-cat to ride in; and into this a small dog is fastened, with a very complete little harness. He has a house, too, about three feet high, into which he walks to rest himself, when he is tired of dancing a hornpipe for the amusement of spectators. He is a very lively child, and very winning in his manners. He makes a bow, and kisses his tiny hand, in the genteelst manner possible.

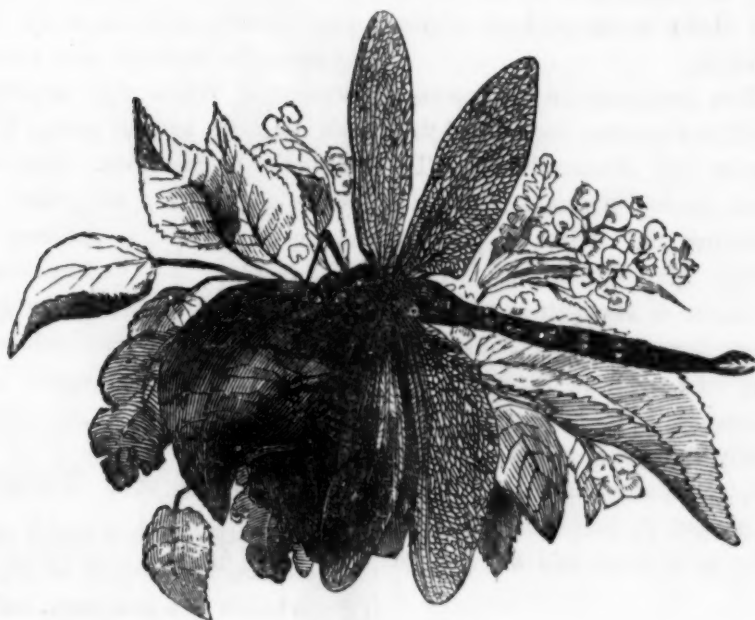
A few years ago he went to Europe,

where he was very much caressed. Queen Adelaide presented him with a beautiful little gold watch, no bigger than a shilling; and Queen Victoria was so pleased with his performances, that she gave him a beautiful mother-of-pearl toy, set in gold, with flowers worked in enamel, and adorned with precious stones. — *Flowers for Children.*



### Riding Crocodiles.

**A**N English traveller, named Waterston, gives an account of his mounting the back of a crocodile, in Guiana, as he and the Indians drew the monster from the water by a rope. This seemed a wonderful feat; and so it was, for the creature was wild and savage. But in Siam, which is a country in Farther India, it is said they tame crocodiles, (which are very much like alligators,) as we do colts. Being plentifully fed with fish, and treated kindly, they become very docile, and will submit to have a bridle put in their mouths, and be guided about according to their master's pleasure. It is no uncommon thing to see the Siamese children, with a whip, riding on the back of these terrible looking monsters, or playing under their feet.



### Dragon-Fly.

**T**HIS is a genus of four-winged flies, sometimes called *adder-flies*. There are twenty-one species. The mouth is furnished with jaws, and the tail of the male terminates in a kind of hooked forceps. All the species are provided with two very large eyes, covering the whole surface of the head. They fly very swiftly, and catch, while flying, innumerable flies. Their voracious appetite, and the multitude of lesser winged insects which they destroy and devour, fully entitle them to the name given them of *dragon* flies. To the insect tribe they are indeed dragons.

In the months of August and September, they are found in our fields and gardens, especially near places where there are stagnant waters. The eggs from which they are produced are de-

posited in the waters, where they are hatched by the warmth of the temperature, and from which they come fully formed, and provided with all their voracious instincts. The large species live all their time about waters; but the smaller frequent hedges and gardens. The larger kinds are almost always upon the wing, so that it is very difficult to take them.

The eye of the dragon-fly is very curious, and, by means of the microscope, presents an astonishing assemblage of wonders. The colors with which they are adorned are brilliant and various, consisting of green, blue, crimson, and scarlet. In some cases, all these colors are beautifully blended in the same individual. The wings are of the most delicate texture, admit of great expansion,



and cannot be looked upon by the careful student of God's works without admiration and delight.

These flies are exceedingly ravenous, and fall with the greatest fury on all their fellow-insects and devour them. The fact of their having a forked tail has led many to believe that they are provided with a sting. Hence, too, they have received the name of *horse-stingers*.

The great dragon-fly is remarkable for the celerity and vigor of its flight. On one occasion, one of these insects was observed gently flying near a pond in search of its prey, when, on seeing a butterfly, it suddenly caught it, and then sat down composedly on a twig, and ate it piece-meal.

### A Sagacious Dog.

A dog of a mongrel breed, known in Aberdeen by the name of the *Doctor*, used to beg pennies from all with whom he could claim the slightest acquaintance. He did not foolishly throw away the money given to him, but spent it in the most judicious manner. The shop which he first patronized with his custom was that of a baker, who only gave him a biscuit for his halfpenny; but he has now changed his place of business, not from any political feeling, but simply because, in mercantile phraseology, he "can do better." The Doctor, having become rather epicurean in his eating, began to frequent a cook-shop, kept by a black man, who gives him good money's worth — one day, perhaps, a piece of potted head; another, a slice of cold meat, or something dainty. At

last, this animal struck up an acquaintance with several gentleman, at the Athenæum, between the hours of nine and ten in the morning. While this acquaintanceship was amusing to one party, it was very profitable to the other. One trait of the Doctor's character was, that, when not hungry, he gave the children, who were his favorites, the halfpennies given to himself. One afternoon, he gave a little girl twopence that he had collected in small coin. — *Scotch Paper*.

### The Mistle Thrush.

THIS pretty bird is a native of England, and is the largest of all the tribe. It builds in a low bush, and lays four or five eggs. It feeds on insects, and on the berries of the holly and mistletoe, from the last of which it takes its name. Its song is very melodious, and is more heard during a thunder-storm than at any other period. The louder the thunder roars, the shriller and sweeter becomes its voice. It is popularly known by the name of the *storm cock*, because he is supposed, by the loudness of his tones, to foretell a storm. Undismayed by the tempest's fury, or rather rejoicing in its violence, the small but spirited songster warbles on unceasingly, as if desirous of emulating the loudness of the thunder tone, or of making his song be heard above the noise of the raging elements. The following pretty lines speak of this curious fact: —

"And in the thunder's roar,  
In autumn, when the sudden lightnings flash,  
Sweet sings the mistle thrush amid the crash,  
The bursting tempest o'er."



The Mandrake.

**O**F this plant there are eight species, which differ materially in their properties. Some are wholesome, fragrant, and agreeable; while others are filled with the most deadly and destructive qualities. The *mandrake* belongs to the first class, and the *belladonna*, or *deadly nightshade*, belongs to the other.

The mandrake has been divided into male and female. The male has a large, long, and thick root. It is generally divided into two or more parts. When parted into two, many have been struck with the resemblance it bears to the body and thighs of a man. From the root

rises a number of very long leaves, broad in the middle, and obtusely pointed at the ends. They are about a foot in length, and about five inches in breadth. It grows in Spain, Portugal, Italy, and the Levant.

This plant is mentioned twice in Scripture. Great numbers of it grow in a valley below Nazareth. The fruit there is of the size of an apple, ruddy, of an agreeable odor, and wholesome. It ripens in the month of May, at the time of the wheat harvest. The Jews attached many superstitious notions to the mandrake, probably originating in its

resemblance to the human form. They considered it sufficient to expel evil spirits, because they could not themselves endure its smell.

### Sir Walter Scott.

**W**HEN Sir Walter Scott was a school-boy, between ten and eleven years of age, his mother one morning saw him standing still in the street, and looking at the sky, in the midst of a tremendous thunder-storm. She called to him repeatedly, but he did not seem to hear. At length he returned into the house, and told his mother, that if she would give him a pencil, he would tell her why he looked at the sky. She acceded to his request, and in a few minutes he laid on her lap the following lines :—

"Loud o'er my head what awful thunders roll !  
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole !  
It is thy voice, O God, that bids them fly ;  
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted  
sky :

Then let the good thy mighty power revere ;  
Let hardened sinners thy just judgments fear."

### Gentle Rebuke.

**A** WORTHY old colored woman, in the city of New York, was one day walking along the street, quietly smoking her pipe. A jovial sailor, rendered a little mischievous by liquor, came sawing along, and, when opposite the old woman, saucily pushed her aside, and, with a pass of his hand, knocked the pipe out of her mouth. He then halted to hear her fret

at his trick, and enjoy a laugh at her expense. But what was his astonishment, when she meekly picked up the pieces of her broken pipe, without the least resentment in her manner, and, giving him a look of mingled sorrow, kindness, and pity, said, "God forgive you, my son, as I do."

This touched a tender chord in the heart of the rude tar. He felt ashamed, condemned, repentant. The tear started in his eye, and he felt that he must make reparation. He heartily confessed his error, and, thrusting both hands into his pockets full of change, forced the contents upon her exclaiming, "God bless you, kind mother. I'll never do so again."

### Newton's Absence of Mind.

**D**R. STUKELY, an English physician, one day visiting Sir Isaac Newton, by appointment, the servant told him that he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there ; but, as it was near dinner time, the visitor sat down to wait for him. After a time, dinner was brought in—a boiled chicken under a cover. An hour passed ; Sir Isaac did not appear. The doctor ate the fowl, and, covering up the empty dish, bid them dress their master another. Before that was ready, the great man came down. He apologized for his delay, and added, "Give me but leave to take my short dinner—I am fatigued and faint." Saying this, he lifted up the cover, and, without any emotion, turned round to Stukely with a smile. "See," said he, "what we studious people are ! I forgot I had dined."

### Good Resolutions.

**I** HAVE read the 'Well-Spent Hour' over twice, mother, and thought about it, as you desired me to; but I can't be like Kitty Nelson."

"Why, Mary?"

"Because, ma." Mary looked down, and was silent.

"Say, Mary, why you cannot be like Kitty Nelson. She did nothing that any well-disposed child would find any difficulty in doing, if she really desired to be good."

"But, ma, Mrs. Nelson was rich, and had a sewing woman; and you do your own sewing and are busy all day, and can't find time to sit down and teach me, because you sew in the evening, when I am in bed, and at school."

"But, my dear Mary, do you really desire to spend each hour well?"

"Yes, mother, I do indeed; but I can't; for sometimes one thing vexes me, and then another, until I get cross and impatient; and then I am punished, and that makes me crosser. But Kitty Nelson had only a few to vex her: she had a pretty garden to run in, a nice play-room, and every thing to make her good. We have a great family; and the little ones get my playthings, and sometimes tear up my doll's frock, and even my tables and chairs; and when I come down with my good spirit, as you call it, mother, and see the mischief the little naughty things have done, the bad spirit comes, and I feel just as if I wanted to whip them."

"Mrs. Nelson, it is true, had a small family; and as they were rich, Kitty

could not exercise her feelings of charity and benevolence sufficiently at home, Mary; for the heart requires exercise as well as the body. You, my child, have a large field, or garden, where you can cultivate and improve all that is beautiful and good in your feelings and affections."

"A garden, mother?"

"You may call our large family a garden, Mary. Now, in your father's absence, I am the only gardener. Children are often compared to plants. In the Bible, — I believe in your last lesson, — it said, 'his children, like olive-trees about his dwelling.' You have the opportunity of showing the real worth of your good resolutions all the time; for each moment there is something useful for you to do. How much you can assist me by showing your young sisters the way they should go! — by training these tender plants, (for we will still consider our family a garden :) your older brothers are trees that will shade and support the young plants and vines; and as they grow straight and comely, and bear pleasant fruits, you must also try to imitate them; for the gardeners are growing older, and will, by and by, be unable to rear the plants, and will wish to retire into some shady bower, where they can look upon their pleasant garden, and see all the twigs growing properly into trees and bushes."

"I understand you, mother. You wish me to try to help you cultivate the garden, by being good myself, and teaching the younger ones by my example, just as you wish me to follow that of my older brother."



"Just so, Mary. Now tell me if you have not enough to do."

"O, yes, mother; but it is not like working in a real pleasant garden, full of fruits and flowers, and making shirts for a poor sick woman."

"Is there any poor, old, or sick woman, or little girl, that you love as well as Caroline, Mary?"

"No, mother; O, no, no!"

"Then, if you can really incline her little heart to goodness, can assist in forming her mind, and fixing good habits now, while she is so easily led astray, would you not feel pleased to do it?"

"O, yes, indeed; but you know, mother, I am only a little girl, and they don't think of minding me."

"I do not wish you to exercise any authority over them, Mary; you are indeed too young for that; but you are old enough to teach them by example. For instance, when I say, 'Mary, get your work,' if you obey cheerfully, will they not imitate you, and think it the only way? But if, on the contrary, you look sour, and say, '*I don't want to sew,*' and obey reluctantly, will they not be inclined to do so too? And when you come in from school, and toss your bonnet on one chair, your shawl on another, and your books on a third, will they not be inclined to wrong habits? When you speak cross, they will answer in the same way; but when you are kind they will be; and though, as you say, I am continually engaged, I send you to an excellent school, where a kind instructress is ready always to teach you all that you are capable of learning. Do you spend *each hour* well while you are with her, listen

patiently and attentively to her explanations, and learn all your lessons perfectly?"

Mary looked thoughtful and sad, but made no answer.

"I know, my dear child, it is much easier to wish to be good than to be so. We cannot choose in what way we would be useful, but must, if we would obey the commands of our Father in heaven, do all the good we can in the situation wherein he has placed us. If your parents are poor, you can show your generous feelings by aiding them; your industry and goodness will lighten your mother's cares; and be assured, my dear Mary, the charity that seeks to find objects abroad, and neglects its home duties, is of a *doubtful character*. Do you understand me, Mary?"

"I believe I do, mother. You mean, if I had money enough, and gave it to clothe the poor, and was a bad daughter and an unkind sister, I should not be good, or deserve the name of charitable."

"Just so, Mary; and though you have no money or clothes to give the poor, and no time to devote to making shirts, like Catharine Nelson, you have the power of doing much good, young as you are."

"O mother, if I were ever so good, you would scarcely notice it, there are so many of us."

Mrs. Talbot smiled, and said, "Try it one week, Mary, and see if uniform gentleness, kindness, industry, and forbearance are not noticed, not only by your mother, but by all the members of the family."

"Well, I will try, mother; and if I

am kind, and dutiful, and affectionate at home, and am not spoken to for bad behavior for a week, shall I be as good as if I made a shirt for little Nancy?"

"Better, my dear; for it requires more real goodness, more command over your temper, more forbearance and gentleness, to be always amiable and obliging in a large family of all ages and dispositions, than to give shirts, or to make them for the poor. It is the motive, the real wish of the heart, that God sees, and not the action itself."

While Mrs. Talbot was speaking, Caroline came bounding into the room, dragging her new *toach*, as she called it.

"Look, Mary, look at my new pretty *toach*, with my dolls in it; an't it pretty, Mary?"

"O, you little mischief," said Mary; catching up the box; "you have been to my baby-house and taken my doll's trunk for a coach, you naughty rig." Mary stopped, and looked at her mother, who said nothing, but quietly pursued her work, only looking once impressively on her. She stood beside her sister, with the toy in her hand. It had been the fruit of much labor and patience; and the big tears stood in her eyes, as she saw the neat little red morocco hinges torn off, and the nice fastening displaced. After viewing it a moment in silence, she said, "O Caroline, how could you tear up my nice little trunk? I am so sorry!"

"Are you sorry, Mary? Well, don't cry: I didn't mean to plague you. Here are all the pieces: can't you sew it up again?"

"No, Caroline." The little girl looked grieved, and, throwing her arms round

her sister, said, "You don't call me an ugly thing; but I'm very sorry, and won't tear any more of your playthings, Mary."

"Well, dear, I hope you won't; and I will make you a nice little cart."

"O, what a good Mary," said Caroline, clapping her little hands, "to make me a cart! Isn't she a good Mary, mother?" continued Caroline, leaning on her mother's lap.

"Yes, dear, a very good Mary; and I hope, when little Ann tears your things, you will be as kind to her."

"So I will, mother. I won't call her a naughty, ugly thing, as I did this morning; but I'll say, 'Don't do so again, Anne, and when I'm big enough, I'll make you a little cart too.'"

"I hope," said Mrs. Talbot, "you will learn not to meddle with your sister's things, Caroline; if you do, I shall be obliged to punish you, which will make me very sad."

"I am sure I won't pull down sister's things again, mother. I love her now dearly."

Sally came in to take the young children to walk, and Mary was again alone with her mother.

"You see, my dear child," said Mrs. Talbot, "how much you can do for your little sisters by your example; and you must feel that such conduct will always make my heart glad, and assist me much in the government of the family; for all who learn to do right and govern themselves, are no longer a care to me, but a great source of enjoyment."

"I do wish to be good, mother; and when I read such stories as the 'Well-Spent Hour,' the 'Black Velvet Brace-

let,' and others that I often read in the Miscellany, I make good resolutions, and step up one round of the moral ladder; but down I come again, ashamed and vexed that I have not more strength to persevere, or hold on, as Harry would say."

Mrs. Talbot looked tenderly on her child, and replied, "Every step you take is so much gained; and He who sees all you do, and knows all your thoughts, will give you strength, if you ask it."

Francis, the eldest son, came in while they were conversing. He had been detained late in the counting-house, and his dinner was set by for him. Mary busied herself in placing it on the table neatly for him, saying, "You look weary, Frank. I will wait upon you: do you want any thing more now?"

"No, thank you, Mary, nothing but some water, which I see you are getting."

After Francis had dined, he called Mary to him, and placing some pretty pictures in her hand, said, "Now you can make the trunk you were wishing for so much last week."

Mary's eyes sparkled with delight. The pictures were very handsome, and exactly what she wished for. She took them to her mother, who said, "I am glad you have received a double reward for your forbearance."

"A double reward, mother?"

"Yes, Mary, the reward of your own happy feelings, and those pretty pictures; and though you may not always be so fortunate, of this you may always be sure, — that good conduct will ever bring its reward to your own bosom." — *Juv. Miscellany.*

## To the May Flower

I LOVE thee, pretty nursling  
Of vernal sun and rain;  
For thou art Flora's firstling,  
And ledest in her train.

When far away I found thee,  
It was an April morn:  
The chilling blast blew round thee;  
No bud had decked the thorn.

\* \* \*

Thou didst reward my ramble  
By shining at my feet,  
When over brake and bramble,  
I sought thy lone retreat.

As some sweet flower of pleasure  
Upon our path may bloom,  
'Mid rocks and thorns that measure  
Our journey to the tomb!

## John Randolph.

THE mother of the celebrated John Randolph taught his infant lips to pray. This fact he could never forget. It influenced his whole life, and saved him from the dangers of infidelity. He was one day speaking on the subject of infidelity, to which he had been much exposed by his intercourse with men of infidel principles, to a distinguished southern gentleman, and used this remarkable language: —

"I believe I should have been swept away by the flood of French infidelity, if it had not been for one thing — the remembrance of the time when my sainted mother used to make me kneel by her side, taking my little hands folded in hers, and causing me to repeat the Lord's Prayer."

### How to be contented.

**L**ITTLE Mary Manning was rich, and her cousin Jane Loring was poor. Mary's parents could afford to buy her any thing she wanted, if it were possible to obtain it with money; but little Mary was not very happy with her playthings, while her cousin Jane was almost always cheerful. Mary wanted every thing she saw, and was never willing to make any thing for herself. One day her mother bought her a very beautiful large doll, dressed in the French style. Mary admired it extremely, and went directly to show it to her cousin Jane. "It is a sweet pretty thing," said Jane; "I wonder whether I could not make one like it." Her mother told her she thought she could; and she gave her some pretty rags to make and dress the doll, offering to paint the cheeks and eyes for her, when it was finished. Jane employed all her leisure moments, for four or five days, in making this doll: during this time, she was very happy,—for busy people are generally happy,—and when the doll was completed, it was really extremely pretty. The face, to be sure, was not quite as handsome as her cousin Mary's doll; but the dress was sewed so neatly, and fashioned with so much taste, that every body liked it. It served to amuse Jane and her young companions for months afterward.

Do you think Mary Manning had so much pleasure with her beautiful new doll? No; she did not have half as much. It was entirely dressed when she bought it; and after she had looked at it again and again, she had nothing more to

do. It was none of it the work of her own industry or ingenuity; and she soon grew tired of it. One of her friends, two days after it had been bought, showed her a remarkable large doll, that could open and shut its eyes, when a spring was moved for that purpose. This made Mary unhappy. She did not like her own beautiful doll, because she had seen one which had moving eyes. "I must have a doll that can open and shut its eyes," said she. "I get so provoked with my doll; for when I sing 'Lullaby, lullaby,' there she lies in her cradle, with her great bright eyes staring wide open all the time. I must have a doll that can go to sleep." Her mother bought the new doll, for which she gave a very large price; and for a week or two, Mary was satisfied. But at the end of that time, she said she was tired of her doll, because it would not open and shut its eyes of its own accord. "I have to pull a string to make her shut her eyes," said Mary; "and I don't call that going to sleep at all. I am dreadful tired of the stupid thing. Mother, why can't you buy me such a beautiful little musical box as we saw at Mrs. Gray's? You know a little bird came jumping out of that, and opened and shut his eyes of his own accord, and sung just as if he were alive. There was no need to pull a string to make him open and shut his eyes. Mother, I want such a bird." "That musical box, my dear," replied her mother, "cost several hundred dollars. I cannot afford to indulge you in such an expensive present. Besides, the bird's eyes were opened and shut by little springs inside the box: he could not open



his eyes himself, any better than your doll can."

"Well, it *seems* as if he did it himself; and that is what I want," said the little teaser. "I never want to see my stupid doll again, with a string to pull her eyes open." "You are never content, my dear Mary," answered her mother: "I wish I could always see you as happy as your cousin Jane." "She don't have half as many things as I do," said Mary; "and they are not half as pretty; but she always likes them. Mother, may I go to spend this afternoon with Jane?" Mrs. Manning gave her consent, and Mary went to her cousin, to complain of her expensive doll, that could not open its eyes without having a string pulled. She found Jane very busy, pasting pictures upon a small white box, which her mother had given her. "O, that is a sweet pretty box," exclaimed Mary; "I will ask mother to buy me one just like it." "Why don't you make one?" asked Jane. "O, mother can afford to buy me one; and I don't want the trouble of fixing it." "But you don't know," rejoined her cousin, "how much pleasure I have taken in fixing it. I like it a great deal better than I should if it had been bought for me." "You always like your things," replied Mary, sorrowfully; "I wonder what is the reason I don't take as much comfort with mine."

"I will tell you, my dear," replied her aunt Loring. "You are not happy because your time is not occupied. You buy every thing already made, and then you have nothing to do but to look at it. This soon gets tiresome; and besides that, you have no chance to improve your

own taste and ingenuity. I advise you to make your own playthings and utensils, and never to want an article merely because you see somebody else have it."

Mary followed this advice; and at the end of a year she told Jane she had found out the true secret of being contented and happy. — *Juv. Miscellany.*

### Billy Bump in Boston.

[Continued from p. 123.]

*Letter from Mrs. Bump to her Son William.*

*Sundown, May 18—.*

MY DEAR SON: I did not expect to write you again so soon, but a good opportunity is offered by a party going from Oregon to New England, to send letters, and so here you have another. I promised to send you some of Bottle Nose's Indian Tales, and so I give you some of them. I shall first tell you the story of

#### THE HAUNTED CHIEF.

Many winters ago, there dwelt a small tribe along the banks of the Susquehanna, who were so famous in war, that they acquired the name of the *Grisly Bears*. Every chief was above the ordinary size; they had such strength that they could rend the trees of the forest, and such speed that the wild deer could hardly escape from their pursuit. In battle they had no fear; and terrible was the slaughter they made of their enemies. Their arrows were not only swift, but aimed with deadly certainty. Fierce and fatal were their tomahawks—as the talons of the eagle when stooping upon

the partridge. Keen was their eye to see the foe afar off—as that of the crow when he searches amid forest and thicket for his food. Terrible was their war-whoop—as the scream of a thousand panthers!

Near the abode of the Grisly Bears dwelt another tribe, who were so famous for their cunning, that they received the title of the *Double Faces*. These people were often at war with the Grisly Bears; but so artful were their chiefs, that they often got the advantage, even in battle.

At length, after a long interval of peace, a quarrel arose among these tribes, and they had many skirmishes with each other. In one of them, the Grisly Bears rushed suddenly into the village of the Double Faces and carried off the daughter of the head chief. She was a girl of sixteen, and such was her beauty, that she captivated all the young Indians who gazed upon her. When once an Indian had seen her, it was said that he could not help dreaming about her; and in his dreams, it was believed that the maiden won his heart by magic. At the same time, she was so swift and light of foot, that, as she sped through the forest, she resembled a bird, rather than a human being. For these reasons, she became known far and near, and received the title of *Neena Moneka*, or the *Dream Antelope*.

Well, the Grisly Bears had made a capture of the famous *Neena Moneka*, and great was the joy of the young chiefs in the possession of such a valuable prize. The old chiefs shook their heads, and seemed to fear that some mischief would accrue from the arts and wiles of the

beautiful *Double Face*. “Wisdom,” said they, “is the gift of age, and folly is the companion of youth.”

The very morning after the *Dream Antelope* had been taken to the village of the Grisly Bears, every young chief in the tribe awoke desperately in love with her. The old chiefs and the old squaws hereupon declared her to be a witch: the facts were proof positive. After long deliberation, it was determined, in grave council, to put her to death. Accordingly, she was tied to a tree, and the best bowmen were summoned to perform the execution. A young chief was called upon first. He was never known to miss his mark: even the flying swallow fell by his fatal arrow. The whole tribe were assembled—the grave warriors, the women, and the children. An Indian values his fame above life; and surely the young chief who is now called upon for a display of his skill, though he may love *Neena Moneka*, will not disgrace himself, even to save her. He draws his bow, while a breathless silence reigns around. The string twangs, but no one sees the arrow. Where is it? The maiden is unharmed. Surely she is a sorceress!

Another chief is called. He sends his arrow, but it flies wide, and goes sailing on, till it is lost in the distance. Other arrows are sped, but still *Neena Moneka* is safe. All the young chiefs have tried their hand. “They are bewitched!” said an aged warrior named *Stony Heart*: “let an old man try his skill!” He seized his bow; he drew the string to his ear, but it snapped at the instant the arrow was about to leave it. Amazed and

ashamed, Stony Heart retired, and Fire Demon, the foremost chieftain of the tribe, took the stand, and prepared to try his skill. His arrow whirled through the air; it grazed the head of the maiden, and stood trembling in the bark of the tree. The young warriors smiled; the old men and old women shook their heads.

Several other arrows were now tried, and with no better success. At length Neena Moneka spake. "Warriors of the Grisly Bear," said she, "listen! You are strong against men, but feeble against a woman. Your arrows will not touch the heart of a maiden. Unbind me, set me free, and I will be the bride of the chief who captures me!"

A yell of joy burst from the crowd. They all desired to see the race. The girl was unbound; she was set free. Away she flew; but it was not the young warriors only that joined in the chase. The old warriors seemed as much fascinated as the rest, and away they scampered, each one striving to get possession of the beautiful maid. Up hill and down hill, over plain and through thicket, puffed and panted, full fifty warriors, some gray with years and scarred with a hundred battles. In vain did their wives scream, jeer, and gibe; their clamor was soon lost in the distance. Light and swift sped the Dream Antelope, always near to her pursuers, always seeming about to be snatched by the eager grasp of one of the foremost, yet, always escaping; and often, when it was fancied that she must inevitably be taken, she would suddenly bound away, leaving her followers far behind.

Over hill and valley flew the chase. Shout, and yell, and halloo at first awoke the forest. But the warriors grew fatigued, and nothing but the crushing shrub, and the panting bosom was heard. On flew the maid—on flew her pursuer. Over mountain and stream, over cliff and cataract they sped. The morning dawned; the noonday passed; the evening came; the night was gone. Another day, and another, and another—the Dream Antelope fled, and the chiefs still pursued. But one by one they fell off. In a short time, but a single chief followed the flying maiden. He seemed to know no fatigue. For some days and some nights, he continued the chase. They came to a broad stream, where the water was rushing onward at a fearful rate. The maiden plunged into the wave. Close at hand, the chief plunged after her. Down the hurrying tide they were borne. They came to the brink of a fearful cataract. The waters broke over it in foam and thunder. In the mist was lost the maiden, and in the mist was lost the warrior also. It was said that their forms were seen a moment in the snowy bubbles below. But death could not divide them. They are now in the land of spirits. On flew the maid, and on flew her pursuer. And thus, still they continue the chase. She is beautiful, but dim and dreamlike, with the form of the lovely Neena Moneka, but ghostly as a strip of moonlight, or a group of stars seen through the summer mist. He, the youthful chieftain, has still the fire of the warrior; but he is rather a shadow, gliding over the land, than a man planting his foot upon the earth. Day and night, summer and

winter, the Dream Antelope speeds onward; and day and night, summer and winter, the beguiled Indian follows the entrancing shadow.

But what became of the other warriors? After many wanderings, one by one, they returned to their village. But, alas! their wigwams were a heap of ashes; and the bones of their women and children were bleaching upon the sod. The Double Faces had taken advantage of the absence of the warriors, and had made their homes a scene of desolation. Such was the fate of the Grisly Bears; and it shows that cunning is an over-match for strength. Such is the legend of the Dream Antelope; and it teaches this lesson—that the beauty of woman is the most fatal of all witchcraft.

This is a long story; but I must tell you another, for it is very curious.

Far away to the south is a land of perpetual summer. Here, in the midst of a beautiful plain, a mountain rises to the clouds. On the top is a forest of flowing trees, which are constantly in bloom. The air is ever fragrant with odors; and the songs of singing birds may be heard by day and by night. No tempests ever visit this lovely plain. Here winter is unknown, and fruits, ever ripe and ever ripening, furnish a constant repast. The ground is soft with mossy turf, and no thorn or prickly pear springs up to injure the foot. And what is most wonderful is, that the inhabitants of this paradise are immortal. Subject to no disease, they never die; time flows on, and they continue from age to age in a perpetual enjoyment of indescribable bliss.

Such is the lovely land, which, among

the Indians, bears the title of the *Happy Hill*. But how is this mountain top to be reached? Ah, that is the question! Seen from a distance, its sides look smooth and gentle; but when the traveller ascends, he finds it encircled by dizzy precipices and dark ravines, filled with hideous serpents. Here, in the deep recesses, the moccasin, the rattlesnake, and the adder, collect in heaps, and fill the air with their hisses. Panthers, wolves, and vultures infest these horrid regions. Grisly shapes of monsters, with long black wings, are seen flitting in the mouths of the caves, or along the deep, shady hollows of the mountain.

It would be madness to attempt to pass such awful barriers, set by the demons to keep mankind from this lovely paradise. One only chance of reaching this mountain top is presented. This is by a bridge, consisting of a single thread, strung across a wide and roaring torrent. It is a terrific feat to cross this airy line, and demands not only great courage, but long and tedious training. And even this is not enough. The adventurer must come to his work with a pure heart. If he has ever been false to his friend, or his tribe, his doom is terrible; he falls into the torrent, and is borne within the bowels of the mountain. Here he lives forever, roaming amid gloomy caverns, hating every thing, and hated by every body. His hair is by degrees turned into the writhing tails of serpents; his tongue becomes a serpent's head, and when he would speak, he can only hiss. Every finger shoots into a hooked claw, and he goes on all fours, like a beast.

Such is said to be the doom of the



treacherous. But who can paint the joys of those who succeed in gaining the top of the Happy Hill! It is true no one has ever come back, either from the mountain top or the cataract, to reveal his experience; but faith supplies the want of evidence, and every day, and every hour, adventurers are seen on the airy bridge, striving to reach the land of immortal bliss.

Such are some of the tales which our old Indian neighbor has lately told me. They are at least curious, because so different from our own fables and fairy tales. Nor are they without good intention; for after all, the Indians have a conscience, and seem to set a high value upon rectitude of conduct.

I have filled my sheet so full as only to have room to say that we are all well; and may Heaven bless my dear boy.

ABIGAIL BUMP.

### Anna and her Kitten.

**L**ITTLE Anna had a pretty gray kitten. She loved the kitty very much, and the kitty loved her. Sometimes, when Anna is playing with her doll and her ninepins, kitty puts out her paw, and rolls all the playthings about the room. But Anna does not mind that; she knows the little pussy does it for play.

One day, when little Anna was alone with the kitty in the parlor, she made scratches on the window; and that was a very naughty trick. When her nurse came into the room, she said, "Who made these scratches on the window?" Little Anna felt ashamed of the mischief

she had done; and she did not speak a word.

The kitten was asleep in the chair; and the nurse said, "I suppose this naughty puss did it. I must whip her for it." Then the nurse took the kitten out of the chair, and told her she must box her ears for scratching the window. But little Anna began to cry, and ran up to her nurse, saying, "O, don't whip little kitty. She did not scratch the window. I did it."

The nurse did not strike poor little puss; and Anna took the kitty in her arms, and stroked her soft gray fur, and made her very happy. Anna's father, and mother, and her grandmother, and her nurse, all loved their little girl very much; because she told the truth, and was so kind to her poor little kitten.

### Sponge.

**O**PPPOSITE Rhodes is a little island, called Himia. At the bottom of the sea, sponge is found in greater abundance than in any other part of the Mediterranean. The inhabitants make a good living by fishing for this sponge, of which an immense quantity is bought by the Turks, to be used in their baths. In this island, no girl is allowed to marry before she has proved her courage and dexterity by bringing up a certain quantity of sponge.

A MAN who quarrels with himself is sure to be a loser.

